Collier's

FIVE CENTS

APRIL 12, 1941

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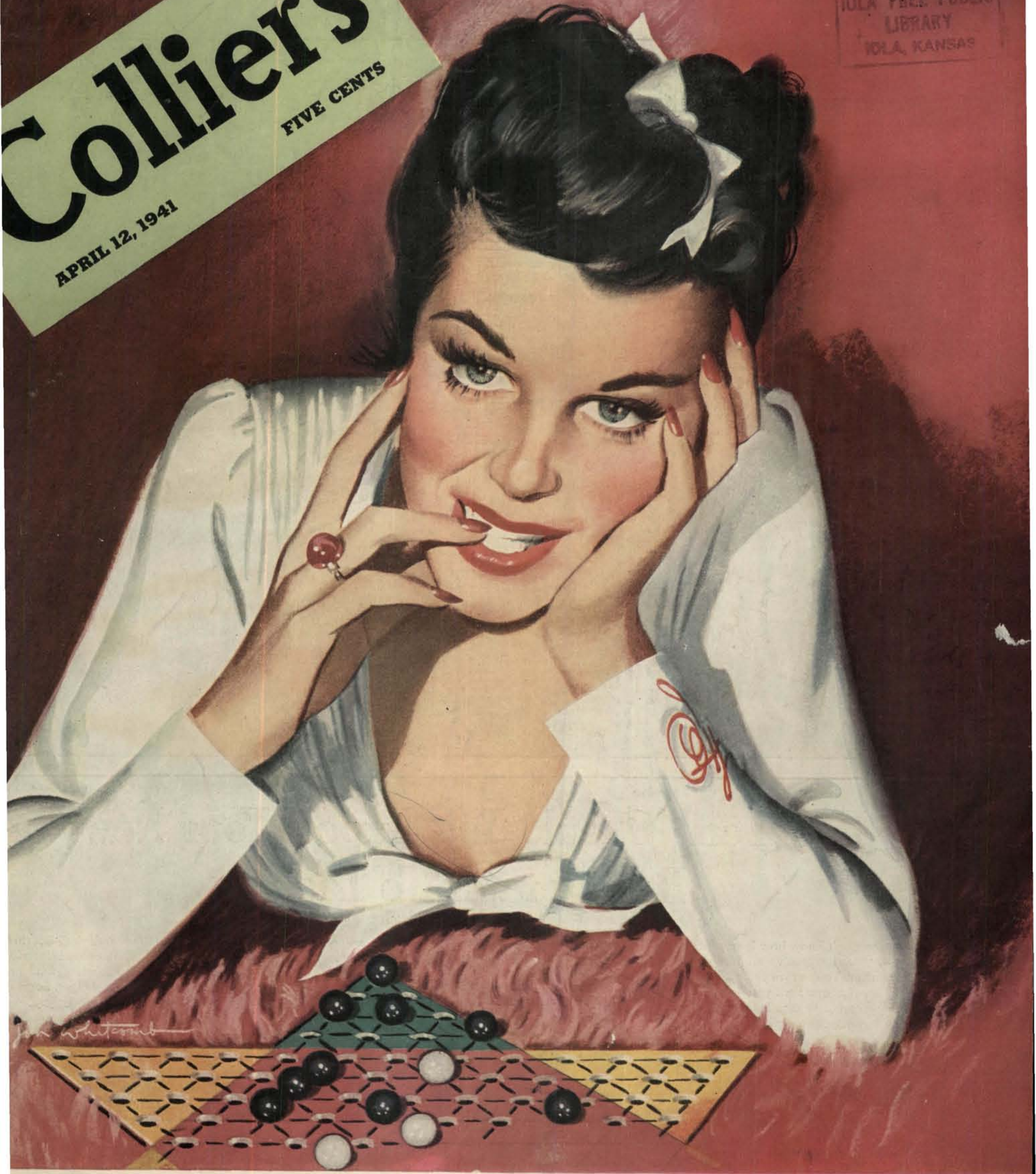

EFENSE ON ICE By WALTER DA[illegible]RT

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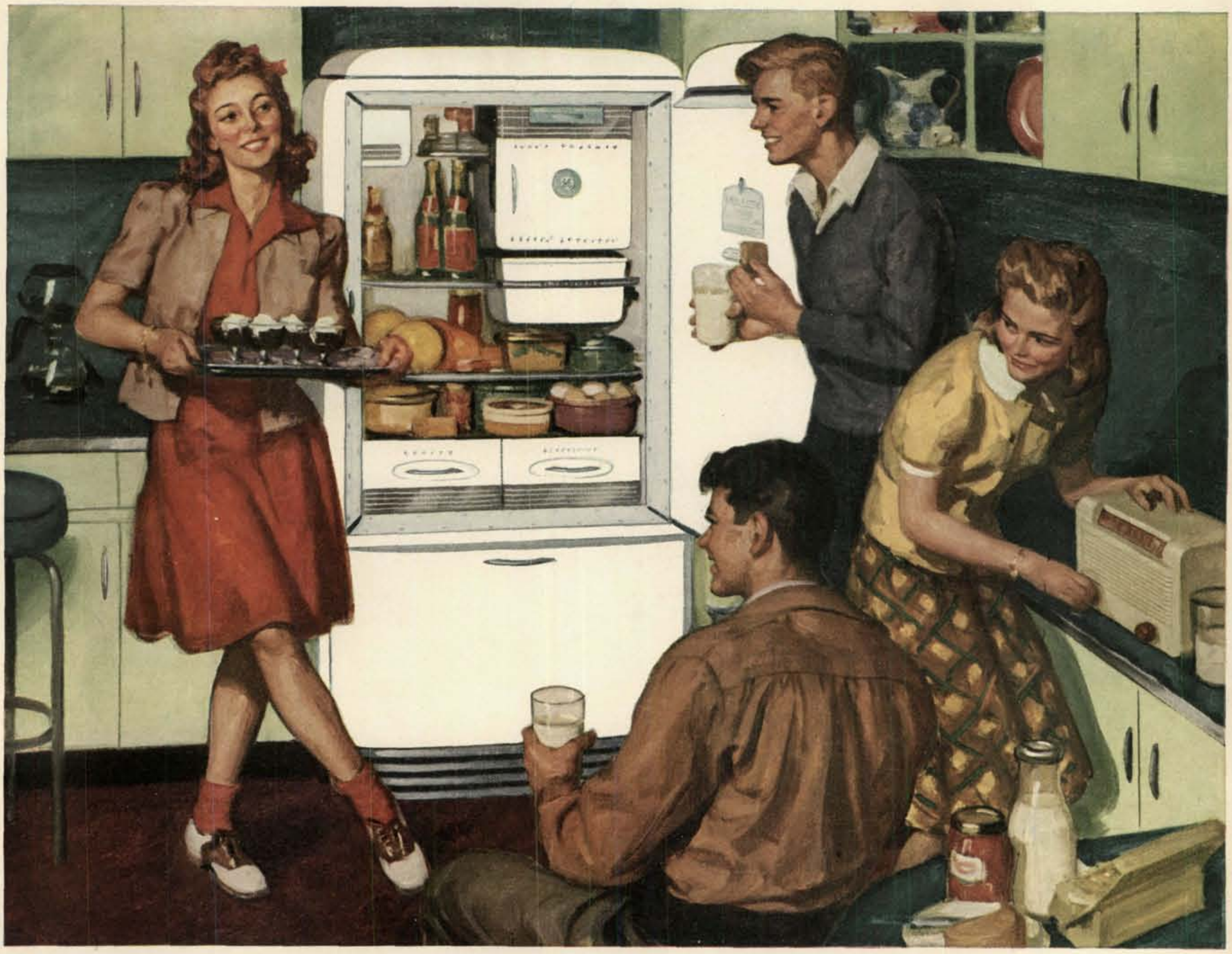
APRIL 12, 1941

YOU'LL ALWAYS BE GLAD YOU BOUGHT A GENERAL ELECTRIC



How Long Should You Expect Your New Refrigerator To Last?

MAYBE you don't know how long a refrigerator should last, but you've an idea that it's a pretty long time. You're sure you are not going to be buying another one next year—and will probably have several new cars before you're in the market for a refrigerator again.

★ And you're right! For by choosing carefully, you'll get many years of service out of your new electric refrigerator. That's why it's important to see them all . . . examine them carefully . . . check their records . . . wonder about the folks who build them . . . and ask your neighbors.

★ We can't say a General Electric will last forever, but we do know it is honestly and soundly built. And its performance record is so good that surveys show *more people prefer a G-E than any other make.* Maybe we build such a good refrigerator because of the experience we have as the largest builder of electrical products. We know the mechanism is just about tops in the engineering world.

★ When you decide on a refrigerator, remember you're buying something that's going to last for years to come—and it must be easy on your pocketbook all that time. So shop carefully and look at G-E before you make up your mind!

★ You'll find the new G-E Refrigerators have many improvements that are really worth while. Operating cost is much lower, cold-capacity much greater and the potential life of today's G-E is three times that of early models. Improved interiors facilitate the storing of every kind of food and "conditioned" air keeps it better, longer. Some of the new G-E models even have a "butter box" that keeps table butter just right for easy spreading.

★ Today's refrigerators are all priced about the same but we sincerely believe that you will get more years of excellent service—more value for your money in a General Electric. There is a big 6 cu. ft. G-E that sells for only \$119.95* and you can buy one of the very finest General Electric models for as little as \$8.00 a month.

* Price subject to regional differentials and to change without notice. See your nearest General Electric dealer for local prices.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

At the first sign of infectious dandruff...

LISTERINE!

LISTERINE
LISTERINE
LAMBERT

See how it attacks annoying flakes

Feel how it invigorates your scalp

Scalp is healthier, cleaner

When ugly flakes and scales begin to speck your clothes, when your scalp begins to itch annoyingly and inflammation may be present . . . it's time to act—and act *fast!*

Nature may be warning you that infectious dandruff has set in . . . may be telling you to do something about it before it gets any worse.

Start now with Listerine Antiseptic. Just douse it on your scalp and hair morning and night and follow with vigorous and persistent massage.

This is the simple medical treatment which has shown such outstanding results in a substantial majority of clinical test cases . . . the easy method used by thousands in their own homes.

Listerine often brings quick improvement, because it gives both hair and scalp an antiseptic bath. The loosened dandruff scales begin to disappear. Your scalp feels healthier, more invigorated. And meanwhile, Listerine Antiseptic is killing millions of germs on scalp and hair, including the queer "bottle bacillus," recognized by outstanding authorities as a causative agent of the infectious type of dandruff.

Clinical results of this simple, pleasant treatment have been literally amazing. In one test, 76% of dandruff sufferers who used Listerine and massage twice a day, within a month showed complete disappearance of, or marked improvement in, the symptoms.

If you've got the slightest symptom of this trouble, don't waste any time. You may have a real infection, so begin today with Listerine Antiseptic and massage. To save yourself money, buy the large economy-size bottle. Lambert Pharmacal Co., *St. Louis, Mo.*

THE TREATMENT

that brought improvement to 76% of cases in a clinical test

MEN: Douse full strength Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp morning and night.

WOMEN: Part the hair at various places, and apply Listerine Antiseptic right along the part with a medicine dropper, to avoid wetting the hair excessively.

Always follow with vigorous and persistent massage with fingers or a good hair brush. Continue the treatment so long as dandruff is in evidence. And even though you're free from dandruff, enjoy a Listerine massage once a week to guard against infection. Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been famous for more than 50 years as a mouth wash and gargle.

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

Collier's

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APRIL 12, 1941

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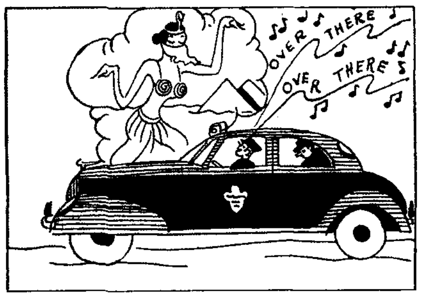
COVER JON WHITCOMB

ANY WEEK

WE'VE just got back from Newfoundland with a little more proof that all's not right with the world. Anyway, we met a brother of Corporal Tom Tucker Touhey, a Newfoundland lad who went to England with the island's first overseas contingent. We read one of the corporal's letters wherein he said that the outfit had been greeted by Mr. Anthony Eden. Corporal Touhey didn't seem to have been impressed. "He's one of the civil servants like ours at home," wrote the corporal that the Touhey family might know. We like better the incident that the corporal didn't think worth mentioning. Mr. Eden asked the corporal why he had enlisted—a none too intelligent question. But with the microphones of the British Broadcasting Company present, of course, he had to say something. The corporal pondered a moment and then, in his soft Newfoundland Irish, replied: "Toddy Aud-da." Mr. Eden looked a bit vague and moved on to the next man. But the B.B.C. man was up to it. "This fine fellow," cooed he into his microphone, "*says that he joined up for king and country.*" Corporal Touhey let it go at that, being in no position to argue. What he really had said was: "I thought I ought to."



FROM Boston, Massachusetts, we're informed that Mr. Thadd Lovering rode with a taxi driver who had been thinking pretty seriously about the future. First he asked Mr. Lovering just what Britain's war aims were. Mr. Lovering said that he wasn't as clear about it as he might be. Whereat, the driver asked, "Well, if we get into this war what are our war aims?" Mr. Lovering was down again. "Maybe," said the driver, "us guys will be shipped to North Africa to help the British." Mr. Lovering thought it a possibility. "Listen," said the driver, "I met an Egyptian dame the other night at a dance." This left Mr. Lovering with nothing to say. Neither had the driver for a moment. Then: "D'ya think there's any chance of us guys getting shipped to Egypt?" Mr. Lovering didn't know. And that ended the incident except that for the rest of the trip the driver whistled Over There in what Mr. Lovering interprets as a gay manner.

MR. CHUCK FOSTER is the leader of a band which, until recently at least, was helping to make life livable in Los Angeles, California. When we heard it, Mr. Ray Sims was not working in Mr. Foster's trombone section. Things may have changed since then. Anyway, Mr. Foster had just received a letter about Mr. Sims. It read: "Baby, you're made. Ray Sims, trombone, will be home from Honolulu soon. Leaving Honolulu to be home with his people. This baby ain't hot. He's *hot.* A trombone, boy, a trombone. I would like to get him placed as soon as possible and I am writing that you should be looking forward to A Trombone. Perhaps Ray Sims is just another name to you, but don't let on. He has been a professional lad from nine years old appearing as the peewee lead in the hillbilly craze. Baby. When his voice changed he took up the trombone also. What a break. All this baby asks is a look at an opening. He can co-operate with a leader, too."

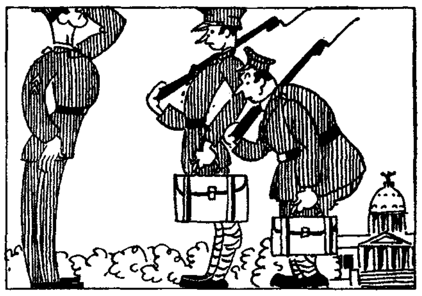
AND Mr. P. A. Kershaw of Lima, Ohio, seems to remember that while Secretary of Agriculture, Vice-President Wallace used to get up early every *morning and practice boomerang* throwing. Mr. Wallace carries several scars to attest to his hobby. Mr. Kershaw predicts that he's going to have a batch of fresh ones. So, thinks Mr. Kershaw, will a large number of senators, to say nothing of many, many of us minor folk who have nothing to do with what goes on in Congress except to pay for it. "Whoever threw this Lend-Lease boomerang," says he, "is going to be a horrible sight before the crazy thing comes to earth. Duck, boys, duck. It's coming our way."

YOU'VE probably noticed that every now and then we publish amends for editorial errors inadvertently made. We've just received a clipping from a Nova Scotia paper whose editor understand such situations. Unhappily, Mr. Locis Bradenwein of Truro, Nova Scotia, neglected to identify the paper. It doesn't matter. "In making up the front page of our last issue a slight mix-up occurred," wrote the editor. "The last line and a half but two in the first column and the third line and a half but three in the second jump of the second column should have followed each other immediately after the third line from the bottom of the first column. This was an error which comes sometimes. It is like the man who, dressing hurriedly, discovers that he has an extra button on the top of his vest and a vacant buttonhole at the bottom. This, we hope, clarifies the situation."

AND we received a few pages of dismal tidings from Goodwater, Mississippi. They come from Major Fred Sullens of Jackson. "Just as he was getting ready for bed the other night," writes the major, "one of our good citizens heard a noise in his henhouse. Armed with a shotgun and a flashlight, he investigated. Gently he opened the henhouse door and squatted that he might have a better view of the interior. Well, you know the flap construction on the long drawers our folks wear down this way. While he was watching, his coon dog came up from behind and poked him with his cold nose. There was a mighty yell. The shotgun went off. Fourteen fine chickens perished. Otherwise things are about the same in Mississippi."

BUT there's apprehension in other parts of the land—in Detroit, Michigan, for example. Mr. Edward F. Harrignan reports that he hears fears "on every hand" that any war we may possibly wriggle into and our preparations for war will not come within a year or two of coinciding. It's somewhat complicated. "If we get into this war soon, we won't be able to do ourselves justice because we won't be properly equipped," reports Mr. Harrignan. "If we do have time to equip ourselves and no war presents itself at the time, we're liable to delay fighting until all *our new defense stuff will be antiquated.* And then we'll have to stall off a fight until we're prepared all over again. This is not Harrignan talking. I'm merely quoting our engineers in their nightly get-togethers."

TOO much military stuff—much. Therefore, we're paying no further attention to the numerous protests we've been getting about the unlovely designations—enrollee, selectee and draftee. Mr. F. Bailey of Cincinnati, Ohio, suggests that the lads be called *selectmen.* But we've seen too many selectmen in politics to enthuse about that. From now on we're sticking to such matters as a sign reported from Portland, Oregon: "You notice. Twenty dollars fine for hunting on here. By God try and find out."



BUT no; we've changed our mind. We've just heard from Miss M. Thelma Bill of Media, Pennsylvania. "There are complaints of a lack of morale in this country," writes she. "Many people are saying that something will have to be done to instill the martial spirit into our drafted men. I know what will do it. Let a lot of the draft-age Congressmen get into uniform. Or are they considered exempt?"

CHANCE to be a hero. . . . W.D.

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WILLIAM HOFF

WING Talk

New York's brand-new airport—big but not big enough

COMMERCIAL aviation seems to move too fast for its blueprints. Consider two aspects of the picture in New York.

The $43,000,000 LaGuardia Airport—largest, finest and busiest in the United States—was found to be practically a shoehorn fit for the amount of business it got almost the day it was completed. The check that the priority of military aviation has put upon the expansion of commercial aviation has saved the experts of the city's Department of Aviation headaches for the time being. Meanwhile, they are looking around for other sites against the burgeoning of air commerce—to say nothing of private flying—that is expected to come with the end of the war.

Second, you get the impression of father and son—of Stromboli and Strombolicco, the volcanic islands off Italy—when you arrive at 42d Street and Park Avenue, and see, on the one hand, the huge Grand Central Railroad Station, and facing it across the street the Airlines Terminal, the world's first and only union station of air travel

Not that the Airlines Terminal is an insignificant building. It is six stories high, a block long and a third of a block wide, and goes four basements below street level. It would pass as being large any place save among mid-town New York's skyscrapers.

At present, about forty passengers go through Grand Central for each one through Airlines Terminal. When you figure the huge number of suburban commuters in the rail total, however, the disparity is not impressive. On paper, Airlines Terminal has a peak capacity for dispatching one bus every five minutes from each of six gates: eleven passengers to a bus, or just under 800 an hour. But there is neither ticket counter nor office space adequate to handle such business. Moreover, traffic men can prove with graphs that the flow will be much greater than 800 at peak hours soon after the war is over.

That's why airlines experts are shaking their heads and saying that Airlines Terminal was too small the day it was opened.

THE shining wings that mirror the sun above the clouds give an impression of being all metal. But observe the ailerons closely—those are the movable segments on the back edges of the wings, used to keep the ship trimmed on an even keel. They are fabric over alloy framework. So are the movable parts of the tail group.

Fabric controls have technical advantages of weight, balance, maneuverability—and a safety factor in that "flutter," or vibration, is dampened or taken up by the yielding surface.

THE spruce that is used in construction of many airplanes, especially so-called "light" ones, is logged from giant "Sitka" or Western spruce trees, which grow in our Far West and Northwest. It has to be straight-grained and so perfect in all respects—so free of knots, pitch pockets and other blemishes—that less than one per cent of all the cut lumber can be used.

MR. GEORGE LEVIS wants to warn private fliers about the "dope" which is put on fabric wings to make them smooth and tight. It contains banana oil. Recently George landed in a pasture in Kansas, and went into the near-by farmhouse to phone ahead for weather information. When he got back to his little plane, two cows were placidly chewing their vitamins from its rudder—

AND Mr. W. T. Piper wants to remind you that "airplanes are opposite from other things in many respects. An automobile is supported by the road underneath it, whereas the airplane is lifted, or supported, by a reduction of air pressure on top of its wings. Most tools and missiles are pointed at their front or working edges, whereas the front or leading edges of a propeller as well as of the wings and other parts of an airplane are blunt, while the back or trailing edges are sharp. A landing is made—by trying your best to keep the plane from landing! After you level off, just skimming the ground, you endeavor to keep the plane flying, to hold it off the ground as long as possible—until you have lost all flying speed and the machine just gently settles the last foot or two. Last, when in danger on the ground the rule is 'slow down'! But the rule for safety in an airplane is—when in doubt increase your speed!"

All this brings recollection of the story told at flying bases in the last war of the dutiful son-cadet who, despite his instructor, clung to his boyhood trusts and still figured that "Mother knows best." On his solo flight he disregarded all his instructor's cautionings and was guided only by Mother's parting injunction: "Willie, remember now, fly low and slow!"

And was surprised by what happened.

W. B. C.

CITY
TIME TABLE
CHANGE

Americans find kinship in a glass of mellow beer or ale

No one needs to worry about Democracy, as long as the man-in-the-dress-shirt and the man-in-the-flannel-shirt can swap opinions over their beer, smile and like each other. That kind of American spirit baffles, and will defeat, any tyrant in the world.

Of all beverages, beer is the most truly democratic. Its delicious flavor wins the man of means. Its modest cost is kind to poorer purses. Its wholesomeness appeals to all! Born of Nature's bounty, beer and ale are rich in the mellow flavor of sun-ripened grain. They are fragrant with the pleasant aroma of fine hops.

These beverages of moderation bring rest and relaxation to weary bodies and tired minds. They promote good cheer and friendship in every walk of life.

Because beer is a beverage of moderation and so great a national favorite, it deserves to have its good name guarded well. We who brew America's beer are coöperating to prevent abuses wherever they may occur in the retailing of beer and ale. You can help with understanding and support of the brewers' "clean-up or close-up" program. It is described in a booklet that is sent free on request. Address: United Brewers Industrial Foundation, Dept. B4, 21 East 40th Street, New York, N. Y.

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KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

In 18th-century America, books and pamphlets that contained offensive matter were publicly burned by the hangman. When particularly bad, they were whipped before being destroyed. In one case, a book was tried, convicted and received thirty-nine lashes before it was consigned to the bonfire.

Shipbuilders still place coins beneath the masts of vessels during construction, despite the fact that the reason for the custom is unknown. The recently commissioned U.S.S. New Orleans, for example, has ten pennies under its foremast and two dimes, three nickels and twenty-eight pennies under its mainmast.

The penitentiary in Mexico City has a "retail shopping district," or a street of shops and offices run by the prisoners for their fellow inmates. Those operating the places, which are rent free, sell such articles as clothing, hats, shoes, groceries, soft drinks, gifts and pets; others are barbers, dentists, printers and even lawyers who specialize in writing petitions and appeals.

Up to the 16th century in Europe, Blue Monday, a term applied to the last Monday before Lent, was not a gloomy and depressive day, but a gay and festive occasion, which obtained its name from the custom of churches being decorated with blue hangings. Later, the holiday became so festive, with excessive dissipation, that it had to be abolished.

Many farmers and fishermen in Ireland still believe in fairies, whose malicious plots and pranks are supposed to be the cause of all accidents. Consequently, these men wear socks with white toes, which "safeguard" them from being tripped up by the "Little People."

Men employed in certain industries in which the atmosphere is filled with fine sand, steel grit or poisonous fumes are obliged, like divers, to wear special clothing and helmets into which their air supply is pumped through rubber tubes.—*By Billy Soose, Scranton, Pennsylvania.*

Two of the most costly paintings that will hang in the new National Gallery of Art in Washington are Raphael's Alba Madonna and Giorgione's Adoration of the Shepherds. The Raphael picture, which formerly belonged to the late Russian czar, was purchased from the Soviet government in 1930 for more than $1,000,000.—*By Janie D. LaHusen, West Linn, Oregon.*

The large tin mines in Kochiu, China, have one of the highest industrial death rates on record. Of the fifty thousand children employed there, at least fifteen thousand die annually from accidents and arsenic poisoning.—*By Roi Osborne, New York, New York.*

Despite the fact that the Maelstrom, the celebrated tidal whirlpool between two of the Lofoten Islands off Norway, sometimes agitates the sea for miles around, its violence has always been exaggerated, even by such famous writers as Schiller and Poe. Poe's description of it in A Descent into the Maelstrom, written about 1840, made travelers avoid the islands for almost seventy-five years.

Since its formation in 1876, the National League has admitted thirty-one different baseball clubs to membership. Since its formation in 1900, the American League has admitted ten clubs. Cities that were once represented in both leagues, but no longer belong to either, are Baltimore and Milwaukee.

Seldom will a beaver attempt to fell a tree more than one or two feet in circumference because he knows instinctively that such a task is too much for him. Recently in Michigan, however, a beaver undertook to gnaw down a tree eight feet in circumference. But making little progress, after three years, he became discouraged and gave up the job.

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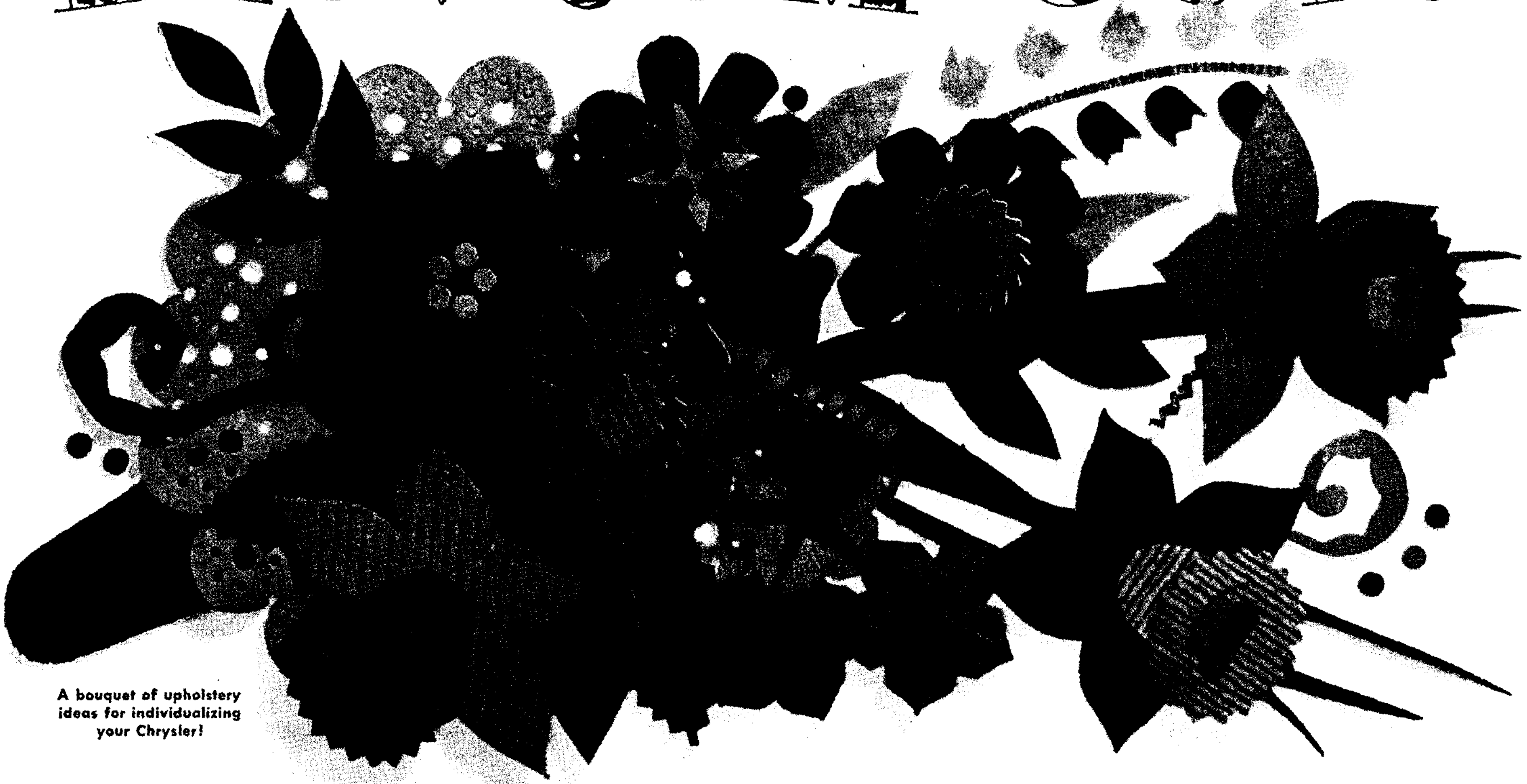
BLOSSOM OUT!



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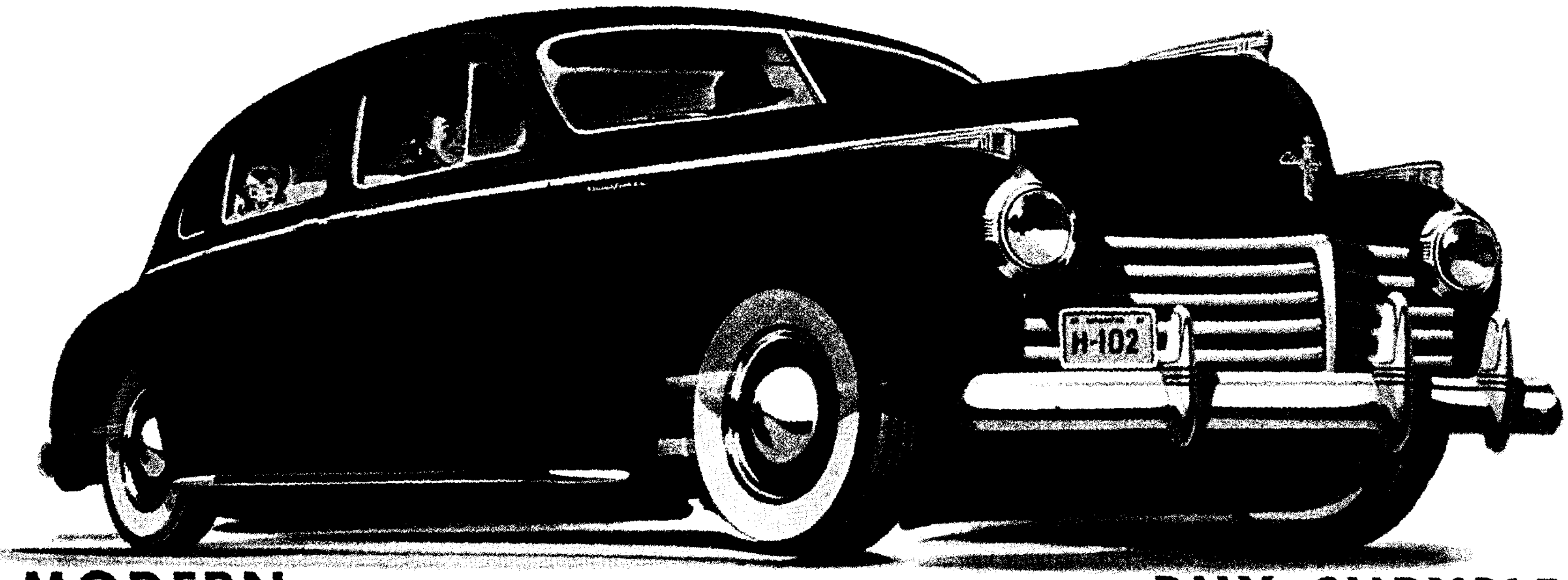

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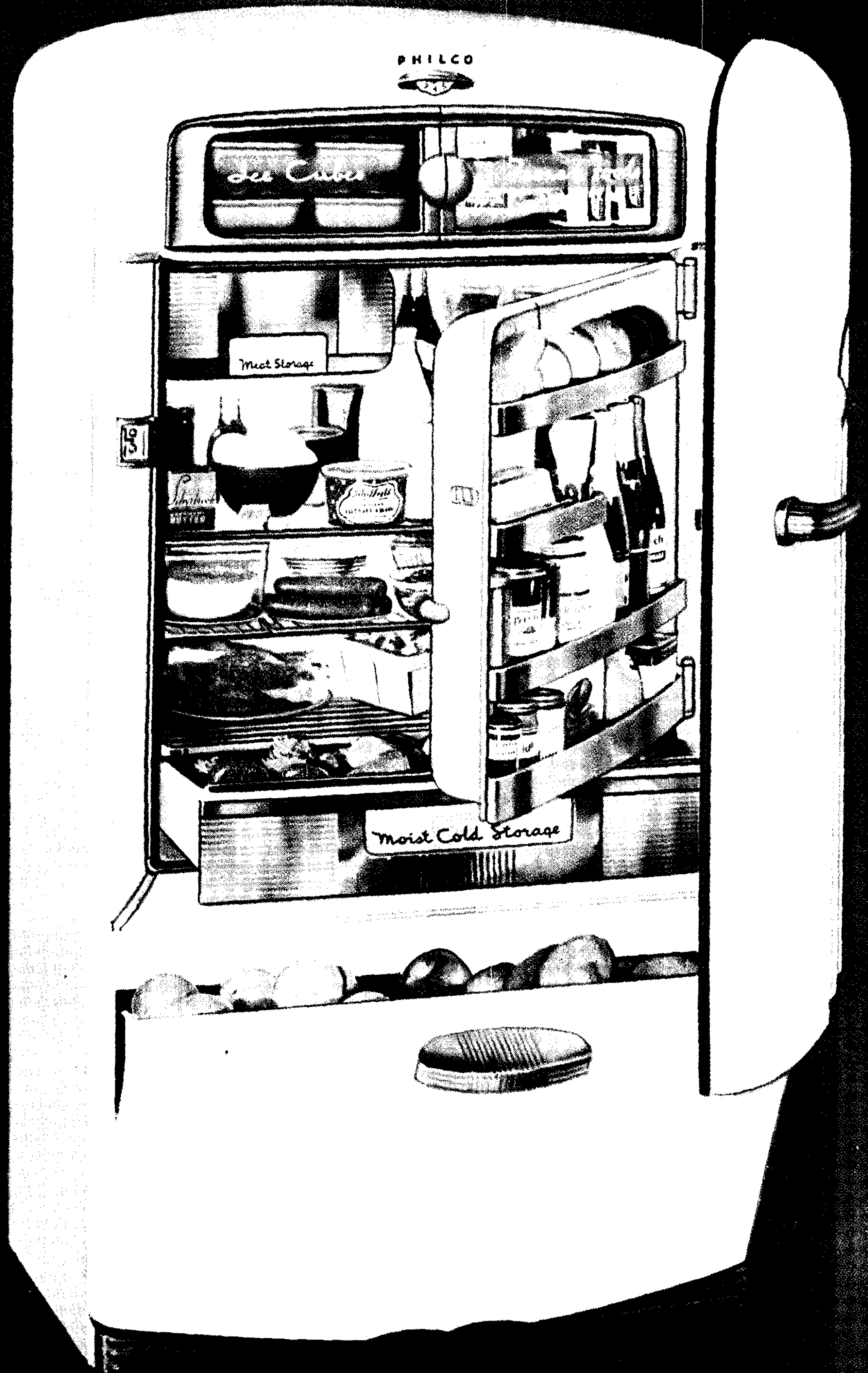

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...gives you both Dry Cold and Moist Col ...a huge Frozen Food compartment *plus* CONSERVADOR!

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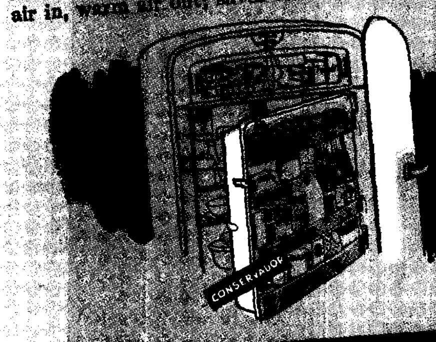

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BOTH DRY COLD *and* MOIST COLD
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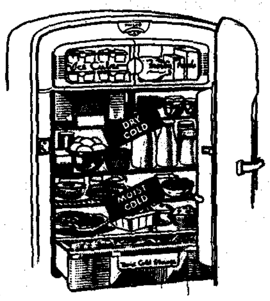
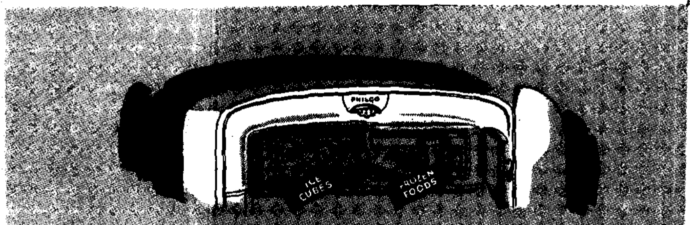


A complete Dry Cold Compartment for foods that need circulating dry air . . . *plus* a complete, separate Moist Cold Compartment where you store foods *without covers* and retain their natural juices and freshness. Cooled by the Cold Shelf, an exclusive Philco development!



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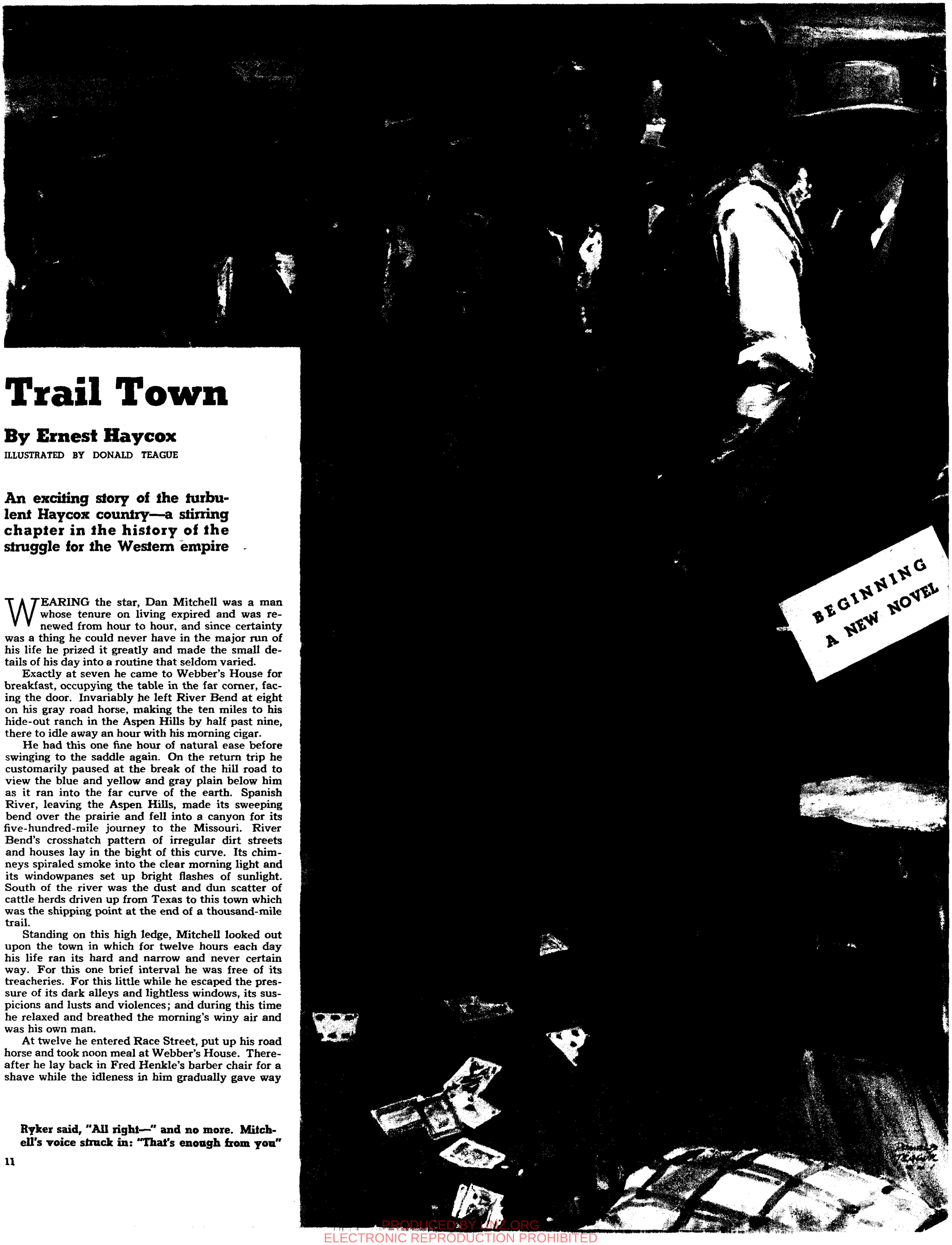
Collier's The National Weekly for April 12, 1941



Trail Town

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD TEAGUE

An exciting story of the turbulent Haycox country—a stirring chapter in the history of the struggle for the Western empire

WEARING the star, Dan Mitchell was a man whose tenure on living expired and was renewed from hour to hour, and since certainty was a thing he could never have in the major run of his life he prized it greatly and made the small details of his day into a routine that seldom varied.

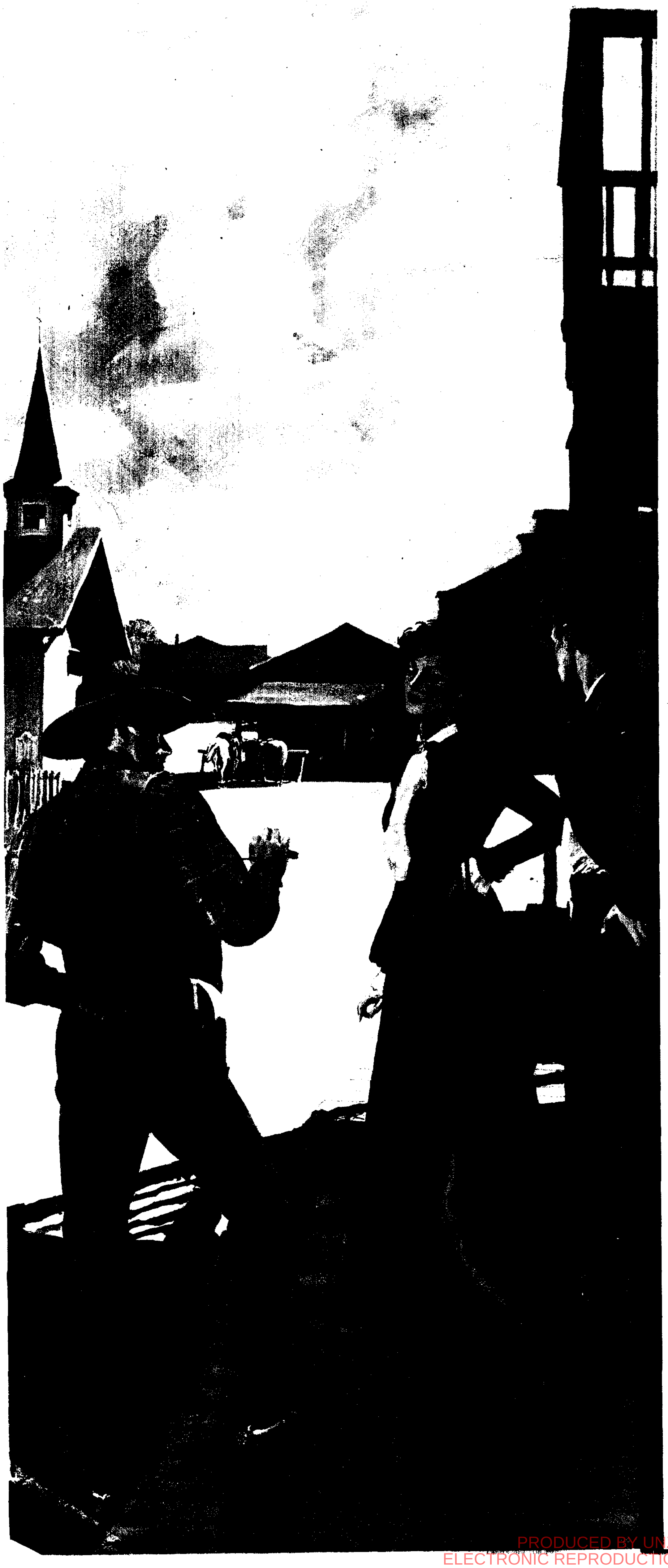
Exactly at seven he came to Webber's House for breakfast, occupying the table in the far corner, facing the door. Invariably he left River Bend at eight on his gray road horse, making the ten miles to his hide-out ranch in the Aspen Hills by half past nine, there to idle away an hour with his morning cigar.

He had this one fine hour of natural ease before swinging to the saddle again. On the return trip he customarily paused at the break of the hill road to view the blue and yellow and gray plain below him as it ran into the far curve of the earth. Spanish River, leaving the Aspen Hills, made its sweeping bend over the prairie and fell into a canyon for its five-hundred-mile journey to the Missouri. River Bend's crosshatch pattern of irregular dirt streets and houses lay in the bight of this curve. Its chimneys spiraled smoke into the clear morning light and its windowpanes set up bright flashes of sunlight. South of the river was the dust and dun scatter of cattle herds driven up from Texas to this town which was the shipping point at the end of a thousand-mile trail.

Standing on this high ledge, Mitchell looked out upon the town in which for twelve hours each day his life ran its hard and narrow and never certain way. For this one brief interval he was free of its treacheries. For this little while he escaped the pressure of its dark alleys and lightless windows, its suspicions and lusts and violences; and during this time he relaxed and breathed the morning's winy air and was his own man.

At twelve he entered Race Street, put up his road horse and took noon meal at Webber's House. Thereafter he lay back in Fred Henkle's barber chair for a shave while the idleness in him gradually gave way

Ryker said, "All right—" and no more. Mitchell's voice struck in: "That's enough from you"



She had a strong mind and she was resisting him, silently and stubbornly. Out of some strange reason, she wanted no interference from him

to a fine-hard edge, and at one o'clock precisely, the second cigar of the day freshly burning between his teeth, he crossed Willow and entered the jail office beneath the courthouse.

Ad Morfitt, the night marshal who covered the slack-tide period from midnight until noon, had come in from his final tour of the town. Ad Morfitt was a gray, competent man turned taciturn from observing the sins of the world during the drab hours of his shift. He murmured, "Hello," and hung up his belt and gun on a peg. He stood in the room's center and looked out upon the bright street, sleepy but reluctant to go home. Middle-aged and married, he had little pleasure to expect from the contentious Mrs. Morfitt waiting his return.

Mitchell said: "Anything new?"

"Couple drunks in the cooler. Was a shootin' scrape about two this mornin' but nobody hit nothin'. And a free-for-all in Straight-Edge Lizzie's. She had the boys laid out by the time I got there. Nothin' much."

Mitchell said: "Fine fresh day."

Ad Morfitt gave Mitchell an older man's critical eye. Mitchell was twenty-eight, half an inch over six feet and weighed a hundred ninety pounds. He had the weight and build for his job; he could buck his way through a saloon crowd to come out with his man and had often done it. In a rough and tumble fight he was as tough as a marshal had to be if he wanted to survive the punishment of those wild and salty riders who rode up the trail with Texas cattle. Nor was there a streak of concealed fear in him, for Morfitt had long watched for it and had not found it. Mitchell's hair was the shade of dressed harness leather and bushed down at his ears in frontiersman style. He had full, long lips and a heavy nose and rock-gray eyes and big bones and the strong juices of a young man's vitality bubbled in him. He could play the quiet game or the quick one, and though there was a broad streak of kindness in him he could be, as Morfitt well knew, cruel in a tight place.

Morfitt said: "All mornin's are fine to you. Wait till you get my age."

WHEN Mitchell smiled one deep line broke out from the corner of each eye. He put on his gun belt. "Lot of fight left in you yet, Ad."

"Nothin' ever happens to a night marshal. Them hours are quiet. I been at it sixteen years and I'll live a long time. You're the target, not me. You're the big fellow on a buckskin horse, you're the law of the town. I seen a lot of marshals come and go. Loud ones and soft ones. Good ones and some that was no better than outlaws. Not many are livin'. They either died in a hurry or somethin' else happened. You know what that was?"

"You say it."

"Pressure. Walkin' down the street it pushed on their shoulders. One day it opened a hole and the sand started pourin' out of these fellows. Either they just broke and ran or else they lost judgment and got sucked into a play they shouldn't've, and died right there. You been here a year. You're feelin' it, too. That's why you get out of town in the mornin'. Let me tell you somethin'. When you walk down these alleys at night and you keep wantin' to turn around and see what's behind, then it is time to quit." He had meanwhile built himself a smoke and now took a swipe at it with his tongue, sealed it and lighted it. "It'll be active around here after supper. Couple more big outfits came up the trail today."

He started for the doorway and paused in front of an incoming man so tall that he had to duck his peaked hat beneath the doorframe, a great, florid Texan with massive jaws and a golden goatee and eyes of marbled agate. This man pointed a finger at Mitchell. "You the marshal here? I'm Cap Ryker, Anchor outfit, Texas. Just brought a herd up the trail. Payin' off my boys here so's they can take a fling at the honey-pots. Been sixty days on trail, so they're dry. Might be a little noise and hell but it is all in fun."

"The town," said Mitchell, "is open."

CAP RYKER'S natural voice seemed to be a shout: "What I came to tell you was I want no funny stuff. These boys are entitled to a run for their money. Anybody try to put 'em through the wringer or slug 'em in a back alley and I'll get all these Texas outfits together and clean this place from hell to breakfast. You understand?"

Mitchell's answer remained soft: "Just two things. Your boys stay below the dead line on Willow Street and they check their guns. Beyond that the sky's the limit. If they don't want to get trapped in an alley tell 'em to stay out of the alleys."

Cap Ryker shouted again, "No funny stuff," and ducked out of the room. He paused on the walk and he let go a shrill whoop whose echoes broke through noon's quiet, and stamped away. Ad Morfitt shrugged his shoulders and passed to the street, finding no element of surprise in one more Texan blowing off steam.

Mitchell moved back to the big cell behind the office and unlocked the door on a pair of cow hands, sallow and scratched and hard-used by the night. He said: "Go on."

"How about our money?" one of them asked.

"Where'd you leave it last?"

The puncher spoke to his companion in a dreary voice: "Where was we last, Fog?"

They departed, leaving behind the stale incense of whisky and cigars. It was a quarter of two by Mitchell's watch when he wound it. He lifted his gun to have a look at the loads; he gave the cylinder one brief whirl and replaced the gun. Leaving the office he faced the length of Race Street with the sun in his eyes.

Behind him lay Willow Street, the dead line between respectability and the town's lusty evil. Four blocks onward, at the foot of this street and adjacent to the stockyards, stood The Drovers' Hotel. Between Mitchell and The Drovers' lay twelve saloons, The Dream dance hall, Naab's shooting gallery, three stables and the scatter of general stores catering to the trail cowboy's trade. Except for three narrow cross streets these places stood shoulder to shoulder. South of Race and parallel to it ran Bismarck Alley with its cheaper saloons, its rooming houses and its mansions of amusement from which late at night pianos issued their bawdy invitation.

Ford Green, the county's prosecuting attorney, stepped from the main door of the courthouse and gave the sun a close glance. He paused to look both ways on the street and his eyes touched Mitchell and issued no warmth. He said, "Hello," and moved down Race, his passage ruffling the dust of old enmity. He had long legs and thick upper body, which made him appear top-heavy, and one hank of black hair stood on his uncovered head like a disturbed

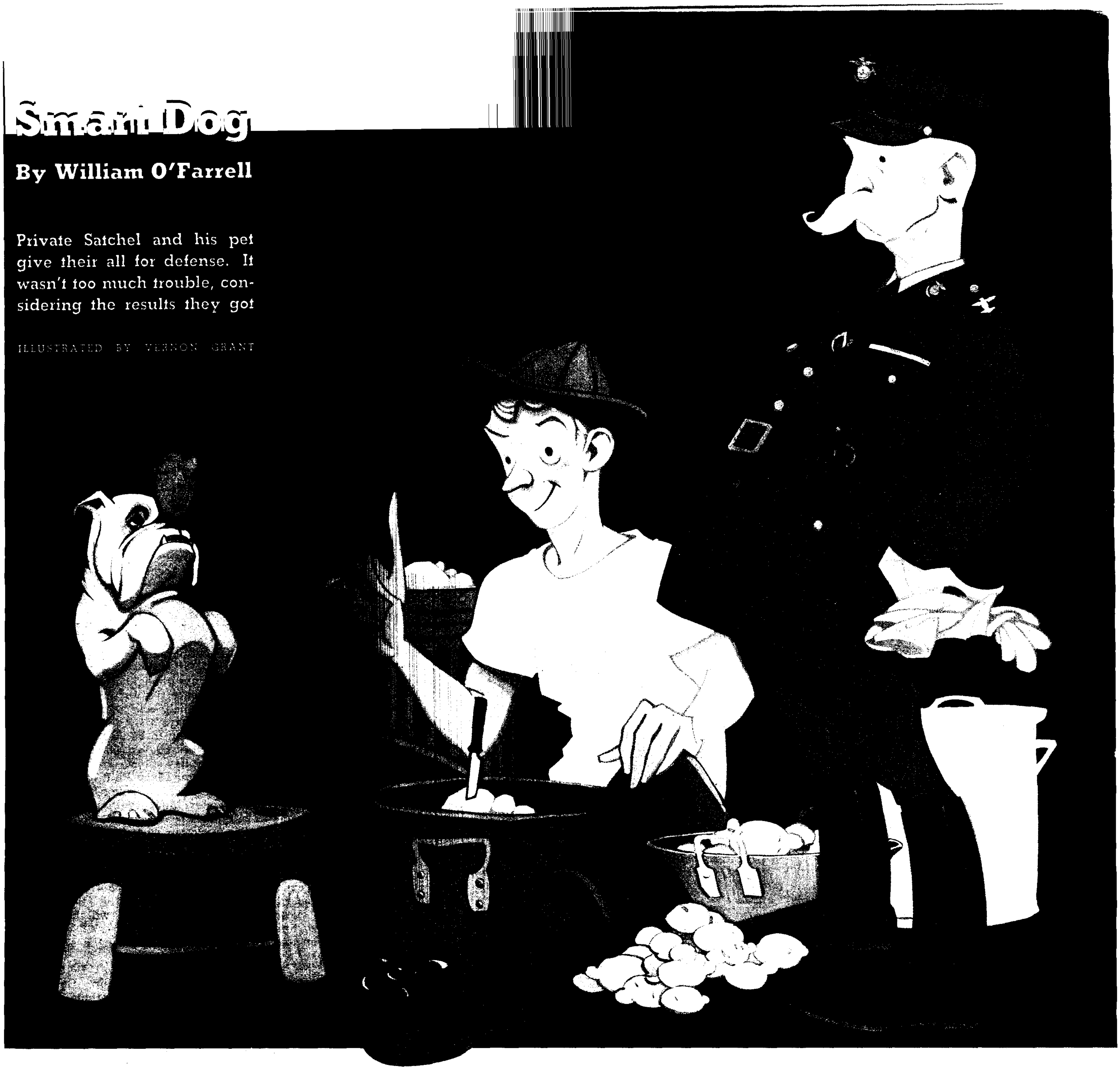
(Continued on page 41)

Smart Dog

By William O'Farrell

Private Satchel and his pet give their all for defense. It wasn't too much trouble, considering the results they got

ILLUSTRATED BY VERNON GRANT



He was sitting up on a three-legged stool and, balanced upon his nose, was a whole raw potato

"SERGEANT!"

"Sir?"

"Is it customary in your platoon to allow the men to carry pets in their diddy bags?"

Sergeant O'Leary looked inquiringly at the inspecting officer. He was not at all sure that he had heard correctly.

Major Wallace returned the stare. "Perhaps," he suggested coldly, "if you'd be good enough to look behind you—"

O'Leary turned and saw a wind-swept parade ground, a platoon of Marines drawn up for formal heavy-pack inspection and, in the exact center of one gawky private's inspection blanket among his various articles of personal belongings and government issue, a fat white bulldog named Smedley—Smedley sitting wheezingly erect for the entire battalion and Major Wallace to see.

The sergeant's wooden face turned suddenly from a light maple tint to a ripe old mahogany. Major Wallace's cold voice sliced in on his unhappy thoughts:

"I asked you a question, Sergeant. Is it customary to allow your men to carry pets in their diddy bags?"

"No, sir."

"Then how else did that—that animal get there?"

"I don't know, sir."

"See that it is removed at once."

"Aye, aye, sir."

"And don't let it happen again."

"No, sir."

When the sergeant, released at last, stamped into his quarters, Corporal Stoddard, the assistant drill instructor, followed him at a safe distance. And he took the precaution of first collaring Private Satchel and bringing him along. Satchel was the name of the offending marine. The two waited glumly outside O'Leary's door and, after a moment, the door opened and the sergeant appeared. He beckoned them in. They entered and the door closed softly behind them.

O'Leary had himself in hand. He looked the culprit over grimly. "Well, Satchel?" he asked.

"Yep?"

"What do you mean, 'yep'? Can't you say 'yes'?"

"Yeah."

"Yes what?"

"Yeah, Sergeant."

O'Leary wondered if it was any use. "What's your name?"

"Satchel."

"What Satchel?" O'Leary persisted.

"Private Satchel."

O'Leary sighed and tried again. "Listen!" he roared. "You got ears, ain't you? You can hear, can't you?"

"Yeah."

"Yes what?"

"Yeah, Sergeant."

"Well, what's the matter with you then? Don't your ears connect up with your brain? How many times I got to tell you that your name ain't William Satchel or Percy Satchel or George Satchel any more. It's Private Satchel. How many times I got to tell you that when you talk to me you got to call me sergeant? And how many times I got to tell you you'll have to get rid of that moth-eaten dog of yours? How many times I told you that already?"

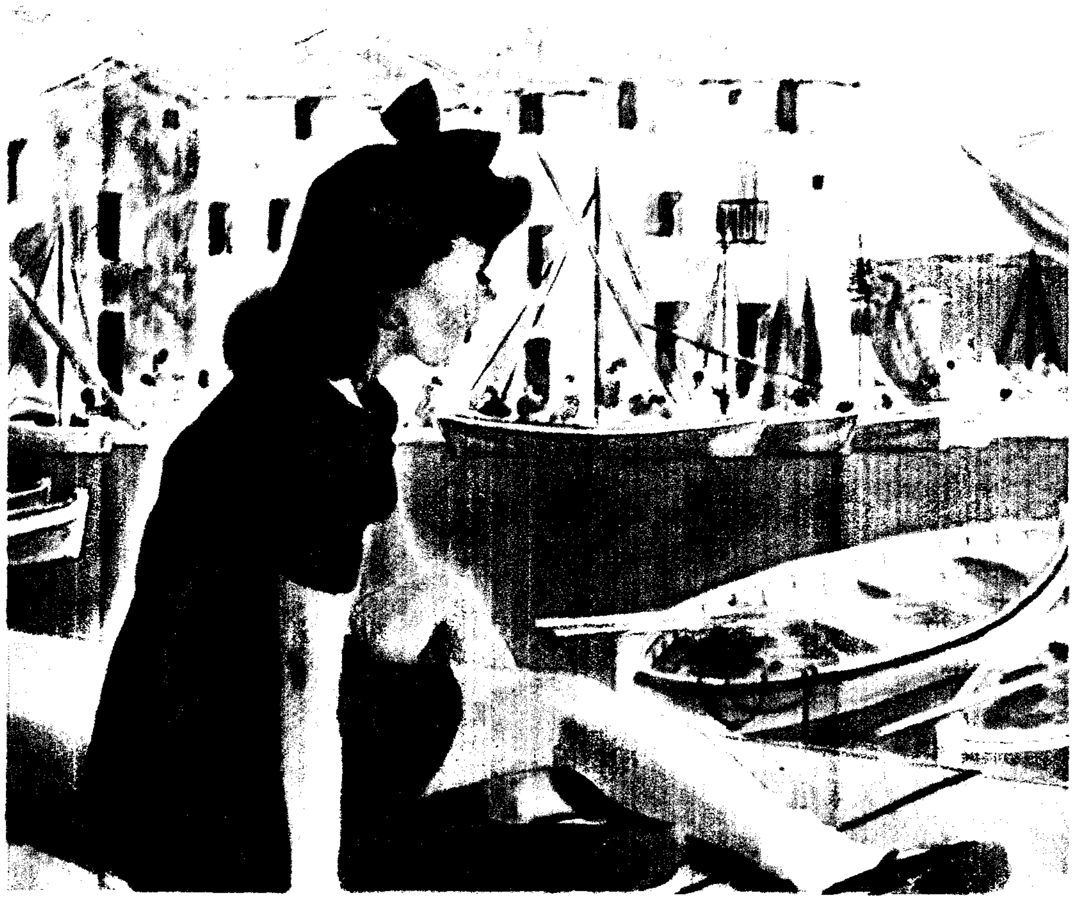
(Continued on page 35)

Child of Winter

By Nelia Gardner White

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER C. KLETT

Miranda Morrow never really amounted to much until she learned to live without love. The difference, after that, was startling



She might have been happy there. For there was a wall where she could sit and watch the sea and the fishermen

AN OLD man rakes up leaves. The smoke rises, not too high, spreading out across the road. The smell fills the air. The sky is hazy and lavender. Winter is coming, but you don't believe it. Why should you, with this warmth, this sweet, leaf-smelling warmth? And yet some people know it. Some people always know it; they are born knowing winter is at hand. They have never known any season well except winter, and such people are not always down-and-outers either.

No, there are some who pass for graceful-living, warm, happy people but who are underneath aware always of snow blocking the doorway and chilling the heart, of wind wailing down the chimney. Such people do not go about saying that spring cannot be far behind and all that sort of hopeful ballyhoo, because they know better. They know that for them there is no spring, that cold is their portion.

Which goes a long way around in trying to mention the name of Miranda Morrow. There, I knew you would be surprised. Miranda Morrow. Yes, that one. *Gowns by Miranda Morrow.* No other. You saw The Young Girl, that terrible and touching play of the young girl who, in the midst of the old people living in ugliness and an elegant sort of sin, was never touched by that sin simply because she was young. Miranda Morrow did her dresses. Remember them? You do, I know—they were beautiful.

Perhaps you have even seen Miranda Morrow herself at some supper party in some fashionable hotel. If you have you will have thought: If ever a woman looked the part of her profession, if ever a woman made you know she and no other could do things for you in the way of clothes, this is the one. She is not beautiful. No, no one can claim that for her. The truth is, no one minds, for Miranda Morrow can compel the illusion of beauty by the way she walks, by the lines of her clothes, by the way she rolls her black hair severely back from her white face. She not only looks, she is a successful woman.

But let's go back. Let's go back to when Miranda was ten.

"COME into my study, Miranda," her father said.

She sat on the red leather chair and waited. The study was a beautiful room, for Miranda's father was rich and had good taste as well. Miranda loved this room. You could see the tree in the tiny triangle of a New York back yard. But she loved her father with passion beyond that for any room, any tree. He was her world.

"Miranda, do you know what a divorce is?"

"Yes," she whispered.

He gave a sigh, whether of relief or sadness at her knowledge it would have been hard to say.

"Miranda, your mother and I are going to be divorced. What I've brought you here for is to ask you this: Would you rather live with your mother or me? Naturally, I wouldn't be able to be with you much, but I want you very much. But I have agreed not to urge you one way or the other. You are to do just as you wish. I think your mother will live abroad. You don't have to tell me tonight unless you want to; you can think about it and let me know tomorrow. I know this is not going to make you happy, darling, but it's one of those things that happen to grown-ups sometimes. . . . Well, suppose you go to bed now and tell me in the morning."

MIRANDA lifted her eyes, which were grave even then, graver than now, perhaps, and she said, "I think I'll stay with Mother."

Almost nothing showed in her still face of the awful sorrow that made her whole small body into a stone. She loved him more than it was possible for a child to say. She wanted more than anything in the world to say, "Oh, with you, Daddy! I don't ever want to be away from you!" But she said, "I think I'll stay with Mother."

And her father looked at her with such sadness, such disappointment, that for an instant everything in the loved study turned to a vague gray. He did not understand, though she had thought he would understand everything about her till she died. But she knew without analysis that her mother needed her more, that her father could get along somehow, that he would get along, because he was stronger and better. Her father did not understand and he would never forgive her for her choice, never.

If she had been older, more articulate—well, she was neither. That was her first real knowledge that she was a child of winter, that cold winds would sweep through her life and that no soft furs of extravagance would ever be able to protect her against them. She loved her father very much and she could not say, "You have *got* to understand!" She did not know how, being only ten, though wise enough in most ways.

She lived with her mother in a villa on the shore of the Mediterranean. Beautiful place, you well might say, for any little girl to live. And, had it not been for the weight of her sorrow over the fact that her father did not write to her, and the growing consciousness of her responsibility for her mother, perhaps she might have been happy there. For there was a wall on which she could sit and watch the sea and the fishermen along the shore. There was Juliette who looked after her and taught her her lessons and whom she loved. There was the old cook who made her funny little dishes for her own supper and who often smiled at her out of her wise, brown, round, old face.

But there were all the men who came to the villa. Always men. For her mother was really beautiful, more beautiful than Miranda would ever be. Some of the men were indifferently kind to Miranda, some were too kind, some definitely didn't like her around. But there was one she was afraid of: M'sieur Nicol. He was handsome, with a sharp little reddish beard and very blue eyes. But he was cruel. Once she saw him kick a dog that came up to him on the beach and once she saw him make her mother cry.

"You are not indispensable, you know, Lenora. I can pick up as many as I want of you on the streets of Marseilles for a few sous each. And I don't mind telling you that I am not overjoyed to have that charming little daughter of yours staring at me from around every tree. Why isn't she in school where she belongs?"

And her mother had cried—cried bitterly and long and she said she wished she had never been born. And right after that she had said Miranda was to go to school in Bruges.

"Oh, no!" Miranda had protested. "Not to Bruges, Mother! It's so far away."

"It's not far at all. You have to begin to grow up, Miranda. You can't stay a baby forever."

"I'd study hard here. Really I would, Mother."

But her mother was quite firm about it, though she wasn't firm about much of anything else. And Miranda knew she was sending her away because M. Nicol wanted her to.

She was not so unhappy as she had thought to be in Bruges. For there was Sister Angelica with her merry, kind, brown eyes and Sister Angelica was her friend. Walking across the meadow of the Beguinage with Sister Angelica, she could tell about the sea wall and Juliette, even a little about her father. And it was Sister Angelica who thought she might write a little of her real feelings to her father. She tried that, but only a brief note came back, with a check for Christmas. She had no close friends of her own age, for she had acquired the stillness of those who expect rebuff.

SHE always thought of that time as one of peace, despite the fact that she was very lonely and that she carried with her always the thought that she ought somehow to be with her mother, protecting her against herself.

Then one day she was called into the office of Sister Mary Phillippa.

"Mademoiselle, I have a message for you," Sister Mary Phillippa said.

Miranda's heart began to pound hard.

"Your mother wishes you to come to her at once. You will please see to your packing."

"I am to go—for good?" Miranda said.

"Yes, Mademoiselle Morrow."

"Is my mother—ill?"

"No. Sister Angelica will help you with your packing."

She clung to Sister Angelica at the end.

"There, there! Be brave! Be a good child!" Sister Angelica said. But Miranda was aware of something in her voice that would not let her believe there was nothing to be frightened of.

That was the last she saw of Sister Angelica with her merry eyes and her gentle way of teaching drawing.

At first, back in the villa by the Mediterranean, she did not know why she had been called home. But she was aware of a change in her mother. Her mother's too gay, too willing mouth was harder and she went out oftener. She had once been content to hold court at home. And she took Miranda with her everywhere.

"You are a young lady now. It is *time you began to realize the fact,*" her mother said. But her mother had never before wanted her all the time beside her. Miranda was bewildered.

It was the cook who told her.

She sat in the big, bright kitchen where the sun twinkled on the copper pans, and watched the cook making the salad.

"Rosa, why are people so queer to me? Has something happened?"

Rosa put her hands up in a gesture of anger. "You mean they have not told you? M'sieur Nicol has been killed, Mademoiselle."

"*Killed?* Mr. Nicol has been killed?"

"Oui. By M'sieur Blanchard. Good

riddance, too! But it makes a good deal of gossip."

So that was it. That was it. Her mother was mixed up in it, somehow. And people talked and avoided her mother. Miranda felt a hot wave creep up all over her, remembering how Mrs. Evert had walked away from them at a tea party, looking through them, never at them. She longed for her father, someone to talk with, someone to tell her what to do. Her mind went scurrying over the people who came to the villa. There was no one, no one at all.

At night she said to her mother, "Mother, I wish you would take me to Paris. I've never really had a chance to see Paris. Would you?"

She could not, she simply could not bear it to see her mother being snubbed by these women who had been her friends, to watch that hard look deepening in her mother's beautiful face.

Her mother looked at her speculatively and said, "Why not?"

SO THEY went to Paris. They lived in style at one of the good hotels. After a little her mother took a house. It was a beautiful house but Miranda hated it. Almost no women came there, only men. They were not as nice as the men who had once come to the villa. There was a good deal of drinking and playing games and the men all treated her mother with a kind of mock courtesy, as if they knew that they didn't need to, but would so long as she fed and entertained them. It was intolerable.

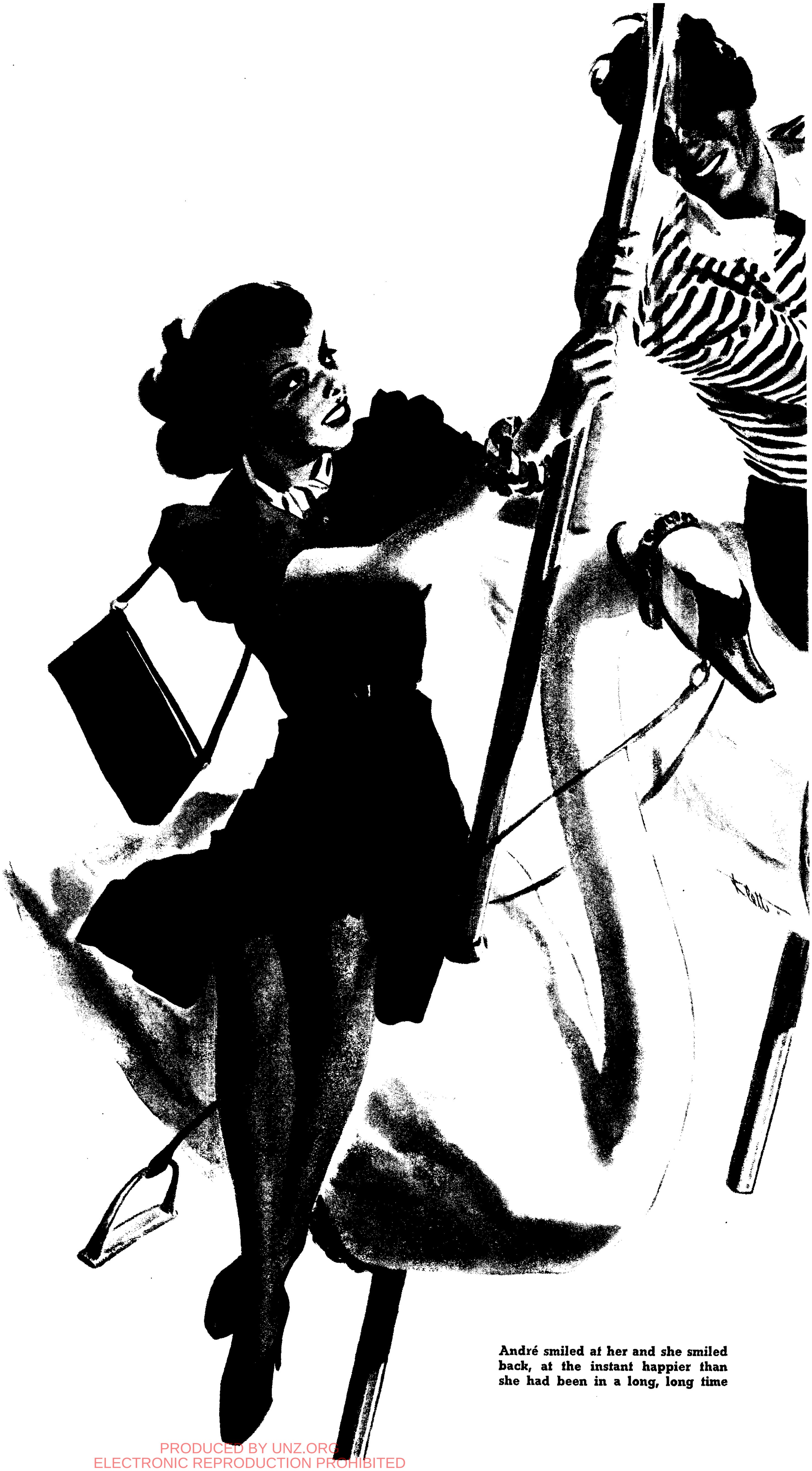
She tried, Miranda did. "Mother, let's go look at the Purple Cow exhibit! It's such a heavenly day!"

And it might be that her mother would consent. They would go to look at pictures. But her mother would never see the pictures, she would only be aware of the people who spoke or did not speak, the men who chatted with her.

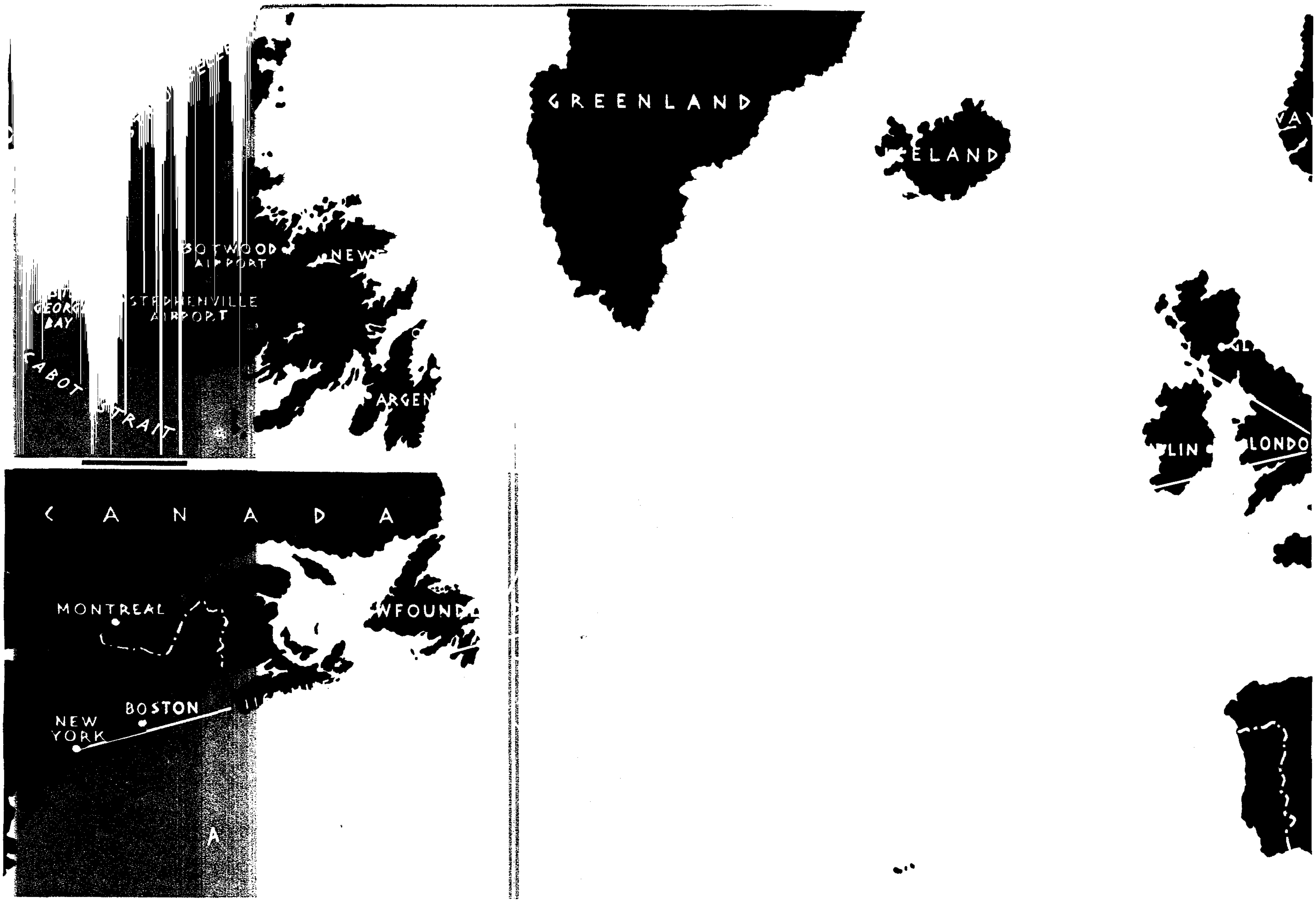
"Mother, let's not go to the opera tonight. Let's stay—and read! You read so beautifully, Mother, and you hardly ever do it."

But that was never done. No, there must be something happening, and gradually Miranda saw, with a kind of numbness at her heart, that her mother would never know peace, that she, Miranda, was no real comfort to her and never would be, that the only protection she afforded was that of her youth and obvious gentility. It was almost as if her mother pointed to her and said, "See, *she* is mine. This naïve, good little girl. I am not what you think me

(Continued on page 70)



André smiled at her and she smiled back, at the instant happier than she had been in a long, long time



ROLF KLEP

Newfoundland is the natural guardian of the St. Lawrence, North America's vulnerable waistline, and key corner of North Atlantic flying routes. United States air and naval bases at Argentia, Quidi Vidi and Stephenville will cost $25,000,000—for a start

Defense on Ice

By Walter Davenport

Newfoundland's been fighting disease, poverty and starvation, alone and losing. Came the Yankees to defend something that Newfoundland never had—democracy. But things are looking better for Newfoundland now

ON THE frozen flats of Quidi Vidi Gut the American Army peers into the fog that rolls in from the east. Here on the Newfoundland coast, a glacial mile or more out of dark St. John's, American guns will stick their snouts into the Atlantic's cold skies. Yonder on the breakneck cliffs that are the southeast shores of Britain's oldest, most neglected colony, they're mounting the searchlights that will open the dripping heavens for the defender.

In the dirty skies of Signal Hill you barely discern the steel skeletons of the radio towers. The black murk magnifies them. They seem to stalk the cliffs—gaunt giants come in armor of ice to invade the New World. Or maybe they've come to pay homage, the wind screaming wild salute through their latticed bones. The ground they stand on is sacred to science. This was the place where, in 1901, Marconi sparked his first wireless message across the Atlantic. Here a miracle was wrought, shrinking the world to the size of a box that sits on your table. And here in 1858, Cyrus West Field tied in the western end of the first transatlantic cable.

Look up and there are wet black rocks that stand sentry at the gates of the harbor of St. John's. They rise sheer and solid and indomitable, their pates hidden in the sullenness that oppresses the town. All the navies in the world could die as one in those narrows. Look down through the lash of the sea and the eternal drift of the fog porridge. There are the clumsy hulls and the barreled masts of the sealers, the tiny boats of the fish fleet, the forlorn shacks where the fishermen live, the sagging flakes or stages on which, in Newfoundland's brief summer, they dry the cod. Behind the narrows the harbor is choked with ships—slow, rolling freighters, the destroyers that will convoy them into the sea lanes that wind east to England, troop transports, submarines. In midchannel, still afloat, but God knows why, two merchantmen who have met the German raider swing with the tide. Their bellies are ripped wide open. As we look, the rumor mounts the heights: Five hundred miles out in that murk the raider awaits. The Canadian planes that have just roared over our heads have gone to investigate. The boom of the surf plays appropriate music.

Families Without Homes

Across the reek and rock of Avalon Peninsula, ninety miles south by west, snug in a bay within a bay, the United States Navy is building a base for destroyers, submarines, seaplanes. And next door, with a roar that rises above the crash of the sea, a fleet of tractor bulldozers are crushing the ancient fishing village of Argentia. An airport will grow where for two hundred years and more a huddle of wooden houses have sagged their testimony to the poverty of the thousand Newfoundlanders who called them home.

A frightened populace stands around, the men growling their rising resentment because the bumbling Newfoundland Commission of Government has given them no warning, has made no plans to house them and their families. The children scream their delight in destruction. They race with the bulldozers, dodging the guards, making each drive a nightmare for the men on the high driving seats. The women huddle together silently, cramping into their shawls and coats. As each shack splinters, there's a wail from the woman who lived there. To them it came overnight like the murderous storms that the weather men didn't see coming. They speak in the Newfoundland Irish accent. A woman shouts to her wild children. Her voice is harsh like the voice of all fisherfolk:

"Stay where yer to till I coom where yer at."

Before she goes after the children who, she says, will be devoured surely by the devil's own engines from America, a neighbor asks her did she mind the gre-a-a-at a-a-a-army of men who'd coom from St. John's the ninety miles to wa-a-ake the dead. She replies that she has indeed: "T'ousands and t'ousands of them, ma-a-abe t'ree hoondred." She screams to her husband to help her corral the children but thinks too of the family horse which, stable, gone, is now tethered with what's left

(Continued on page 26)

CARTOON

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

By Jeffers Godfrey

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

SCHILLER was no more a magician than you or I when he came to America. But jobs were scarce, and he had to do something. A five-dollar magic set, seen in a toy shop, gave him his idea, and by that idea he lived as he went through the important business of becoming an American citizen. He loved democracy, he hated the Nazism of his fatherland. Each year he bettered his act, fashioning from this and that larger and more illusive properties, but his basic tricks were always those of the toy magic set.

His audiences were mostly young folks and their parents, at evening cash-raising entertainments of Boy Scouts, Campfire Girls, Boy Rangers and such. Bemustached, ruddy-faced, goateed, he had a Bill-Codyish Western aspect that won initial attention, and his Low German accent soon won him a reputation as quite a side-splitting fellow. He intended no comedy. He had no good sense of comedy.

But within the last year Schiller noticed less laughter at his patter. And he knew what the boys and girls and mothers and fathers were thinking: "Listen to him! He is a German not long from Germany. Perhaps he is a foe of democracy—even a fifth columnist!" He wanted to stop his act and say to them, "I am one year now an American citizen, I love America. I rejected Nazism. I gave up wealth. I love democracy."

But he couldn't say that to them. He just cut down his patter so they might hear less of his heavy accent. And his long silences hurt his act. Truly he was in a dilemma.

IN THE little booking office over the tavern on Boylston Street, in Boston, Manny Haines derided again and again: "What the devil, Schiller! You got nothing to worry about. I can send you out two or three times a week anyway so long as you got Wellington."

Manny was right. Wellington was the model town of the state. If Schiller was good enough for Wellington, he was good enough for any town in the U.S.A.

So tonight Schiller was on the train headed for the crisis of his career. He was bound for Wellington. If Wellington accepted him again, accent and all, his future was assured. If they didn't like him, he was through.

Mr. Jones, the scoutmaster, didn't meet the train as he always had before. With foreboding, Schiller, carrying his heavy suitcases, trudged the quarter mile to the K. of P. hall. He entered the rear door of the hall, and climbed the short stairs to the back of the stage. The stage was lighted and the house was dark, so the entertainment had already started. Schiller had expected it would be. There were always two acts, and his was always second. He carried his cases to the wings and began to unpack them, watching the boy out on the stage.

The boy was doing crayon cartoons on a big block of paper set up on an easel close to the footlights. He was just finishing a cartoon of Mickey Mouse. As, in a din of applause, he tore it off the block and threw it out to the beseeching boys in the front rows, he started drawing another. Schiller set to work on his paraphernalia. Carefully he drew something from a valise. It was something new to his act, and he handled it with nervous hope. It was a huge American flag when it was opened up. He hid it almost triumphantly under the false bottom of his largest cabinet. All his hope was in that flag, for it was to convince them that he, despite his accent, was an American, too.

He looked through to the stage. An enormous crayoned duck was on the easel now. The boy wrote beneath it, in bold letters: "Donald Duck." He tore the picture off, tossed it to the yelling boys, grabbed his easel and ran off into the opposite wings. There was great applause. The stage curtains were drawn and the house lights came on.

A hand touched Schiller's shoulder. It was Mr. Jones, the scoutmaster. Mr. Jones shook hands, voiced his regret at not having been able to meet the train, gave him his ten-dollar honorarium, shook hands again and went away. There was a perfunctory speed to it all that made Schiller uneasy. Still, he had the flag.

He began to arrange his properties about the stage. Boys came trooping through the wings and under the curtains. Some proudly showed Schiller the cartoons they'd grabbed when the boy artist tossed them down. He nodded approval of them, saving the boys his accent. Now they were handling his apparatus. Some of the bolder ones were tossing his cards about; one was pretending to blow his nose on a green silk handkerchief; one was fooling with his cabinets. When Mr. Jones' whistle sounded, they scampered away, and Schiller put things back in order. Then he walked into the wings. The curtains opened. Schiller strode bowingly out. His reception was excellent.

Schiller held up the tiny pocketbook, drew from it the long, black wand. He went briskly to work.

FOR half an hour, without uttering a word, he palmed cards and coins, dyed handkerchiefs, extracted from the air a kegful of odds and ends. The boys were uproarious in delight. But now he had to talk. Patter was absolutely essential to what came next.

Through it all, Schiller weighed the audience reaction to his German accent. What in other years had been so funny aroused only little laughter now. He sensed occasional boisterous mimicry from the boys. In the back of the hall he knew the fathers were thinking: "Surely there must be American magicians Steve Jones could get to come out here!"

Schiller was thinking back at them: "Please, please! I, too, love America. And now I will show you how I feel!"

He walked to the lights for the finale of the flag. He raised his right arm high. From the air he drew a cylinder of white cloth. He lowered it. He unrolled the cloth and held it up. He showed the black swastika painted on it. He called: "Oppression!"

He turned and placed the swastika in the largest cabinet, the one in which he had hidden the American flag. He closed the cabinet. He tapped it with his wand He opened it. The swastika was gone. "Observe, please!" he said.

He closed the empty cabinet. He could hardly contain himself. He had to strive to be deliberate. He tapped the cabinet twice with his wand, striking the spring that released the false bottom.

He said proudly, "Observe—observe, if you please! Here is our answer—here is democracy's answer to Nazi oppression. Look, one and all!"

HE OPENED the cabinet so all could see and reached for the big Stars and Stripes. His hand touched paper. He groped, but there was no flag—just a folded paper. The worst had happened. A prankish boy had taken the flag and substituted a fold of paper!

Schiller pulled out the paper, unfolded it, and stared at it in sick realization of what it was. His face and manner gave him away.

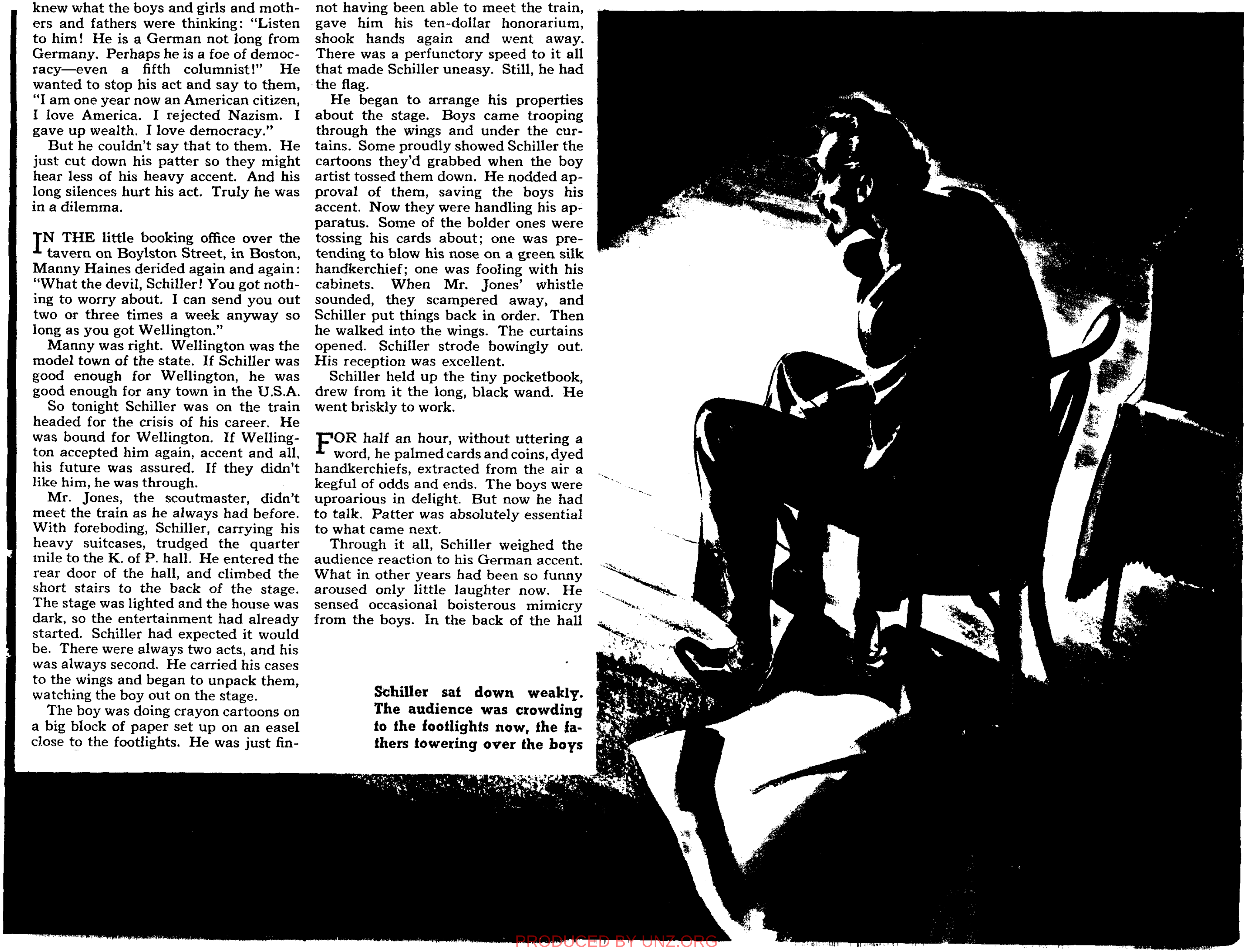
"Let's see it," the boys shouted. "I'll bet it's a cartoon—come on, hold it up!"

Schiller held it up, hardly knowing what he did. His hands were shaking. He showed them the cartoon—a cocky, grinning man with an absurd pipe and an upraised can of spinach: Pop Eye the Sailor. He, Schiller the German, showed them a comic man offering a can of spinach as democracy's answer to the Nazi threat!

Schiller sat down weakly, the crude drawing falling to the stage. The audience was crowding to the footlights now, the fathers towering over the boys. Schiller looked at them without fear, for he was too old for fear. They came flooding up the stage at him, and only now did Schiller see that they were laughing, and laughing hard! Schiller was amazed.

Men slapped his back. Men shook his hand. Only with difficulty did he keep the cartoon from being trampled and ruined. One man said, "That's real magic, old boy!" Another said, "Swell comedy!" Mr. Jones said, "See you next year, Mr. Schiller—that last certainly took the cake!" Then they all were gone.

Schiller folded the cartoon carefully—it seemed to be just what his act needed. But when he got back to his room he would have to study it and study it hard. For it was more than a comic, it had worked so like a charm. In it somewhere must be the answer the fathers had seen—the answer of the real American to Nazi bulldozing. When he found it he would be a real American, too.



Schiller sat down weakly. The audience was crowding to the footlights now, the fathers towering over the boys

Funny Man

By Luther Davis and John Cleveland

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY IFOR THOMAS

Danny Kaye doesn't look like a comedian, and he didn't know he was one until he flopped at every job, and then fell flat on his face doing the bolero

DANNY KAYE, the comedian, got his first top-money booking last May when he was signed to appear at the New York Paramount Theater.

As his opening was scheduled for an early matinee, Danny feared the worst. He knew that the audience would be composed largely of noisy, Broadway-wise kids taking advantage of the forenoon prices, but he wasn't prepared for the chorus of liquid Bronx cheers that greeted his appearance on stage.

He stumbled quakingly to the microphone, opened his mouth—but before he could say a word, several thousand juvenile voices roared together: "Hit the road, ya bum!"

Danny closed his eyes, uncrossed his fingers, and went into the oddest act those pranksters had ever seen. He whispered into the microphone, and then bellowed. He shaped precise, imaginary pictures with a pair of long-fingered hands, which a Middle Western columnist once called, "The most expressive mitts in the theater." More astonishing than anything else, he told no jokes—preferring to play characters instead. There was a Russian ballet dancer, a disgruntled waiter, a concert singer with the sneezes—he used a dozen dialects and a hundred faces.

The audience laughed steadily for over twenty minutes, and when Danny, as limp as an overripe banana, finally staggered out the stage door, he was met by a delegation of the gallery gamins. "Listen, Danny," said their leader, a 'teen-aged tough, "forget that crack about hittin' the road, will ya please?"

Danny grinned and said, "Sure," but he worried about it for months. He's shy, and afraid of people—always has been. Even when he was a kid in the poor part of Brooklyn he was, as he puts it, "the kind of guy who stood behind the guys who whistled at the girls."

He's too unsure even to be himself on-stage—which accounts for his highly individual style. When they first see him, spectators can find no signs of a funny man—they see only a pleasant youth of twenty-eight with sandy hair, a thin, six-foot frame and an apologetic smile. Usually they expect him to sing or dance, or perhaps balance a seal—do anything but convulse them with laughter.

But convulse them he does. After his highly successful Paramount engagement, he played a record-breaking four months at New York's famous La Martinique Club, packed the Chez Paree in Chicago and earned a neat seven hundred and fifty a week in vaudeville theaters in Washington, Cleveland and points en route—to say nothing of winning the chance to play opposite Gertrude Lawrence in Moss Hart's current Broadway hit, Lady in the Dark.

The young star, only eight years removed from crowded Brooklyn semitenements, can afford to live in a lush penthouse with an expensive, expansive view of the East River. Soon he'll be able to achieve one of his major ambitions—to buy an apartment house in his old neighborhood and collect the rents himself, "and always, every time, say 'thank you' to the tenants—even if they can't pay anything."

Danny Kominski didn't start on the comedy road until he had tried and failed at nearly everything else. First there was a soda-jerking job which he disliked heartily and ultimately lost.

And there was, unfortunately, an insurance clerkship which he held for ten months before he was finally given a little chart and promoted to the chore of appraising cars. "I saw so many machines," he says woefully, "that it got so I couldn't tell a Packard from a piston." He can't remember how he made his Big Mistake—as it is unlaughingly called in the company's records—but it had something to do with mathematics. A cipher too many rolled into a row of numbers, or a touch of multiplication where there should have been a spot of subtraction—in any case the Big Mistake cost the company a painful forty thousand dollars. Accountants suspected treason and Danny was shadowed by Pinkerton men for months. "I got sort of pally with my tails," Danny says. "They used to take me to movies when we got tired of loafing."

Recently the president of the insurance company sent Danny a letter. "I saw your act at the Riviera Club," the gentleman wrote, "and enjoyed it very much. Back when you cost us that forty thousand I thought you were either a thief or a nitwit. It didn't occur to me that you were a comedian."

Danny, equally unaware of any comic gift, decided he was a singer. In June, 1934, he sold himself and his lyric tenor voice to an adult summer camp in the Catskills. "It was very peaceful there," he says. "We were beyond shouting distance of our nearest competitor."

His singing didn't move any mountains, and, at the season's end, Danny became the third of a team known as The Three Terpsichoreans.

This little art group got its first booking at a vaudeville house in Utica, New York. There was a large audience which was reasonably appreciative until The Terpsichoreans came to their "slick" number—a bolero which required that the female of the troupe be frequently handed back and forth between the males.

At one point in the dance, Danny was supposed to patter up to the girl with mincing little steps and kiss her fingers. He minced well enough, bowed prettily,

(Continued on page 79)

Danny Kaye plays opposite Gertrude Lawrence in the current musical hit on Broadway, Lady in the Dark

The Traitor

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

The Story Thus Far:

WITH evidence that a traitor is going about his nefarious business at the small Western naval station commanded by Captain Hartney, U.S.N., Lieut. Commander Kirstell comes out from Washington. In need of a clever assistant, he picks Phyllis Hartney, the captain's daughter; and he goes to work, in the hope of catching the fellow.

Commander ("Pop") Sedden has a son: Bert. Investigation reveals that Bert (a rebellious young man who hates everything for which the Navy stands) had once been a Russian spy. Investigation reveals, further, that his closest friend is "Dutch" Prentice, a civilian engineer who, with "Pat" Rorabeck, another civilian, and Lieutenant Dent ("Savvy") Roberts, is working on a new secret mechanism of some sort.

Disliking Bert thoroughly, Phyllis is, nevertheless, none too sure that he is guilty. How could anyone, with a father in the Navy and a long line of American forbears like young Sedden's, betray his country! Still, confronted by the evidence, Phyllis is convinced that Commander Sedden's rebellious, insolent son is the most likely suspect. So she keeps a sharp eye on him.

But why—if he is the man she and Kirstell are after—should Prentice (who knows him well) stand up for him and trust him? . . .

To Lieut. Commander Kirstell's disgust, the news of the traitor hunt leaks out. Whereupon, Bert's father tells Captain Hartney that Bert is the traitor. He has no definite proof. But when he leaves Hartney's headquarters, he is in a desperate frame of mind. . . . Savvy Roberts shows Phyllis and her father the secret mechanism—perfected at last. It is a remarkable new engine; and it has been installed in a curious, broad-beamed mosquito boat. The boat is shot through the water at terrific speed by the engine, which is built on a rocket-propulsion principle.

The trio—Phyllis, her father and Roberts—go out in the boat for a short, amazingly fast spin. After they return to the dock, Pat Rorabeck shows them an aluminum cylinder that (he says) he had found under the gas tank. . . .

Heartbroken by his son's perfidy, Pop Sedden commits suicide. Nevertheless, Kirstell is not at all sure that Bert is guilty—he has found evidence pointing to someone else. . . . The aluminum cylinder is a German thermite pencil! It explodes (doing no damage); and a few hours later, a spy—a German—is arrested by F.B.I. agents in the near-by village. . . .

A young lieutenant—Roger Collins, Captain Hartney's aide—and Jack Murphy, an ensign, are enemies; and Collins (who is in love with Phyllis) has announced that, at the proper time, he will "take care of" Murphy.

When Lieutenant Cowles and Collins escort Murphy to the beach, not far away, Phyllis follows.

She finds Jack Murphy. He has been terribly beaten by his companions. In a rage, he gasps: "Take me—quarters! Got to get—gun —kill 'em—kill 'em both!"

VII

I TALKED Ensign Murphy out of that—a triumph of mind over matter, in which I was assisted by the normal fear all ensigns have of four-stripers. It was touch-and-go for the first few minutes, however. I do not want to take any more rides cooling off husky young ensigns bent on a double murder.

The threat that gave him pause, and I consider myself quite bright to have thought of it, was this: "Wherever you go, I go, Jack. And just try shooting Bob and Roger with me on the scene. I would undoubtedly get in the way. Then you'd have to explain to Cap'n Hartney how come you shot his darling daughter."

"I'll get 'em," Jack said.

Then, just to smack him down, I revealed what everyone in the Yard already knew or soon would know.

"The skipper is looking for an officer who is a traitor," I said. "Are you the guilty man?"

"Traitor? *Me?*"

"Roger and Bob aren't very fond of you," I said. "Roger's probably got it cooked up to accuse you of striking a superior officer. I wouldn't put it past either of 'em to accuse you of treason. So that means you'd better have a few friends among the high command. Right?"

"Ha! I'll tell you who the traitor is—" He stopped.

"Yes? Go on."

"I'll tell your dad, not you."

This got me a little peeved (P. Hartney is the name and P. stands for Power) so I decided to borrow Savvy's idea about treason.

"You're guilty enough, all right," I said. "You should have gone back to that dive-bomber squadron weeks ago. Instead, you've sulked around here, drinking too much and making love to Mamie Cowles. A sweet way to serve your country, that is! I call it just plain treason. And, on top of that, you want to be a murderer too. Get next to yourself, Jack."

While Ensign Murphy was digesting all this, I sneaked through No. 1 gate without stopping, so the sentry wouldn't see Jack's face, and drove the car straight into the Hartney garage.

"You get next to *yourself!*" Jack said.

"Sure, sure—you can tell me all about myself when we're hidden from prying eyes," I said.

I led him through the side door and up the stairs to our spare bedroom. I fetched him a basin of hot water and some towels. The cuts had stopped bleeding but he was not pretty.

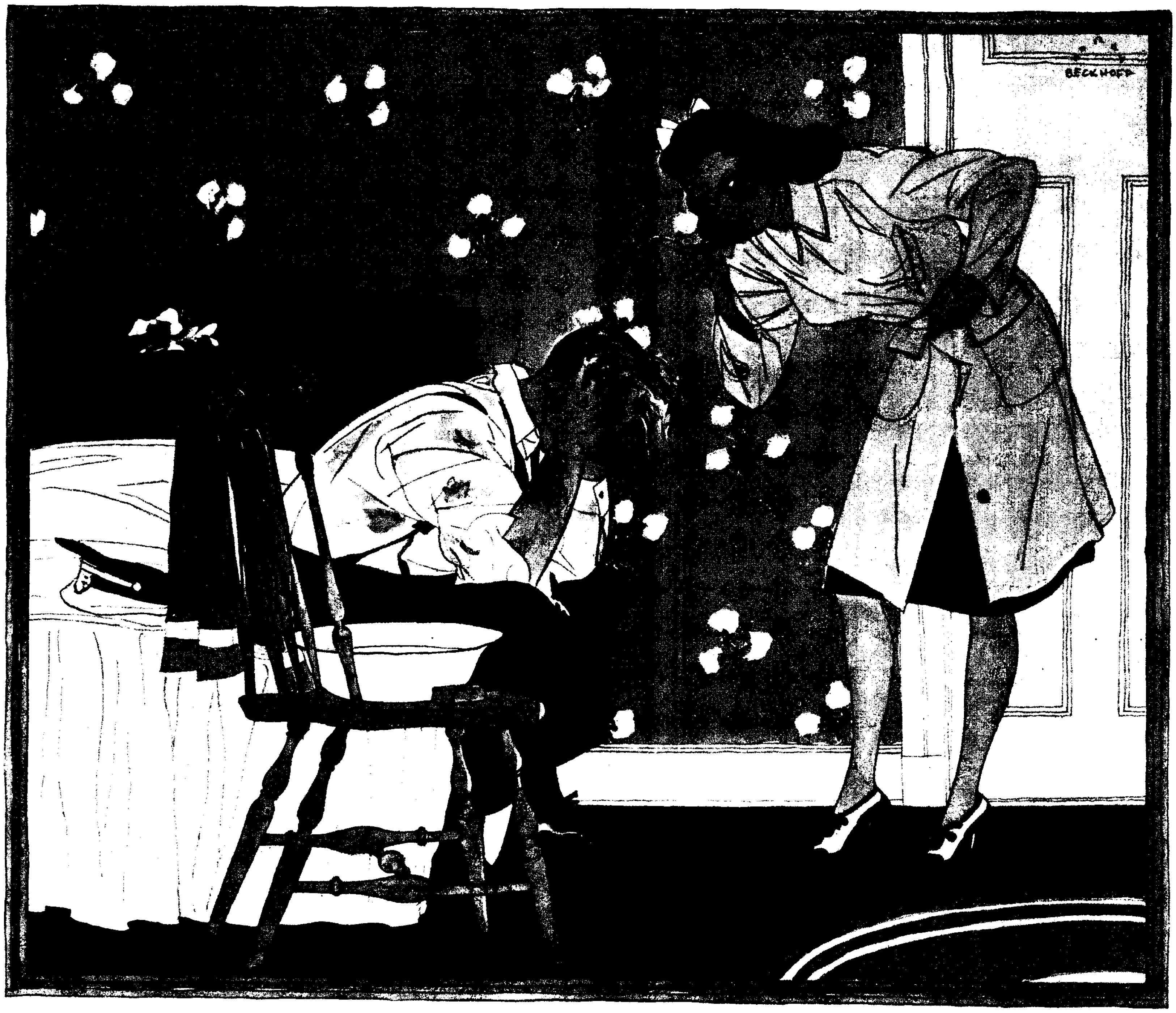
"You lie down and rest," I said. "I'll call Lieutenant Leslie (the Yard doctor) and Pete Briscoe. But don't you dare leave this room!"

Ensign Murphy tried to glower. The effort was too painful, so he just glared with one eye, the other being closed.

"If I'm a traitor, you're a traitor too," he said.

"Why?"

(Continued on page 53)



"You stir a step out of this room," I said, "and the U. S. Navy will be minus one ensign!"

Once as famous in England and France as in America, the magnificent gardens of Middleton Place, in South Carolina, have been restored after years of neglect

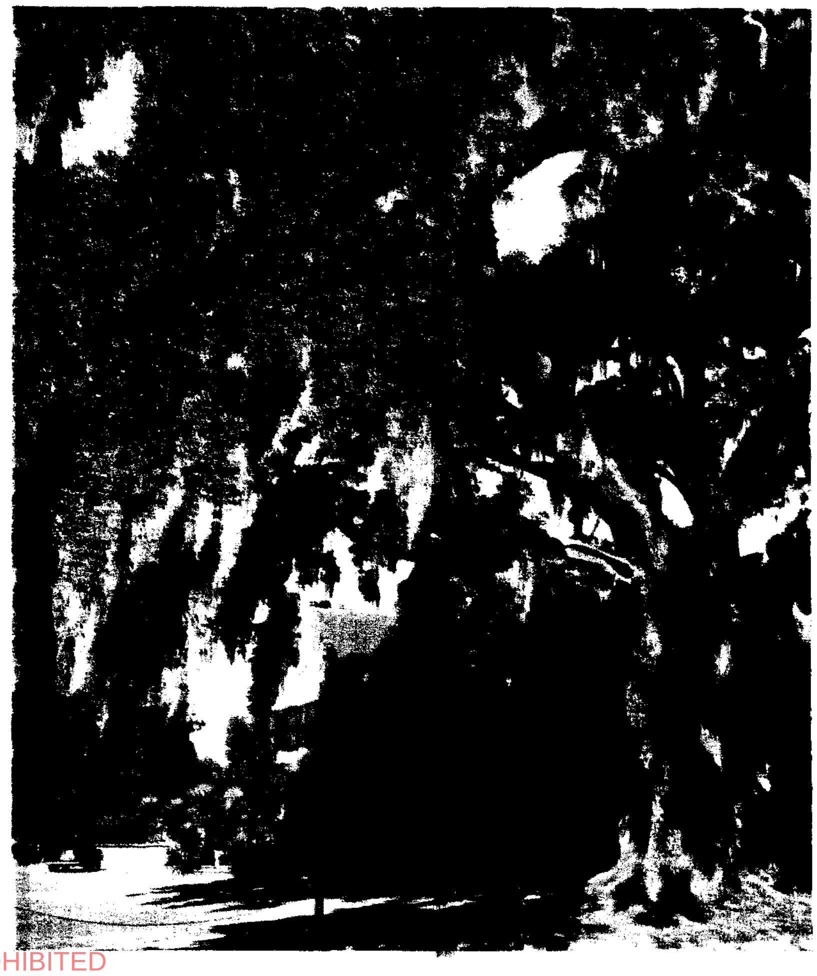
Only one wing of the historic mansion still stands; one wing, a few ruins and a pathetic flight of steps that led to the main doorway but now lead only to the past

One of the two butterfly lakes that mirror the sky and the flowers of the gardens. For years they were nearly dry, while cows grazed unmolested on terraces beyond

This great live oak was 700 years old when the gardens were first laid out, just 200 years ago, by a now-unknown landscaping genius who probably was English

PHOTOGRAPHED
FOR COLLIER'S
BY HANS GROENHOFF

The remaining wing of the Middleton mansion, whose recorded history begins in 1683. Work on the gardens began in 1741. Restoration has cost $200,000 to date



THE 200th YEAR

By Henry F. Pringle

SOME of the story of Middleton Place near Charleston, South Carolina, can be told at last. The rest of nay never come to light. Buried for- er may be the name of the genius who signed the gardens, now restored to all their former glory. It is probable, , that the exact appearance of the nsion will never be known.

This spring marks the two hundredth niversary of the oldest landscaped rdens in the United States, however, d fragments of that past are slowly ng uncovered. On a day in late May or ry early June of 1865, John Drayton, owner of a neighboring plantation the Ashley River, visited Middle- Place and returned to Charleston, ocked and horrified, to report what he d seen. The South was broken in ne, 1865. Middleton Place had been rned and ravaged by a Union raiding rty some three months earlier.

By a clever ruse, Drayton had been le to save his own estate. He knew at the approaching troops were Ne- oes, so he posted "Smallpox" signs at of the gates, and the troops made no empt to burn Drayton Hall. But illiams Middleton, then the owner, s away when the raiders arrived and place was soon in flames.

". . . . everything is burnt and de- oyed, dwelling, outhouses, stables, rn and Negro houses," wrote Mr. ayton to Mr. Middleton.

Mr. Drayton went on to say that, back Charleston, eighteen miles distant, he d located one of the Middleton Place ves. He reported their conversation: e says he was betrayed and compelled tell where everything was placed. He ys that you have lost everything ex- pt what he was able to bury by himself midnight. Such is his statement, but do not believe the whole."

The Middletons attempted, from time time, to pick up the old threads. it their affluent planter life, based on e and timber, had vanished utterly. ey had literally no money. In due urse the camellia and azalea bushes gan to disappear under weeds and ngle growth. By the turn of the cen- ry the gardens of Middleton Place lay ried beneath masses of yellow jas- ne. Even the garden walks had en obliterated. Sunday-school picnics ought screaming children who romped the terraces and through the vanished rdens which, according to legend, one ndred slaves had labored ten years to ild. Hunters parked their dogs in the ng which still stood. Few people sited Middleton Place at night, for it s rumored that a ghost, "a little old ly in gray," would leave the family ult after sundown and wander for- nly through the desolation that had ce been beauty.

In the city of Charleston, however, a ect descendant of the original Mid- tons was emerging from boyhood. s name was, and is, John Julius ngle Smith and he was destined to erit Middleton Place. In time, with encouragement and expert help of wife, he would excavate the gardens d bring the estate back to all of its eatness. He would put it on virtually

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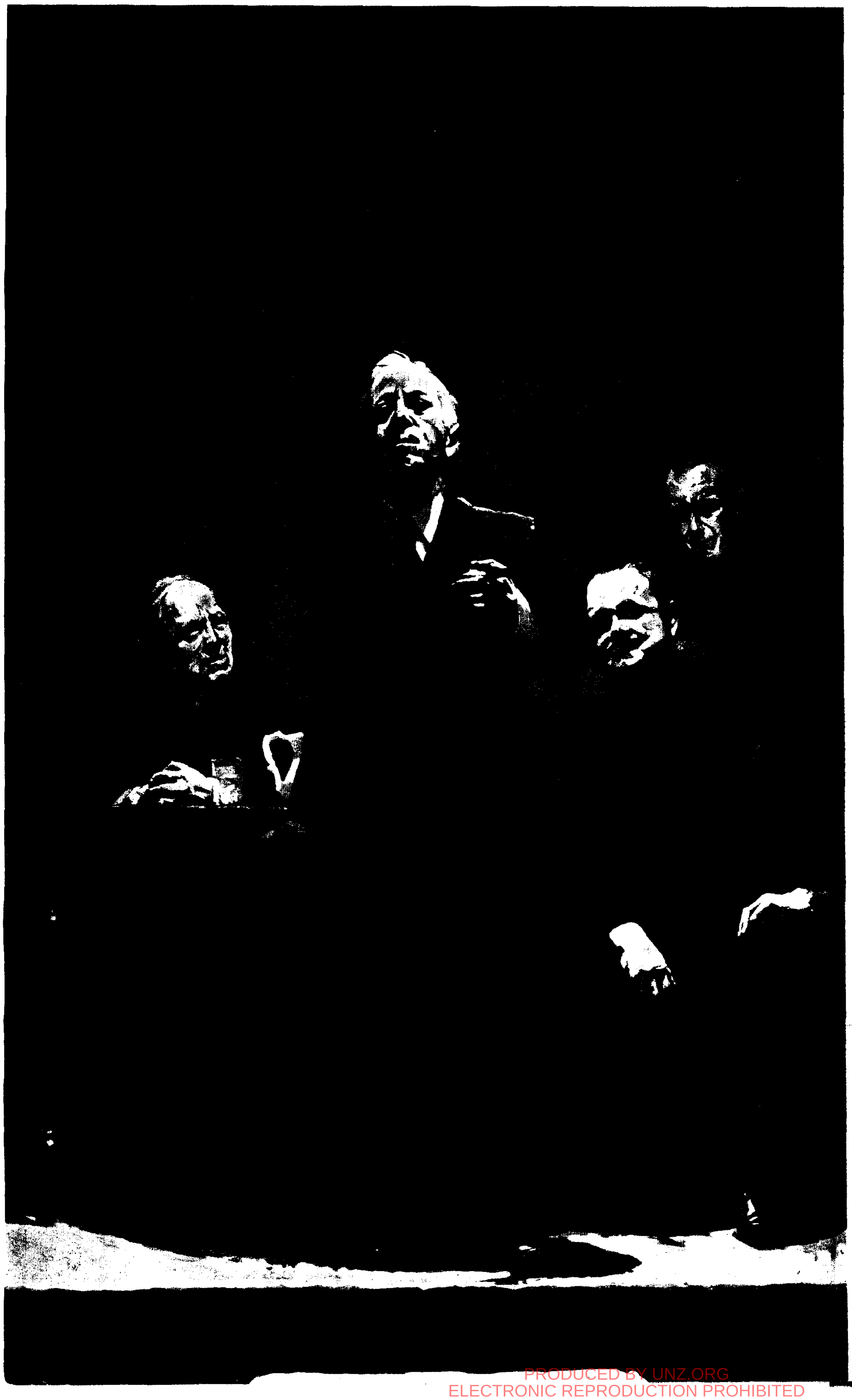
The little rice mill near the Ashley River survived the Civil War raiding parties as well as the earthquake that brought further destruction and desolation in 1886

Production Doctor

By Ray Millholland

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

The new emergency in gearing up America is not a job for the youngsters alone. Witness Old Ben turning back the clock twenty-four years



Somebody started applauding for the nerve of the little old man who didn't look strong enough for a pillow fight. There were some boos for him, too

I GENERALLY keep my bill out of other people's business, but when this green-brain foreman of the toolroom where I work started riding an old-time toolmaker for showing the kids how to set up a milling-machine job, I come near popping off and getting the can tied to my tail. But you don't go butting in on Mr. Stephens' trouble, old and little as he is.

The young squirts call him Old Ben, but all us old-timers never call him anything but Mr. Stephens, even when we are talking about him when he is not around. Why? Because back there in 1917-1918, a little shop called the Stephens Machine Tool Company was the only place the government could find to make the precision graduating machines it needed to produce artillery sights. I mean for putting those hairlike scratches on a sight slide that show how much to raise the muzzle of a big gun to hit a target maybe five miles away.

There isn't any closer work than building precision graduating machines and there should have been a pile of money in it for the only man who could do it. I guess the trouble was that Mr. Stephens never noticed that angle. Anyway, he didn't make enough out of it to carry him through the next spell of hard times and the sheriff sold him out.

Well, this toolroom foreman of ours never heard of the fine record Mr. Stephens made for himself in the last war. Even if he had, he was the kind that is always afraid somebody with real brains like Old Ben, as he called Mr. Stephens to his face, might take his job if the big-shot boss of the front office got to noticing who everybody went to for advice.

"Hey, you," he says, coming up behind Mr. Stephens and tapping him on the shoulder, just when he was trying to set his milling machine for an extra fussy cut where a thousandth of an inch would spoil a valuable piece of work. "Listen, next time anybody in this toolroom wants to know something, it's me that gives the answer. Get it?"

You would never take Mr. Stephens for a clock-punching toolmaker like the rest of us if you guessed all day with the book of answers open in front of you. First place, his hands were soft as a girl's, where they should have been all hard like ours. He didn't wear overalls or even a white toolmaker's apron. Came to work in a shabby black suit, took off his coat, rolled up his sleeves only halfway to his elbows, with the cuffs nice and flat, and went to work in his vest. I'm kidding nobody, he could make the rest of us look like we was just visitors in the place the way he could knock out a job. Fact, he looked a lot more like a boss than that loudmouthed young foreman poking him in the shoulder.

"You heard me, didn't you?" pops off the foreman, loud enough even for me on the planer to hear.

"I'll send everybody to you," says Mr. Stephens without taking his eyes from the close setting he was making with the table lead screw. "I'm sorry if it looked to you like interfering."

LUNCHTIME came, and I says to Dutch Engle, another old-timer running the boring mill next to my planer: "What do you say us old-timers gang up on this loudmouth gink and knock his ears down?"

"He yell at me like that," growls Dutch, "and I punch him in the nose and forget I got a wrench in my hand. Then I get me another good job, tomorrow."

"Nix, you and me is too old for the rough stuff," I tells Dutch. "But getting a new job is okay. You and me and Hank and Ernie and Doc—we'll all quit tonight and take Mr. Stephens with us. We'll go over to Superaviation and get a job with Blue Chip."

"Sure. I work any place Mr. Stephens says," grunts Dutch, and bites into his pie.

"Then watch what happens to this fourflushing foreman here," I says. "All he'll have around here is a bunch of green punks. He'll have to stand over 'em and tell 'em every turn of a handle to make. And he don't know which end is up himself, so pretty soon he'll have this toolroom in a jam and the front office will throw him out in the alley where the rat belongs."

Pretty soon Mr. Stephens comes over and sits down between Dutch and me. All he has in his tin lunch box is an orange and a vacuum bottle of watery soup he pours into an aluminum cup.

Dutch takes it that Mr. Stephens is hard up and can't afford to spend money on a man-sized lunch. He digs out of his box a big hunk of smoked sausage and two slabs of buttered bread. (*Continued on page* 66)

"Hmm...new secretary...pretty, too!"

1. WIFE: A new secretary and a new hat the same week! And I suppose you'll say *that hat* hasn't got appeal, too.

2. HUBBY: Aw now! I just happened to need a good hat...my old one was a wreck.

3. WIFE: I'll say it's a good hat. You can tell by the feel. And light as the Stetson I'm wearing.

HUBBY: You know, dear, a hat like that is a real economy...it holds its shape so much longer.

4. WIFE: A Stetson! Got a raise and didn't tell?

HUBBY: Aw shucks, that glamour lid only set me back five bucks...and you know, dear, clients are impressed by that Stetson label, too.

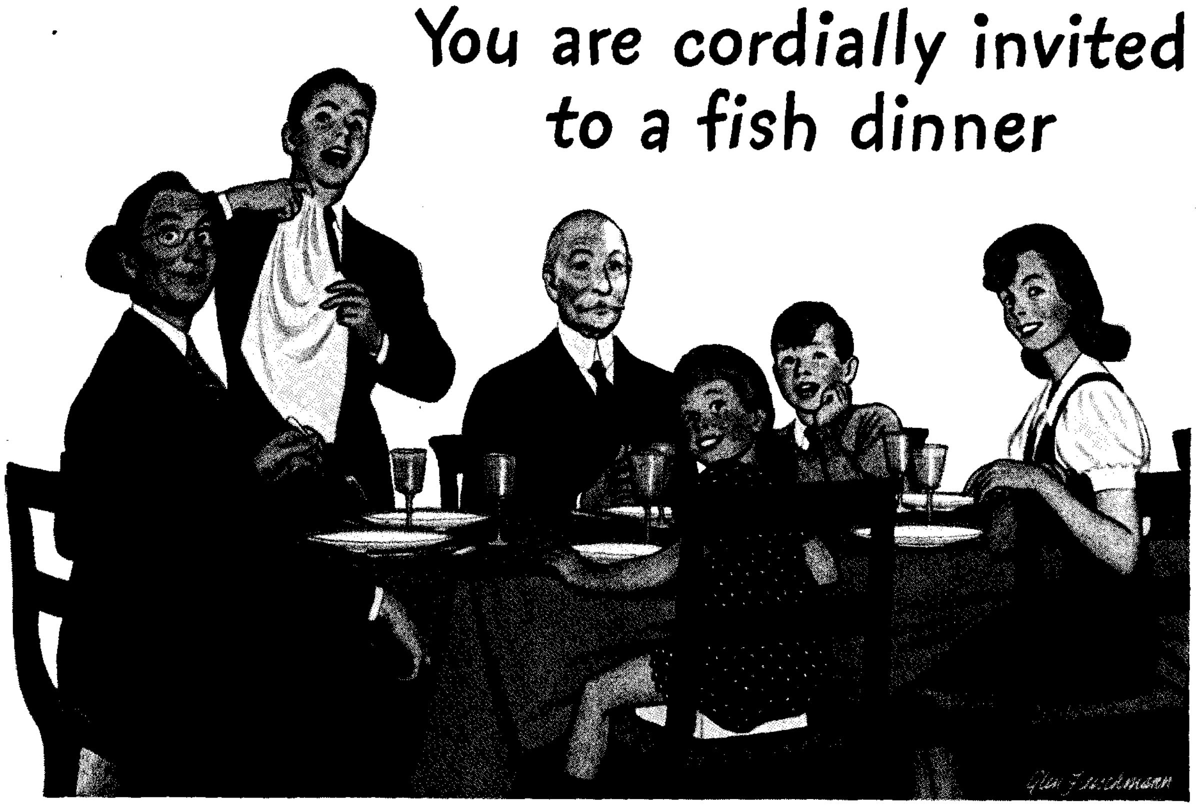
5. WIFE: You and your new Stetson are taking *me* to lunch today. You're both too valuable to leave around unprotected.

HUBBY: O. K., officer, I'll go quietly...ouch!

The STETSON Playboy $5

STETSONS ARE ALSO MADE IN CANADA

You are cordially invited to a fish dinner



1. This is no ordinary meal—preparations start only 20 minutes before eating time; the food is the freshest-tasting you ever ate, yet the cost is *amazingly* low! It's a meal of Birds Eye Quick-Frozen Foods—and you'll love it!

2. Heavenly Haddock is the main course—succulent Birds Eye Haddock Fillets, cleaned, boned, and quick-frozen as fast as the critters could be got off Old Jeb's trawler. All their oceany flavor has been kept. There's no waste: all there is to do is cook and devour 'em!

BIRDS EYE
LIMA BEANS
LIMA

3. Luscious Lima Beans are the vegetable: Birds Eye Baby Limas, as sweet and garden-fresh as when the were picked. Only beans at the head of the class ar quick-frozen by Birds Eye. Again—no fuss, no shelling everything that's in the package, you eat *and love!*

4. Ah, dessert! Peaches, beauties of just right ripeness, sliced, sugared—ready to serve. Imagine—orchard-fresh peaches in April! This economical, easy-to-prepare Lenten meal is made possible by Quick-Freezing. Enjoy it and other Birds Eye Budget Dinners, often!

LENTEN DINNER *Special!*

THIS WEEK . . . APRIL 7-12

Birds Eye Haddock Fillets
Birds Eye Lima Beans
Birds Eye Peaches

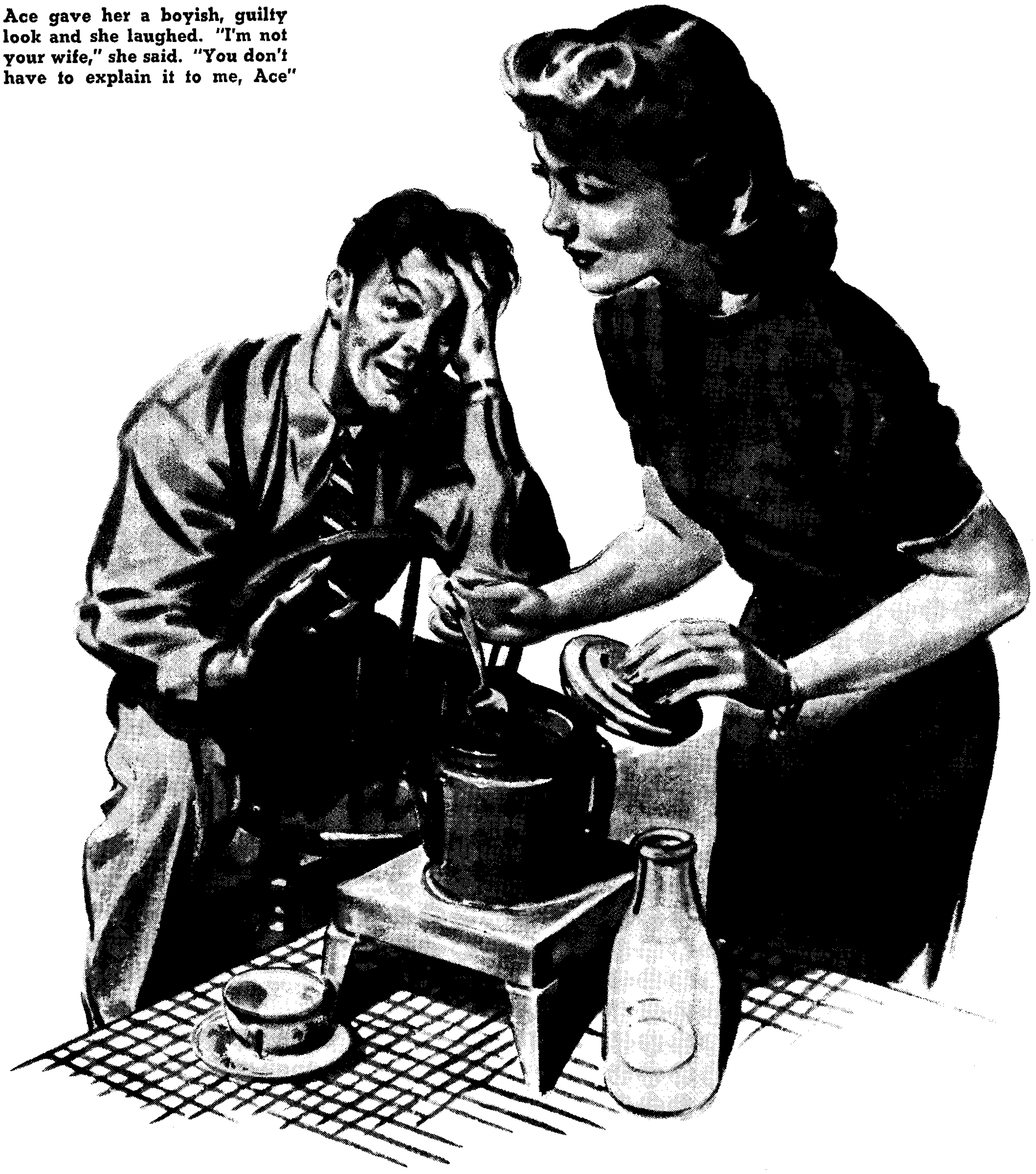
Economize, too, with these fine Birds Eye Foods:

Green and Wax Stringless Beans
Cod Fillets Asparagus Cuts Rhubarb
Roasting Chickens for Easter

EYES ALERT! All Quick-Frozen foods are not Birds Eye! To avoid possible disappointment, look for the *Birds Eye* in the window and on the package. It *guarantees* all 60 Birds Eye Fruits, Vegetables, Sea-Foods, Meats, and Poultry as first quality. THEY MUST SATISFY, OR YOUR MONEY BACK! For further information, write Frosted Foods Sales Corp., 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

BIRDS EYE
BRAND
FROSTED FOODS
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Ace gave her a boyish, guilty look and she laughed. "I'm not your wife," she said. "You don't have to explain it to me, Ace"



ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

A couple of modern pioneers find it is not easy for a man to pull up his roots and head for a new land

If EVER two fellows started out with equal opportunity, Claire told herself, it was Jerry and Ace going from Plainfield to Los Angeles to get into the aircraft industry. Ace rushed over with the idea right after the President came out with that speech about building fifty thousand airplanes. He brought Erilla to Jerry and Claire's. "Who is going to build those airplanes?" Ace said. "That's us!"

That was Ace. Smart, and nothing bashful about him. He never waited to be asked. Now Jerry, Claire reflected indulgently, would never hit on an idea that way. He'd more likely go about his job in the grocery store, waiting for the President to send him a letter asking him to build those airplanes. Of course, then he'd get right out and do it, and do it well, too.

Claire was all for Ace's plan. They would go to the city to live, the four of them! The prospect set her on fire. Things would be lively again, they'd have fun, all together; since high-school days, when they had played doubles everywhere from the tennis court to Ace's jaloppy, they were a famous foursome; into marriage, they had kept it up. They'd sure have a time, in Los Angeles! Because here lately, at home, married, with Jerry working so much all the time, she'd felt herself going stale.

Ace was the live wire of their little crowd, the one who always had the ideas of places to go, things to do. And now he was right in form, pushing Jerry. "This is our chance of getting somewhere!"

Claire's husband was slow to get excited about the project. Jerry the Cautious, as usual. He had to examine every angle and inspect the proposition inside out. First of all, he observed, they'd have to give up their jobs. And these days, giving up a job was certainly leaping off the deep end!

"What job?" Ace referred to his own. "That job gave me up long ago!" He worked for the local builder, Joe Kramer —whenever Kramer had anything to build.

But Jerry had a full-time occupation, plus. He opened the Plainfield Blue Store at 7 A. M. and was on duty until 5. Usually he dropped off a number of orders on the way home. And once or twice a week they needed him in the evening. He worked hard and he wasn't getting much more than a bare living out of it. And, what was more important, the future didn't offer a rosier prospect.

"Darling, in Los Angeles we'll live like civilized people! Forty hours a week!" Claire said. "You'd be home once in a while. I'd know I had a husband! I could see what you look like in daylight!"

And besides, Ace put in—big pay!

Maybe, Jerry said. But living costs were higher in the city. And besides, he reminded Claire, right here they got practically all their fruits and vegetables free, from the store. Perfectly good stuff, perishables. Also, the manager had no objection to Jerry's using the little delivery truck, outside of working hours; even winked at Jerry's using up company gas. So they had a car, free. Those things kind of made up for the low wages.

"Vegetables! A dime's worth of gas! Why, you ought to be ashamed to drive your wife around in that truck!" Ace said, and Claire could have hugged him. While they were all only kids it was kind of a sporty joke to racket around in the delivery wagon, but for young married folks it was slightly embarrassing. Made people think Jerry wasn't getting anywhere. She resented that, for his sake, because, sure, he could go ahead and sport a little car the way Ace did, buying it on a borrowed down payment and hiding it half the time so the dealer couldn't come and take it back. Ace got a kick out of playing hide and seek with that Grange City dealer, Mark Morrison, and it really was a scream, the time he parked the car in the bull pasture and told Morrison to go get it. But naturally that could never be Jerry's way.

"It's now or never!" Ace kept after Jerry. "Do you want to be stuck here all your life? Opportunity is bouncing on your bean!"

JERRY the Cautious said he'd have to know more about the whole business before taking the jump. He'd investigate the project. Claire talked to Ace and Erilla for a moment before they drove off. "You know Jerry," she said. "I'll work on him."

"If I know Jerry," Erilla said, "working on him won't do a bit of good. If he wants to do it, he'll do it, and if not, he won't."

That was true, all right. Sometimes Claire wished her Jerry was just a little more reasonable. Maybe not as volatile as Ace, who was a regular weathercock, whirling to every gust. But just a little less of a rock.

Even though that was what had attracted her, when the four of them hadn't yet exactly paired off, and she was kind of thinking about Ace, first. But a fellow like Ace, turning his head at every girl that passed, was scary for a steady. Claire often wondered how Erilla stood the uncertainty.

One thing she tried on Jerry, now: "You can't back out; this is just what Ace needs. He's had such rotten luck here."

Ace could go by himself, Jerry pointed out. He had nothing to lose.

"But he's your friend! He wouldn't go without you!"

"I'm not throwing up my job and borrowing tuition money without knowing what I'm getting into," Jerry said. So inside of two weeks he had booklets, folders, letters from every aircraft school in the country. Claire kidded him, saying no wonder the fees were so high, when they had to figure the cost of sending all that literature to everybody like him. In her heart she was glad, safe with a husband so careful and firm-minded. Though she wished he'd hurry.

Every night they debated the folders.

(Continued on page 91)

The Vitalis "60-Second Workout" helps your hair to help you open Opportunity's door!

The Vitalis "60-Second Workout"

50 seconds to Rub
Vitalis with massage wakes up your scalp circulation—needed oil is supplied—hair looks alive.

10 seconds to Brush
Vitalis keeps your hair in place—lustrous, trim, well-groomed—with no "patent-leather" look.

Opportunity knocks few times these days. Too many fellows are seeking her favor. Competition is keen, so make your every asset count. In all your contacts, business or social, look successful with well-groomed, handsome hair. It's easy to help your hair and appearance to that successful look with Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout".

Just give your scalp a dash of Vitalis and a brief, vigorous massage. Immediately, you'll feel a lively tingle in your scalp as circulation is awakened. And with the pure vegetable oils of Vitalis supplementing the natural scalp oils, your hair soon looks alive. Combed, it stays in place—with no 'patent-leather' look. You'll see in your mirror how much that healthful Vitalis grooming has done for your good looks. And you'll see a new admiration in women's glances, a new respect in men's.

But that's not all. Vitalis and the famous "60-Second Workout" routs unsightly loose dandruff—helps retard excessive falling hair—helps you *keep* your hair. So get yourself a bottle of Vitalis at your druggist's today.

VITALIS
Helps keep your hair healthy and handsome

Defense on Ice

Continued from page 16

of the village animals. "Shamus, man—the horse," she says. "T'row the horse some hay, man."

Far up in the snows and ice of the island, at Hattie's Camp on Gander Lake, they're building barracks for the men who will defend the huge Newfoundland airport. This airport is one of North America's largest. In increasing numbers American-made bombers and fighting planes are taking off from this wind-swept plain for England. It was built to be a stop for the transatlantic commercial traffic of the Imperial Airways. Canadian troops are stationed there now. They're commanded by smart, Wavellish, Brigadier Philip Earnshaw. Americans will take over after the war, maybe before then.

Hattie was No Lady

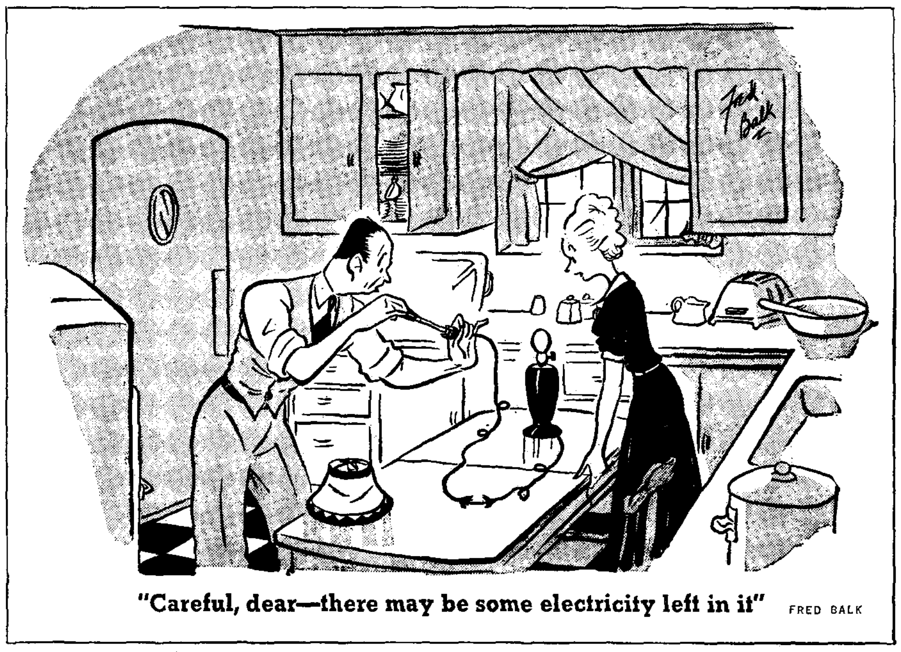
A few air miles to the west, on the Bay of Exploits, is the Botwood airport. In certain circumstances, almost always atmospheric, it is the take-off point for Britain-bound military planes. Neither the Newfoundland airport nor Botwood is an American base—yet. No highways tie them to the outside world. There are almost no highways in all Newfoundland. Actually, only Quidi Vidi, Argentia and Stephenville are the American bases and even now, two years before they will be available for any honest part in our new defense scheme, our military engineers are realizing that they're too small. Additional land will have to be leased. Real-estate speculators knew that as soon as our engineers did. The Commission of Government, always shivering in apprehension lest the antagonism of the Newfoundland people develop a deeper and perhaps more active bitterness, confines to a mild deploring its efforts to head off the speculators. It's going to be worth watching.

Where they're building barracks on the shores of Gander Lake remain no signs of the railroad camp that Hattie blessed with her presence, her courage, her favors, her name. Gone with the camp is Hattie, who alone of her sex defied the storms and winds that crashed down from the Arctic, who followed the men who built Newfoundland's one amazing railroad. And here we pause to fight off the great urge to write more about Hattie, of whom the old-timers say she was a woman of iron and yet as soft as a babe. Her name is not written in Newfoundland's prim book of heroes. And yet as much as any man, as much as any gang of men, Hattie helped build the five hundred and forty-seven miles of narrow-gauge track that begins in the west at Port Aux Basques and loops up through the interior to find, miraculously, its way to St. John's in the east. Twice a week the unhappy thing crawls over the rocky breast of Newfoundland. If it makes the one-way distance in thirty hours it's a triumph to be celebrated by survivors in rot-rock rum and hop beer. We made the round trip, leaving seventy-eight hours of our life on its discouraged roadbed.

But the story of Hattie, who "ranted and roared like a true Newfoundlander but cooed like a dove if a man could command her"—that story must await her biographer. And none but a master merits the job.

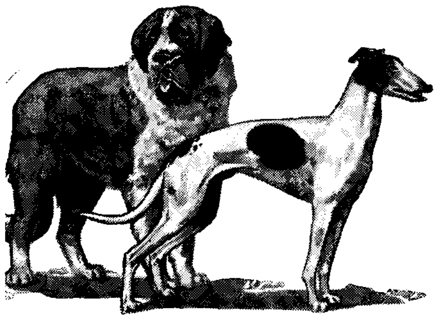
The railroad's a fine story, too—a great tale of greed and murder and graft. The story of Newfoundland's narrow-gauge, single-track rattler is much the story of Newfoundland's dolor today. It tells you, if you read it right, why the country is leaderless, impoverished, sick, all but hopeless. Through it you trace clearly the reason why Newfoundland, which soldiers say may well be the strongest outpost of Western democracy, is not herself a democracy. There you find why Newfoundland has no free public-school system, no other roads nor any highways, no voice in who shall make her laws or execute them, no vote. Forgive us for wandering off like this; we shall be back at our guns and bases in a moment. But the railroad's story tells why, among the forsaken land's other miseries, somewhere between a quarter and a third of her three hundred thousand people have tuberculosis. Illiteracy benights more than half of them. Infant mortality is whittling to depletion an undernourished, ill-housed, ignorant outport populace that has long since folded its hands, resigned to a starveling's end. Futility in government offices, a fantastic lack of sanitation, an almost complete absence of medical care and all the other murdering corollaries of poverty have reduced the morale of a once hardy people to a melancholy level.

Almost 50,000 Newfoundlanders are on relief—at six cents a day. And the six cents is in food warrants, not money, not that it makes much difference. The waiting list for the microscopic dole is a thing to shudder at, not to count. If the Newfoundlander who lives to be seventy-five, without relatives however poor, is completely penniless and in im-



"Careful, dear—there may be some electricity left in it" FRED BALK

Here's Why Mercury's Difference Is More Than Skin Deep!

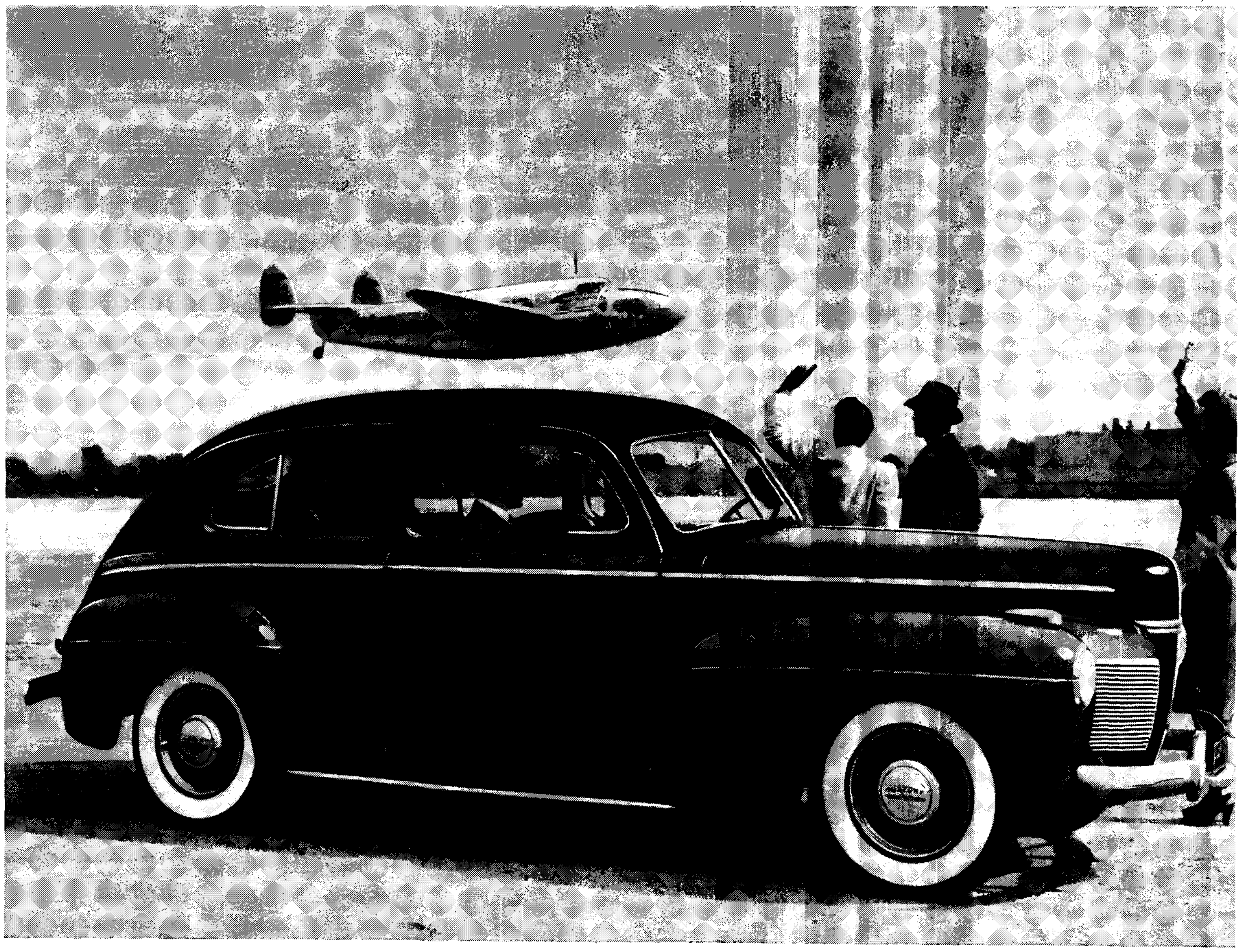


SMOOTH, flowing lines alone don't make a car different. Differences in Mercury start with its very conception. ● There's no other car like Mercury because it's actually designed and built with more power per pound than most other automobiles. ● In fleetness, it stands out like a greyhound as contrasted to a St. Bernard. For Mercury construction eliminates superfluous weight and drag. ● That's why Mercury steps out front and stays there in any kind of going. That's why it's so alert and responsive in traffic, so swift and sure on the highway.

● **MORE ROOM INSIDE.** Space aplenty for tall, broad-shouldered passengers to relax and rest without crowding. Extra-wide, deep seats and spacious interiors give Mercury big-car riding comfort.

● **LARGE BAGGAGE SPACE**—There's plenty of room for the whole family's luggage—big bags and small! Spare tire stands vertically, out of the way.

● **SURE-FOOTED TRACTION**—New, larger tires with wider tread put *more rubber on the road* for better grip in starting, stopping—greater stability on curves.



Mercury Always Rides A "Tail Wind"!

WHEN Mercury streaks down the highway and sweeps around curves, you get the *feel* of riding a tail wind. For the tremendous get-up-and-go of this spirited, youthful car whisks you along without a whisper of labored effort. Precision balance and favorable ratio of power-to-weight put it way out front and keep it there. ● Nationwide records show that no other automobile in its field ever made friends so fast. Here's a car that everybody likes on sight—a trim, exciting beauty, alive with the power and vitality of a V-8 engine that's thriftier than many sixes. Here's a big car, too, inside and out, with plenty of head room, leg room, elbow room . . . yet it's so nimble and responsive that it seems to drive itself. ● New, wider tires and equalized weight distribution give Mercury better road grip—sure-footed stability on curves and slippery highways. Long, gentle, slow-motion springs and double-acting shock absorbers provide a brand new kind of motoring comfort. ● And for all Mercury's fleetness and power, *owners report up to 20 miles per gallon on gas!* Drive a Mercury for yourself. You'll get a brand new thrill at the wheel of this vastly *different* kind of car!

● **HERE'S SMARTNESS AND YOUTH IN A CONVERTIBLE**—a new all-weather 5-passenger Mercury. Automatic top is raised or lowered electrically, at the touch of a button. Tailored seat cushions and backs, in tan, blue or red genuine hand-buffed leather. Olive-drab or black fabric top, optional. Large luggage capacity. White sidewall tires extra.

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Delco batteries are selected for original equipment in more than 43 per cent of all new cars sold. They are given this responsibility because of their *extra* starting ability and long, dependable performance . . . because they assure a "good start" in life for America's leading cars.

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When you need a new battery, you can get the same sure starting ability and long battery life. *Replace with a Delco battery.* Your Delco battery dealer will show you one that is the right capacity for your needs, with the new Delco Electro-Level that prevents overfilling.

Delco batteries for every make and model automobile are available through 30,000 Delco battery dealers in every section of the United States. Delco batteries are distributed nationally under the direction of United Motors Service.

PRODUCT OF Delco-Remy

World's Largest Manufacturer of Automotive Electrical Equipment

mediate danger of starving he may apply for the old-age pension—fifty dollars a year. If the money is available, there's a chance that he may get it. The net result of all this is a land of frostbitten mañana. The American Okie, the poorest of the sharecroppers, the most wretched of our slum dwellers know no such poverty or neglect.

On the eastern side of the island, at Stephenville, at the up end of St. George Bay, we're about to build an emergency landing field for planes that need refueling or have picked up mechanical aches and pains in the storms of the Gulf of St. Lawrence as they've battered through the winds that scream down the shallow valleys of Grand Lake and the Annieopsquotch Mountains. It will be a minor affair, thinly garrisoned. But it will have its place in the scheme of this northern reach of our new defense dominion over palm and pine.

It takes no time to tell of it, but two years at least will pass before Quidi Vidi, Argentia and Stephenville can be finished and integrated into the defenses of North America. Today they're picking away at the Newfoundland rock. That's all the island is—a rock, thinly marbled with a barren soil, patchily whiskered with spruce, blurting out of the sea, almost halfway between New York and Ireland. She's the tenth largest island in the world, about the size of the state of Virginia, somewhat larger than Cuba. She has a Norway coast line, six thousand miles of rocky stretch, cove, harbor, tickle, bay, arm, sound and gut. Once three fifths of her people lived on and by the cod—catching, drying, eating, selling it. Today they're but a fifth, a dying industry in a moribund land.

She's the natural guardian of the St. Lawrence, North America's vulnerable waistline. New York is but four hours away for a fast, modern bomber and Montreal about the same. Less than a thousand miles to the north lies Greenland. And what's a thousand miles today? A leap on to the east is Iceland which the Nazis already have machine-gunned from the air.

Why the Yankees Came

German and Danish students with their haversacks and thick lenses have prowled the Avalon peninsula of Newfoundland for years, their inevitable cameras shooting and their drafting-board minds plotting it all. The German airliners Hindenburg and Graf Zeppelin have hovered over every mile of the tattered shores the island round. Long before he died on Africa's sand, Italo Balbo mapped Newfoundland with camera and dividers just for the fun of it. As Japan knows our west coast better than we do, so the Axis could teach us Newfoundland. Contrary to popular belief in America, the island is no part of Canada but a separate dominion in suspended animation. Except in the vicinity of St. John's, her capital, she has virtually no roads. To the great bulk of her outport population, telephones and telegraphs are but romantic words.

The belated defenses in Newfoundland have nothing to do with that destroyer swap. Mounting guns on its headlands and demolishing fishing hamlets for airports, camp sites and marine bases was an afterthought. Our War and Navy departments wanted them. Canada, eager to have the yawning maw of the St. Lawrence stoppered, urged England to cede the land and the job to the States. And England herself, thinking of future exigencies as probably she has never thought before, granted a ninety-nine-year deed of base occupation. Neither Newfoundland's harassed Commission of Government (which we'll explain before we're done) nor the disenfranchised people were consulted. Not that the people wanted to be. The coming of the Yankees almost jerked them out of their destroying lethargy. One after another, from Water Street in St. John's—the street of the merchants—to the fishing villages they told us that were Newfoundland permitted to vote upon it, eighty per cent of the inhabitants would ask the United States to take them over.

When the Edmund B. Alexander, the American troopship, finally beat the Atlantic rage outside the narrows and barged to her tieup in the landlocked harbor of St. John's, the populace ganged the water front. The Yanks had come for 99 years. Maybe they'd never leave. Maybe presently they'd take the whole island over, ship the Commission of Government back to England, build roads, start industries, set up Yankee relief, restore self-government. Maybe. Give the Yankees what they want, no less. Here come Yankee wages, housing, prices, doctors and hospitals for the outports, markets for the cod. The Yankee New Deal.

The Colonel Said "No"

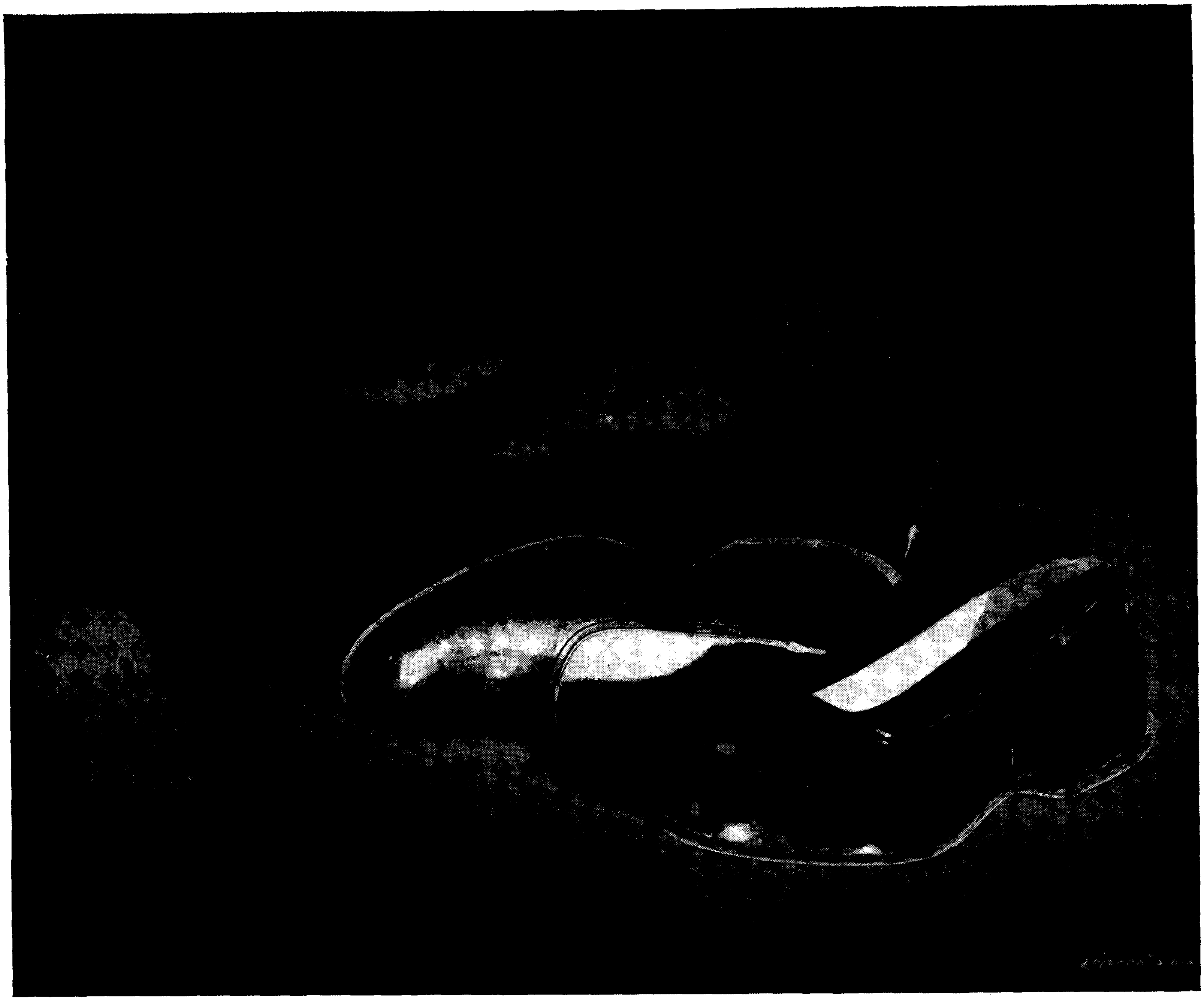
Commanding the American Regulars on the Alexander's decks was Colonel Maurice Welty, a world-wise veteran who had long since learned that emergencies and new, strange situations were things to be met and disposed of but never shouted at. Almost before the Alexander tied up across the bay, Newfoundland's Commission of Government was at the gangplank. Welty, the complete soldier bearing simple orders from the War Department, listened to them without emotion. They would take inventory of the Alexander's cargo—and an amazing cargo it was, everything from sewing kits to tractors, from chocolate bars to a six months' supply of beef. The Commission proposed to levy mountainous tariff duties on every pound of Welty's supplies. He shook his head.

That, he told them, was not in his orders. He referred them to Washington. So they tried again. They would set up a post office for the American troops, selling Newfoundland stamps, charging the Newfoundland rate for stamps and handling. Welty said, "No" again. On the Alexander was an American post office, manned with American postal officials. Such was his setup. If the Commission didn't agree, they might consult Washington. But see here now, there was the matter of censorship of all mails leaving Newfoundland. The Commission would attend to that. But Welty laughed, saying that he hoped soon to hear something from the Commission that he could say "Yes" to. The American Army censored its own mail and would the gentlemen of the Commission do him, Colonel Welty, the honor of having a cocktail and staying to lunch?

The Commission retired. The story of the interview spread. And the common people of St. John's, to whom any incident that subtracts from the government's comfort is highly desirable, roared their approval. But that was just the beginning of the problems that arrived with the Alexander and the cool soldier Welty.

Army medical and sanitary inspectors went into the streets of St. John's, inspecting its eating places, its barrooms, its milk supply, its breweries. The government offered no objections. Actually the local health authorities agreed that the inspection was long overdue, that it should have done something of the sort itself.

Twenty-two eating places were posted as out of bounds for American soldiers before the week was dead. The proprietors were somewhat stunned. Was cleanliness so important? What was



A practical approach to a practical problem

It is just common sense to own a pair of rubbers. . . . And it is just common sense to own life insurance. . . . Both purchases are a sensible man's practical approach to a practical problem.

During fair weather your rubbers simply take up space in a closet. But when it rains they become important. They may merely save you the discomfort of wet feet—or they may prevent serious illness.

Your life insurance, too, is something you seldom think about when all is well. Yet it can become indispensable in a crisis. Whether your dependents encounter the shower of a temporary financial difficulty or the storm which follows the loss of your active support, it stands ready to keep them safe from worry or want.

Designed to see a family through the height of the storm following the death of husband and father is the John Hancock Readjustment Income Plan, which provides income in prearranged amounts to care for the extra needs of that critical period. It is a sensible and inexpensive provision against an unpredictable future. A booklet entitled, "A Talking Picture," describes the plan in detail. We should like to mail you a copy. Write for it to Dept. C-3, John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Co., 197 Clarendon Street, Boston, Mass.

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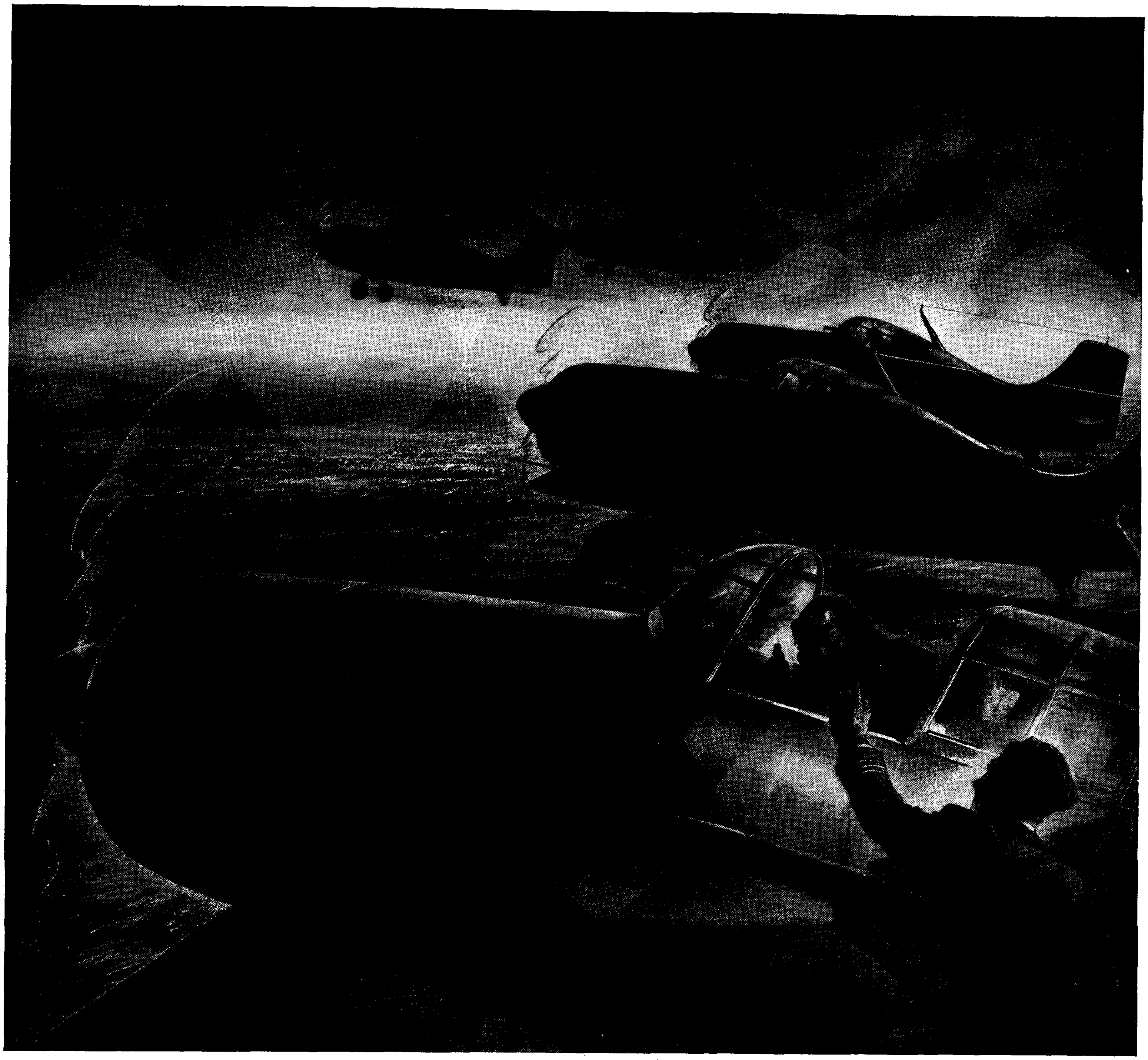

American Engines Prove Their Mettle

Direct From the Airdromes of England Comes New Recognition of RELIABILITY as a Vital Military Asset

DAY after day, under the relentless pressure of continuous combat, thousands of Pratt & Whitney engines are answering the call of the Royal Air Force with eager power. Report after report reaffirms the ability of these air-cooled engines to take terrific punishment and still continue to pour out dependable power.

This reliability is the natural result of a great American characteristic—the genius for quantity production to high standards of precision. It was the dependability of American air-cooled engines which in peacetime led to their sweeping success on airlines all over the world. Now this same quality becomes vital to the defense of a nation.

Americans can congratulate themselves that this dependability of engine performance is a traditional American quality. It is bred into every Pratt & Whitney engine that goes out to the flying forces of the United States Army and Navy.

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wrong with a bit of mold on soup stock and a cockroach or two and maybe a mouse that chanced to fall in? In St. John's it was all right to line the walls of restaurant kitchens with grease cans from garages, give them the wipe of a rag, fill them with fish, potatoes and water and let them sit for aging. It was so simple, put hair on a man's chest and gave him a thirst. The pot was on the stove, stock was dipped out of the grease cans into the pot. Water was poured into the pot and the fire did the rest. What was left over from yesterday's plates went into the grease cans for tomorrow's soup and stews. D'ye mind that now, me dear?

The American reply was à la Welty. The American Army was about to spend twenty-five million dollars at Quidi Vidi and Argentia with more, much more, to come. The American Army was spending additional millions to protect the health of its soldiers. Why then should it permit the eating houses of Newfoundland to poison them with roach-ridden scum? Whereat the inspectors posted the quick and dirties and proceeded to the barrooms.

A Mighty Brew is Hop Beer

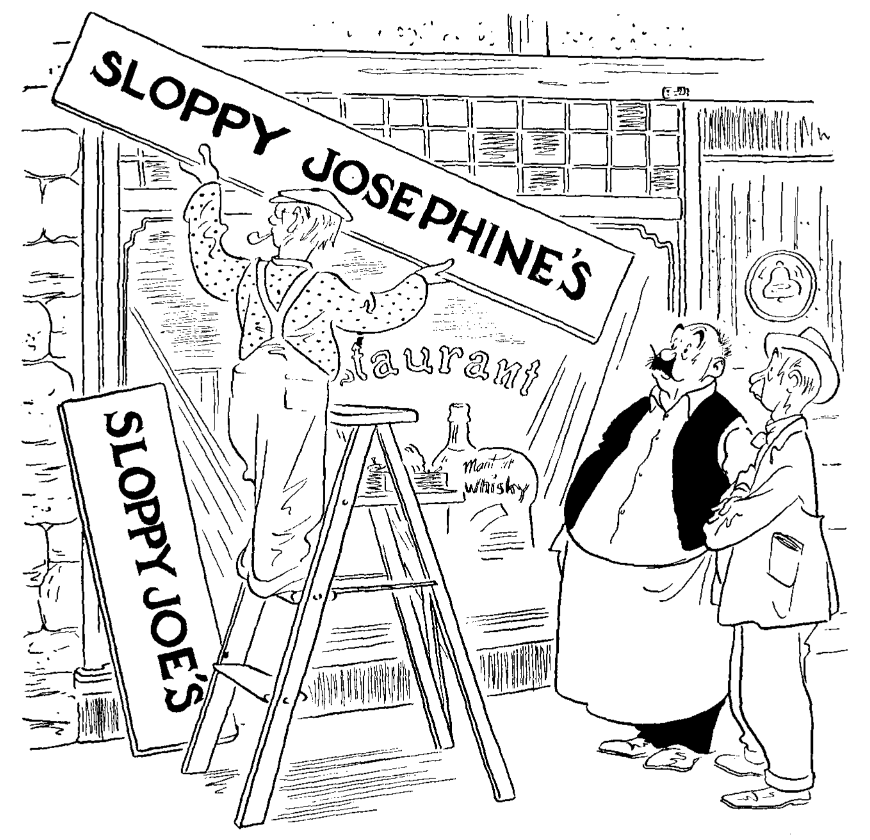
Now mind you, these soldiers in Newfoundland are Regular Army men. They've seen cockroach hash houses from China to Chile and smelled boiling rats from the Philippines to Panama. They've seen barrooms, too. But St. John's had something to add to their education. The police were quite nice and helpful about it. Led by the bobbies, our inspectors made the rounds of the hop-beer joints. And with a single gesture all of these fragrant resorts were declared out of bounds with penalties to pay by all American soldiers who entered them.

For five cents you can buy two glasses of hop beer. Unless you're used to it, it will cost you at least five dollars to get over the effects of that nickel's worth. It's made before your eyes. At the back of the room, on a long bench or perhaps packing boxes, there'll be several large barrels. When the proprietor set up business he poured into these barrels some water, molasses, a few quarts of rot-rock rum, a bit of yeast and, after stirring it well, added a few pounds of raw hops. Then there's another stirring. Then a few gallons of water from the tap. The more particular gave the mixture yet another stirring—but not too much, d'ye mind. 'Tis against the law of God and man, me dear, to interfere with the working of nature. So, leaving the sullen broth to work in the night, the fellow goes to bed. In the morning he's ready for business.

The long-established hop-beer barrel house is favored over the new one because in the old places the stuff's thicker and each glass accumulates a ballast of sediment in the bottom. After the patron has downed the beer, he scoops up the sediment with the index and middle finger. It's not completely satisfactory until it's a bit gummy. And thus only the sissy joints wash the glasses the beer's served in. The longer a washing's deferred, the more solid stuff there is in the bottom. Every evening, or oftener if business is thriving, the proprietor pours water into the depleted barrel, throws in a few more hops, a bit of yeast and perhaps a quart of rot-rock and goes to his Christian bed while the stuff bubbles itself for the morrow. As far as we were able to learn, the American sanitary inspectors found no rats, mice nor cockroaches in the hop-beer barrels. To have done this would have meant emptying a few of them. And no hop-beer dispenser ever permits a barrel to show its bottom.

Two of St. John's breweries were declared bad beer—not hop, mind you, just poor stuff. Only one of the Avalon Peninsula's dairies was found to be anything like acceptable. It had a pasteurizing process, but the cows it got its milk from were tubercular. It is the mature opinion of the inspectors that almost all of Newfoundland's cows are tubercular. The owners admit it, the government admits it. The government agrees that such animals should be destroyed but wants to know who is going to compensate the owners. Anyway, until conditions change, Newfoundland milk is taboo for American soldiers who are getting along quite well on the canned milk from the refrigerators in the Alexander's hold.

In the general sanitary survey of forlorn St. John's, the Army took stock of



"I put everything in my wife's name yesterday" LARRY REYNOLDS

How's your "Pep Appeal"? —by Williamson

Barbara: Who are *you* to say I haven't any *pep appeal!*
Auntie: Dear! Dear! A little job for me.

Auntie: *Good* morning, children. Did I hear some one mention PEP? I was just thinking how *delicious* a bowl of KELLOGG'S PEP would taste for breakfast. And, you know, it's rich in two important vitamins. Vitamins for pep! Let's have some!

Kellogg's
PEP
VITAMIN-ENRICHED

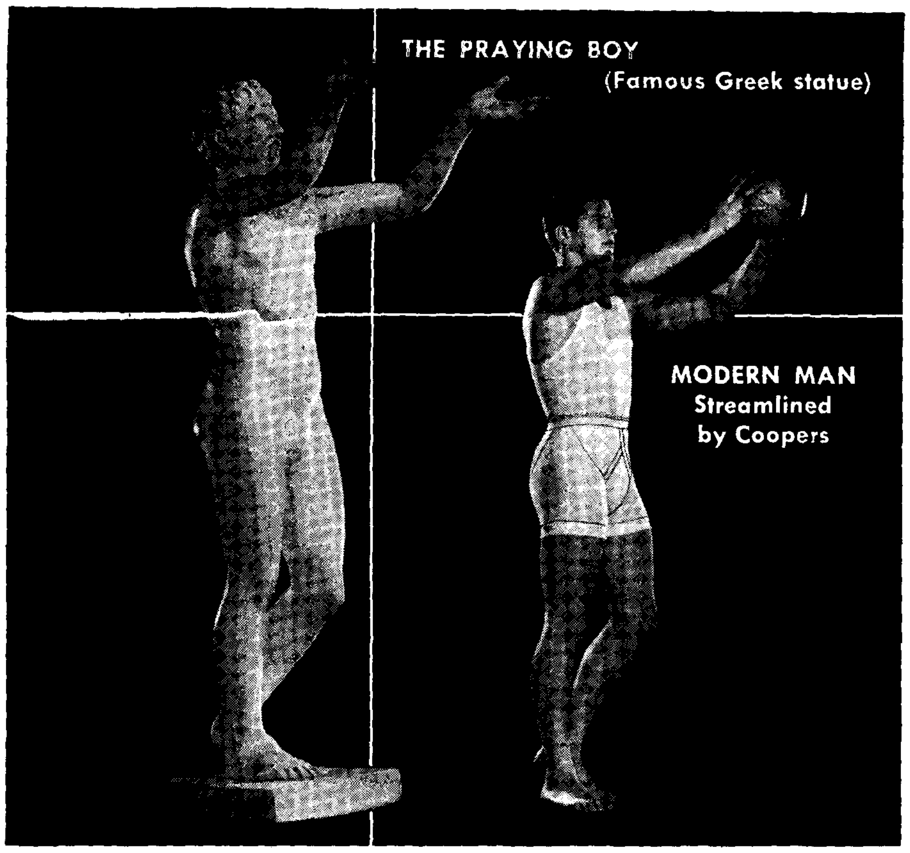
Auntie: Yes, my dears, there would be no pep in any of us—no what you call "oomph"—without vitamins. We need them all. And that delicious cereal, KELLOGG'S PEP, is extra rich in *two of the most important ones*—vitamins B_1 and D.
Bob: Saay! This PEP *tastes* swell!

Barbara: Now that we've learned about vitamins and KELLOGG'S PEP, just watch me become your "pep appeal" girl.
Bob: *I'll sure be watching!*

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B_1, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK COPYRIGHT, 1941, BY KELLOGG COMPANY



Modeled TO THE MALE FIGURE

Jockey Underwear does not bunch or bind
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Moulded to your body like a second skin—this squirm-free Jockey Underwear really does things for you! Its patented Y-front construction gives you mild masculine support. The knit fabric g-i-v-e-s with every motion, and lets your body breathe. The convenient angled opening positively will not gap. Jockey is buttonless, easy to launder, and needs no ironing. No bulk, no bind, no chafing—just plenty of downright comfort. Two-piece, with special contoured shirts to match. Ask to be measured with Coopers hip tape for perfect fit. Get your supply of Jockeys today. You will find it the most comfortable underwear you have ever worn. Varied leg lengths. Per garment from 50c. Junior sizes (down to 4 years) from 35c.

"Quality Corner" Better stores show varied fabrics for your selection. Mercerized cotton, 75c. Rayon. 75c. Mercerized cotton and linen, $1.

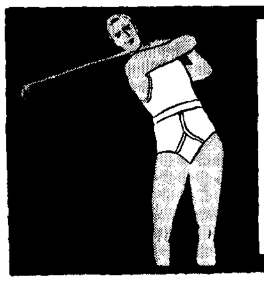
Look for the name Jockey on the label!

Only Jockey has the patented Y-front construction with the angled, no-gap opening which provides masculine support and squirm-free comfort. Avoid dissatisfaction by making sure the name Jockey is on the label of every garment you buy—and identify Jockey merchants by the Jockey boy in windows and on counters. Merchants' names on request.

Jockey
THE FAMOUS BRAND OF SUPPORT UNDERWEAR
Y FRONT-PATENT OF Coopers INC.
NO GAP OPENING
WEARING KEEPS IT CLOSED
SUPPORT FROM THE BELT
VARIED LENGTHS

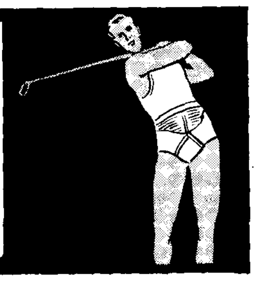
TRADE MARKS REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Coopers INC.
KENOSHA WISCONSIN
NEW YORK CHICAGO LOS ANGELES SAN FRANCISCO SEATTLE
Made and distributed in Canada by Moodies, Hamilton, Ont.; In Australia by MacRae Knitting Mills, Sydney; In British Isles by Lyle & Scott, Ideal House, London; In New Zealand by Lane-Walker-Rudkin, Ltd., Christchurch, S 1



Varied Degrees of Support for Golfers

Jockey is made in styles to meet your requirements. Jockey Shorts (left) give more support than the Midways and Jockey Bellin (right) gives even more support. Its broad, Lastex waistband firms the abdomen. Shorts, 50c, Bellin, $1.00, at your dealer's, or write us.



the free-lance ladies who, like less liberal elements of the populace, saw in the coming of the Yanks a much-needed touch of prosperity. The police, after much plodding of the byways of the town and considerable questioning of the water-front gentry, reported that there were but forty-seven daughters of joy treading the streets but that there was no segregated district at all. They reported, too, that it was well nigh impossible to guarantee that the ladies wouldn't increase in numbers, although they'd make certain that none were imported from Canada or the States, and that no woman who could not satisfy the Criminal Investigation Division of her probity would be permitted to migrate into the colony. Having no control over prostitution as a recognized industry it would be out of the question, they said, to say which of the ladies was sanitary and which was not. But they'd warn any soldier seen walking with a known one—thus: " 'Tis me jooty to wa-a-arn ye, m'lad, that the lady by yer side may be diseased."

They agreed, furthermore, to keep the ladies out of the barrooms, making it a misdemeanor for a publican to serve them. While we were in St. John's the proprietor of a café was pulled in for serving a glass of beer to a frail sister.

"Will you tell me, yer worship, how I'm to tell the bad from the good now?" lamented the culprit.

"Ye'll decide that yourself," said His Worship tartly. "Ye'll be running yer business on the lawful side or not at all."

"I can't be askin' every woman that comes into me place. If ye'd give me a list of the creatures, now."

"The officers will remove the prisoner," roared His Worship. "The clerk will call the next case."

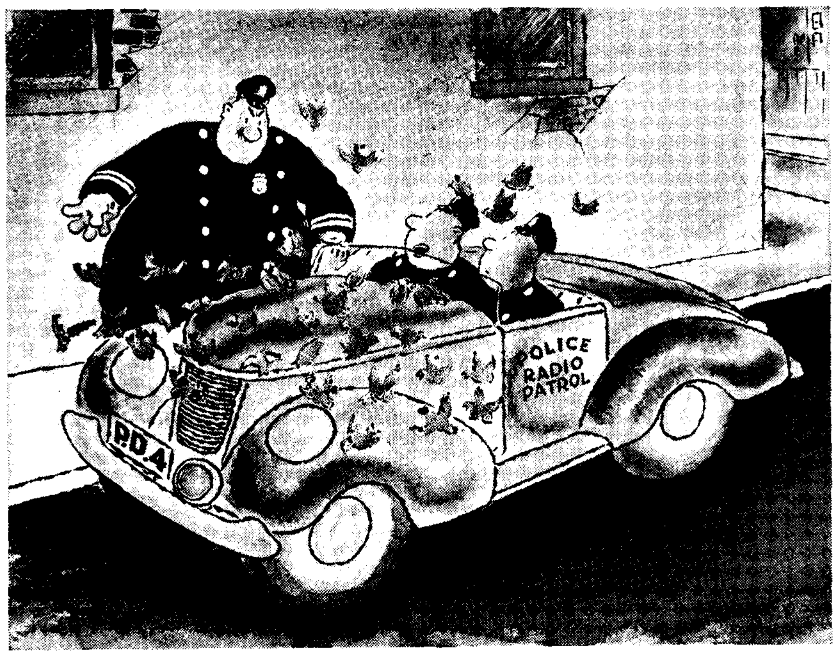
But these were small problems, amenable to direct attack and to solution by fiat. The Army's major perplexity involved labor. It was in the agreement whereby the bases became ours that Newfoundland labor should be used in the making of the bases. This was entirely satisfactory to Washington and to the private American contractors who are doing the work on a cost-plus basis. They agreed that St. John's labor market, common and skilled, should be exhausted before workers from the States should be imported. At the insistence of the Commission of Government, they agreed that the scale of wages prevailing in St. John's be adhered to. In no event, said the Commission, should the Newfoundland Railway rate of pay be exceeded. The Newfoundland Railway is government-owned. Its pay rate runs from twenty-five cents an hour for common labor to a dizzy fifty for skilled. As in the American military operations in Trinidad, Bermuda and our other new bases, Washington stipulated merely that prevailing wages be paid.

But this was not enough to calm the fears of Newfoundland's employers and its Commission of Government. For the first time in years, Newfoundland's dormant labor unions stirred, the bolder workers gathering almost furtively in small halls. The Commission of Government dug out old laws, dusting them off and passing them on to the Criminal Investigation Division. To enter Newfoundland one must have a passport. Upon entering, it is necessary to register with the C.I.D. To do business of any sort you must have the approval of the C.I.D. If, for example, you have come to organize Newfoundland's wage earners, the C.I.D. would refer you to Sir Wilfrid Woods, K.C., M.G. If Sir Wilfrid gave you a license to talk to the workers you'd be free to do so. If he didn't, the C.I.D. would forthwith deport you. We looked into this. Sir Wilfrid would not grant license to any alien organizer of labor. He told us so. Already two Canadian agitators have been turned back. Two men suspected of radicalism were nabbed as they came down the gangplank of an American ship. They were given their choice between going to jail or going back to the States on the next boat. They went back to the States.

The Dangers of Good Wages

Sir Wilfrid, one of England's countless civil servants for the past thirty years, chiefly in tropical posts, contends that such stern measures are imperative. If the ancient wage scale of Newfoundland were to be revised upward for American operations nothing but discontent and perhaps disorder would ensue when, necessarily, the men should return to the old scale after the American work is finished. Thus Sir Wilfrid's aging shoulders are bending even lower under his current troubles as Commissioner for Public Utilities and Acting Commissioner of Defense.

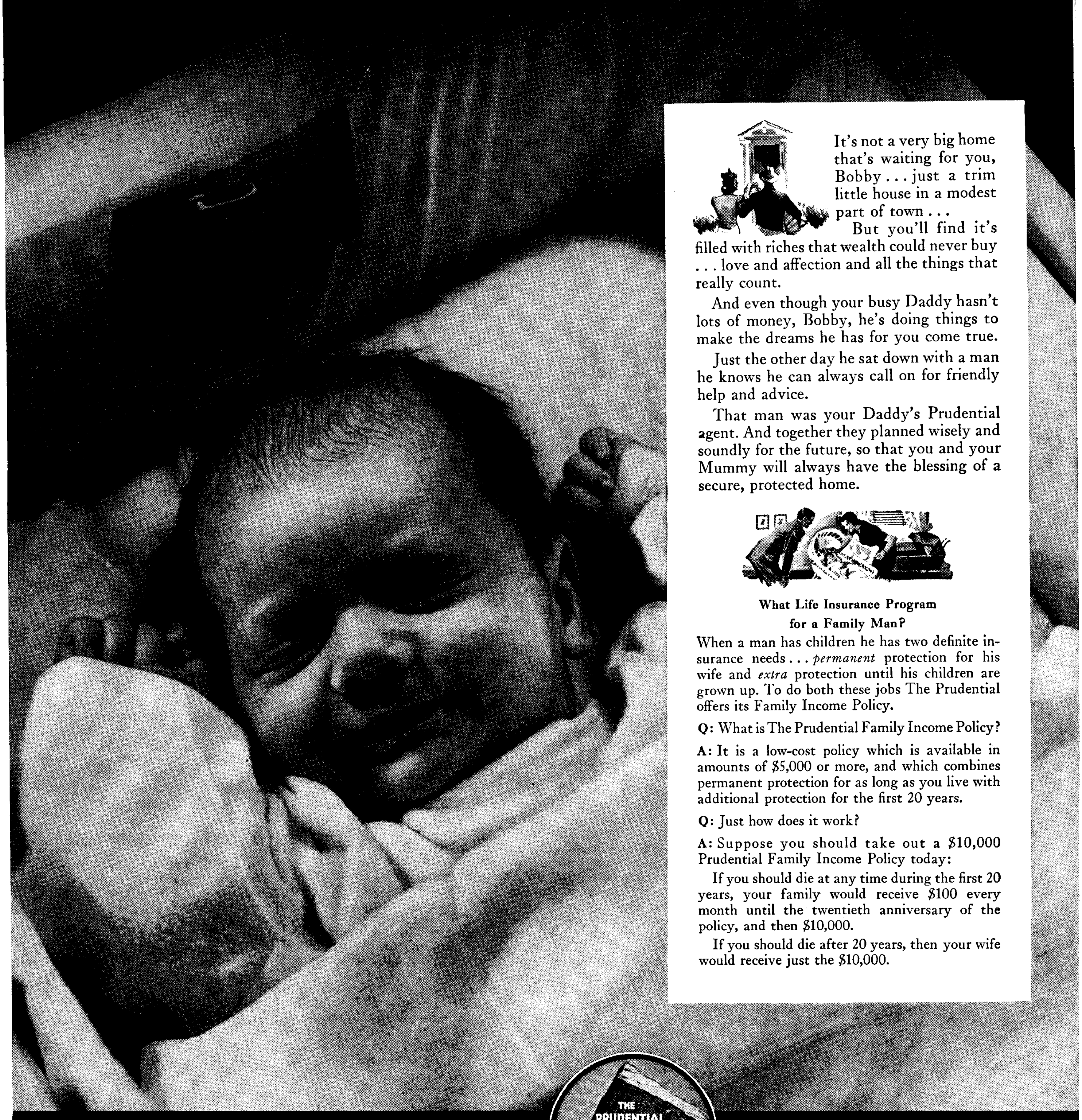
Nevertheless, the American Army Engineers, commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Philip Bruton, hopeful of forestalling the labor difficulties that seem rather certain anyway, boosted the rates a trifle. The American contractors are now paying common labor thirty cents



"It's Finnegan, down at headquarters, Sarge. . . . He's allatime practicing bird calls!"

JAY IRVING

Little Bobby Kelly is going home today...



It's not a very big home that's waiting for you, Bobby . . . just a trim little house in a modest part of town . . .

But you'll find it's filled with riches that wealth could never buy . . . love and affection and all the things that really count.

And even though your busy Daddy hasn't lots of money, Bobby, he's doing things to make the dreams he has for you come true.

Just the other day he sat down with a man he knows he can always call on for friendly help and advice.

That man was your Daddy's Prudential agent. And together they planned wisely and soundly for the future, so that you and your Mummy will always have the blessing of a secure, protected home.

What Life Insurance Program for a Family Man?

When a man has children he has two definite insurance needs . . . *permanent* protection for his wife and *extra* protection until his children are grown up. To do both these jobs The Prudential offers its Family Income Policy.

Q: What is The Prudential Family Income Policy?

A: It is a low-cost policy which is available in amounts of $5,000 or more, and which combines permanent protection for as long as you live with additional protection for the first 20 years.

Q: Just how does it work?

A: Suppose you should take out a $10,000 Prudential Family Income Policy today:

If you should die at any time during the first 20 years, your family would receive $100 every month until the twentieth anniversary of the policy, and then $10,000.

If you should die after 20 years, then your wife would receive just the $10,000.

THE PRUDENTIAL HAS THE STRENGTH OF GIBRALTAR

The Prudential

INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA

HOME OFFICE · NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

LONGINES
the most honored watch
in Aviation
NC18095

UNITED AIRLINES Mainliners, flying U. S. airmail route No. 1, coast-to-coast are equipped with Longines Aviation Watches. The ocean air routes of Pan American and Royal Dutch are flown with Longines Navigational Watches. The survey flights of American Export Airlines were navigated with Longines Watches. In aviation, as in other fields where time-accuracy is essential, the most honored watch is Longines.

Longines
THE WORLD'S MOST HONORED WATCH

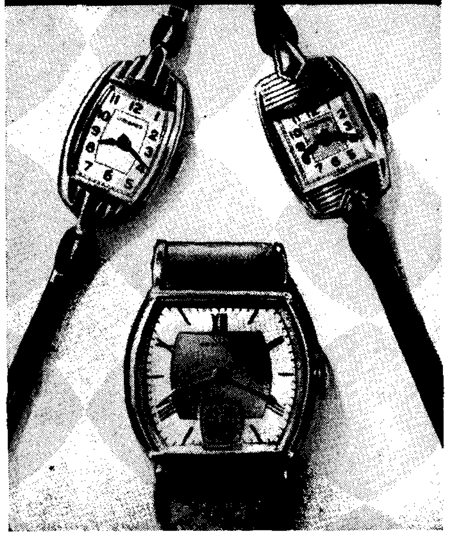
Longines Aviation Watches were proven in the service of the great pioneer flyers—Chamberlain, Balchen, Post, Lindbergh, Byrd, Mattern, Hughes, and others. As a result, the science of airplane navigation was built around Longines Aviation Watches created by Longines engineers.

The research and technical facilities necessary for the construction of super-accurate Longines timepieces for navigation and scientific use have contributed to the greater accuracy and dependability of all Longines Watches. Because of this, Longines Watches have won more honors for accuracy than any other watch. Thirty-eight world's fairs have given Longines Watches highest honors.

Longines jewelers now show the 75th Anniversary Longines Watches, representing the peak of Longines perfection, priced from $40; also Wittnauer Watches from $24.75, products of—

LONGINES-WITTNAUER WATCH CO., INC.
580 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK, N. Y.
Montreal, Canada

LONGINES
75th Anniversary Watches
PAR AVION SERIES, EACH WATCH $47.50



an hour. For skilled men the wage schedule for blacksmiths is forty cents, bricklayers sixty, carpenters forty, electricians sixty, structural-steel workers forty, bridge workers forty, painters fifty, plumbers sixty. And so on, with somewhat better pay for foremen.

And this might work out all right were it not already clear that if the work at Quidi Vidi and Argentia is to be finished in two years American skilled labor will have to be imported. The Newfoundland market is insufficient to supply all the needed men. Just what will happen when Newfoundland's skilled labor, getting the Newfoundland wage, mingles with Americans enjoying the American scale is depriving the Newfoundland employer and the Commission of Government of much of its sleep.

All in all, the Commission of Government and the St. John's employers are regarding the coming of the Yankees as a blessing of a decidedly mixed character. Even now, before any serious thought is being given to the importation of American labor, St. John's is lamenting the fact that plumbers, carpenters, chauffeurs, concrete workers and so on are deserting their local jobs for the generally better pay offered by the Americans. And even among those workers who are not and will not be in demand at the military bases, a sympathetic discontent is growing. The cost of living in St. John's is high. Almost every article of food except, of course, fish must be imported. Import duties are staggering, eighty per cent of the government's income being derived therefrom. The same goes for clothing. Wages are harrowingly low.

Everybody Owes Everybody

Domestic servants are paid from six to ten dollars a month, waitresses eight dollars a month, clerks, shop assistants, stenographers are paid from three to six a week. The average annual income of Newfoundland's fishermen, about a fifth of the population, is somewhat between a hundred and fifty and two hundred dollars, although they seldom see a penny of it. The fisherman is always in debt to his local merchant, who supplies him with nets, gasoline, repairs to his gear and boat, food and clothing—all on credit chargeable against his catch. If his catch is good and the market fine (which it hasn't been for some years) he decreases his indebtedness. In present economic circumstances he is hopelessly lost. He either quits the sea altogether, applying for the six-cent dole, drifts around to St. John's or the pulp mills seeking work, or starves.

He's supposed to turn over all of his catch to the merchant to whom he is in debt. The merchant sells the catch to the St. John's processor and exporter for what he can get. With demoralizing frequency the local merchant is overwhelmed by his own indebtedness to the St. John's wholesalers and he too collapses. This lovely system, created by Newfoundland's defunct baronial legislature, has both fishermen and merchant in an ever-deepening well of debt, the wholesaler with a constantly diminishing outlet for his wares and the Commission of Government more and more convinced that there is no cure for Newfoundland's economic sickness. Out of all this comes the overwhelming sentiment for the adoption of Newfoundland by the United States, and there are plenty of Newfoundlanders, high and low, who'll predict that this is going to happen if they can help it.

If any congressional committee visits Newfoundland, bent upon inspecting our bases there, they'd do well to be prepared for a sales talk. We've heard it. It is the unanimous opinion of the Americans on the island that if there is one thing in all this world that the United states doesn't need, it's Newfoundland—except, of course, for military-defense bases.

From 1854 until 1934 Newfoundland had dominion status, like Canada. But it wasn't until 1889 that the right to elect their representatives in the Newfoundland parliament was granted to the adult male population. Women were granted suffrage in 1925. But no person was eligible to the lower legislative body—the House of Assembly—who didn't have an annual net income of four hundred and eighty dollars or who didn't own property valued at least at twenty-four hundred dollars, clear of all encumbrances. The upper body, the Legislative Council, was composed of twenty-six members, all appointed by the crown for life or until resignation. We have no space here to devote to the details; we can only assure you that under that system flourished a social and economic as well as political racket unapproached anywhere in America.

An Inadequate Remedy

The inevitable happened in 1934: Plundered by legally privileged crooks, broken by a government debt of a hundred million dollars (four hundred dollars for every man, woman and child in a population of picayune earning power), the wage earner reduced by upper-class legislators almost to peonage, Newfoundland asked Mother England to suspend her charter and rule the island from the Dominions Office in London.

Newfoundland's current Commission of Government was the inadequate answer. The Crown appoints three commissioners—Englishmen plucked from the civil-service list. These three select three commissioners—Newfoundlanders from the class that once sat in the crown-appointed Legislative Council. These six are the Commission of Government. Each commissioner is independent of the others but laws are passed by a majority vote of all of them—four. In a titular capacity only, a crown-appointed governor sits in Government House. There is no appeal by the people from the mandates of the Commission of Government although protest may be made to London—provided the Commission permits.

In spite of its fears of what the presence of the Yankees is going to do to Newfoundland labor and of what ideas the Yankee soldier will put into the heads of Newfoundland's rising generation, the Commission has high hopes that the Americans will be financially useful. They hope for American-made roads in Avalon Peninsula, at least. They're asking the United States Army to mend and relay the streets of St. John's. They've asked the American troops to clear the streets of the ice and snow packs that make them all but impassable. They're planning to petition London to rewrite the agreement under which we're building bases at Quidi Vidi, Argentia and Stephenville and to permit them to demand rentals from Washington.

We talked to a number of Newfoundlanders who are maintaining that morally if not legally the United States is obligated to pay Newfoundland for the use of its land. We tried being big about it. We reminded them that the Yankees are present to defend them from a possible Hitlerian invasion. They laughed in our face. Surviving that, we went on to tell them how important Newfoundland had become—how, from the airfields and from the marine base at Argentia the westbound enemy could be met, headed off or flanked.

"So what, my dear?" said they in their nice Newfoundland Irish, sharpened a trifle with Yankee.

"I CAN SAVE YOU TIME AND TROUBLE WHEN YOU BUY"
YOUR LOCAL TELEPHONE DIRECTORY

The Classified Section of the Telephone Directory proves a big help to home managers

The 'yellow pages' in the back of your Directory are packed with buying facts and information about things you need to run your home. That's why thousands use them daily. For example:—

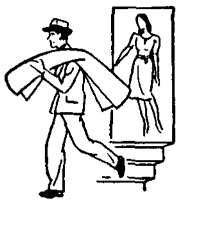
PICKED AN AUTHORIZED REPRESENTATIVE UNDER THE TRADE MARK

White Rotary Electric Sewing Machines

Mrs. G. wanted her White sewing machine repaired by an authorized dealer, so she turned to the Classified Section. There she located a dealer, right under the trade mark.

RENTED A COSTUME FOR A SCHOOL PLAY A costume for her daughter's school play was Mrs. B.'s problem. She looked under "Costume Rental," called one of the companies she found there and rented a costume.

LOCATED RUG CLEANERS QUICKLY



Some rugs needed cleaning, so Mrs. C. called a firm whose Classified Directory advertising gave evidence of a complete service.

Look it up first
in the Classified Section

Smart Dog

Continued from page 13

"Lots of times, Sergeant." A winning smile broke over Satchel's face. "But, Sarje," he explained, "Smedley didn't mean no harm. He was just lonesome. Smedley's a smart dog."

"Then put him in a circus," O'Leary told him. "Do anything you like with him but keep him away from my platoon. Do you understand?"

"Yeah, Sarje," dejectedly.

"Okay." The sergeant paused a minute, then went on more kindly. "Listen, Satchel," he said, "I don't think you're really a bad sort of guy. Not at heart. And you like me, don't you? I've always been kind to you, ain't I?"

"Sure."

"Sure I have. Well, for three years now I've been trying to get Major Wallace to put a diamond under these stripes on my arm. I've been bucking for top sergeant for three whole years. I've put out one good platoon after another, but in every platoon there's always been one guy like you. And that one guy has been just enough excuse for Major Wallace to put the bee on me and keep me where I am. Do you think that's right?"

"Sure seems tough," Satchel agreed.

" 'Tough' is the exact word for it," the sergeant told him. "But it's going to be even tougher for you if you don't snap out of it and get rid of that dog. Do you want me to recommend you for the Cooks and Bakers School?"

Satchel seemed undecided. "Well, no. But—"

"But what? You don't *like* to work in the mess hall, do you? What's the attraction? More chow to stuff your ugly carcass with?"

"No, Sarje, I don't care about the chow for myself. But my dog don't get enough to eat just hanging around eating casual. He needs—"

Satchel's hasty retreat was a model of military tactics. A bayonet scabbard crashed against the door as he closed it on the safe side. He smiled wistfully to himself, gave a low whistle and trudged back toward the mess hall. Smedley came out of hiding from under the porch and waddled close behind him.

Sergeant O'Leary watched them from his window. He sighed as he considered those three weeks at the rifle range yet to come, that final phase of the platoon's training which would culminate in Major Wallace's personal interview of the men. It was that interview he dreaded, for, by the major's reaction to his platoon, he—and his chances for promotion and transfer to a more congenial job—stood or fell.

"Stoddard," he called, and his assistant stepped to his side.

"Yes, Sarje?"

"We've got just one chance, Stoddard. Keep Satchel out of the way. His dog will stay wherever he is, so see to it that he stays hid. Put him on the mess hall list and keep him there; it isn't likely that Wallace will inspect the galleys."

"Okay, Sarje."

"I hope it will be okay, Stoddard. I hope it will be."

THREE weeks went by.

Major Rupert Wallace was tired of his wife's conversation. He put down his paper and asked Mrs. Wallace a reasonable question: "My dear, is it my fault that Colonel Leach's poodles have the mange? Is it my fault that the female of the pair is going to have puppies while in this distressful condition?"

Mrs. Wallace raised her majestic bulk from her chair and glared at her inquiring helpmate. "I would like to know," she demanded, "what the colonel's poodles have to do with our going to his dinner party?"

"Well," the major explained, "we haven't been invited, have we?"

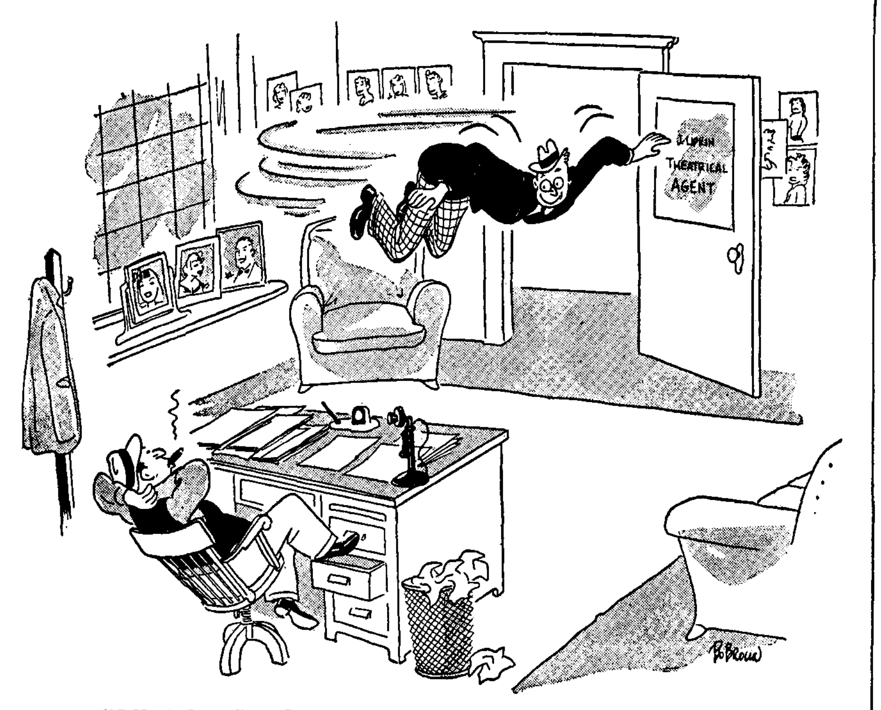
"You know perfectly well we have not."

"And the reason we haven't been invited, my love, is because the colonel's poodles have the mange."

His wife looked at him curiously. "Are you completely insane?" she asked.

"No, my dear," he told her. "I have something much worse the matter with me. I happen to have risen to my present exalted state through the ranks. That doesn't make me any worse an officer but it does make me somewhat less socially desirable, if you know what I mean. It also makes me the nearest convenient scapegoat for the colonel's bad humor."

His voice, which had started politely low, got a little shrill. "You know perfectly well," he said, "that every time that old nanny goat gets mad about any-



"All right! So what else do you do besides imitate birds?"

BO BROWN

She took a course in Charm

But forgot about her breath!

Of course you think that YOU are different—but how can you be so sure? Just read what dentists say about bad breath!

"Tests show that 9 out of 10 people have bad breath. That's why dentists recommend Colgate Dental Cream. For Colgate's active penetrating foam gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth . . . helps clean out decaying food particles and stop the stagnant saliva odors that cause much bad breath."

Doesn't Colgate's penetrating foam make your mouth feel clean and refreshed? Aren't your teeth brighter, more sparkling? Such a grand tangy flavor, too! What a pleasant way to combat bad breath!

Play Safe!
TWICE A DAY—
AND BEFORE EVERY
DATE—USE COLGATE
DENTAL CREAM

MAKES TEETH SPARKLE
QUICK AND FOAMY
DELICIOUS TASTE
POLISHES SAFELY
CHILDREN LOVE IT
COMBATS BAD BREATH
COLGATE
COLGATE
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
APPROVED BY GOOD HOUSEKEEPING BUREAU

You don't know how delicious bran can be 'til you try this

NEW FORM OF BRAN

YOU'LL REALLY ENJOY EATING THIS NEW BRAN!
NATIONAL BISCUIT 100% BRAN
DOUBLE MILLED

Check the Advantages of NATIONAL BISCUIT 100% BRAN

This tempting cereal helps relieve that common type of constipation caused by insufficient bulk in the diet. ✓

Made by an improved process of Double-Milling, which further breaks down bran fiber, making it less likely to be irritating. ✓

Accepted by the Council on Foods of the American Medical Association. ✓

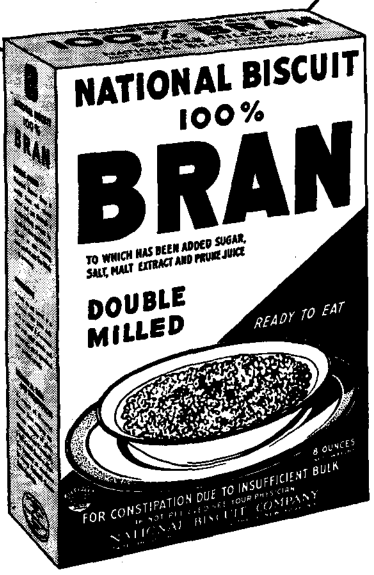
It's a deliciously different New Form of Bran that you will enjoy eating for flavor. ✓

Contains all the goodness of 100% Whole Bran. ✓

Furnishes significant amounts of phosphorus and iron and is a good source of Vitamin B₁. ✓

New DOUBLE-MILLING process refines its texture

You'll be grateful for the *mild* action of National Biscuit 100% Bran—the *gentle* yet efficient relief it offers from constipation caused by too little bulk in the diet. Try it today...as a cereal and in muffins (there's a wonderful recipe on the package). If you are not helped in this simple manner, consult a competent physician.


NATIONAL BISCUIT 100% BRAN
TO WHICH HAS BEEN ADDED SUGAR, SALT, MALT EXTRACT AND PRUNE JUICE
DOUBLE MILLED
READY TO EAT
FOR CONSTIPATION DUE TO INSUFFICIENT BULK

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thing—whether it's conscription or orders from Washington or the fleas on his poodles—he takes it out on me. You know perfectly well that the only reason he keeps me around this post is so he can have somebody to pick on. He knows I'd give my right arm for a transfer to some tropical or Asiatic post."

Mrs. Wallace took an impatient turn around the room. "That is ridiculous," she said. "Why, what do you think would happen to me," she demanded, "if you were transferred to the tropics? What kind of a life do you think I'd lead?"

The major's eyes became dreamy. "I've often wondered," he sighed.

Mrs. Wallace stopped her fretful pacing and stared at him. "What was the meaning of that remark?"

Her usually dutiful husband stood up. "Never mind, dear," he said, and threw down his paper. "I'll put it to you in words of one syllable. I'm going out to the rifle range, now, to interview a platoon of men who have just finished training. They'll be pretty good men too, do you see? O'Leary, the sergeant who has trained them, is the best drill instructor I have. But do you think I'll tell him so? I will not! And the reason I won't is perfectly simple: he's too valuable right where he is. So I'll find some fault with his men even if I have to invent one."

His wife nodded; this procedure seemed perfectly reasonable to her. "But what has that to do with Colonel Leach?"

"It's exactly the same situation," Major Wallace told her. "Leach finds fault with me because he knows I turn out good platoons and because he needs me here to act as his stooge. I suppose there's a guy in Washington who feels the same way about Colonel Leach. And maybe, somewhere up in the heavens, there's a big, shiny general sitting on a cloud with his spurs hooked on the Milky Way who does exactly the same thing to the guy in Washington. I don't know. I don't care. I only know that I'm just a cog in the machine and that right now I have to go to the rifle range and do a little turning."

He took up his cap, jammed it on his head, buckled on his Sam Browne belt and barged out the front door.

A LANKY private came out of the rear door of the mess hall carrying two big pans and a potato knife. He whistled softly and a fat white bulldog came out from behind a tree, waddled up to him and wagged his stubby tail.

"Come on, Smedley," Satchel said. "We got a mess of peeling to do before chow time. These boys sure been eating a lot since they got out on the rifle range. And we got to keep 'em fed."

Smedley looked up at him and snuffled softly. Whatever his master said was okay with him.

COLONEL LEACH was that type of soldier that thinks better on his feet. When the colonel was worried or distraught, as he was this morning, it was his custom to walk until his brain, stimulated by exercise, was able to cope with his problems.

Sometimes this treatment worked and sometimes it didn't. But, at least, it accounts for his being so far afield on this particular morning. He was plodding heavily down the road to the rifle range, and his mind was struggling valiantly to find a solution to his difficulties.

For the colonel was worried. Horribly worried.

MAJOR WALLACE'S car rolled into the little settlement of six or eight houses and stopped before the long, white frame building which was store, auditorium, movie theater, poolroom and general meeting house combined. Sergeant O'Leary, awaiting him there, drew himself up to attention and saluted. The major returned the salute, gathered up his papers and climbed out on the running board.

"Well?"

"Sergeant O'Leary, sir. Drill Instructor of Platoon D-6."

"Well?"

"The platoon is inside the auditorium, sir."

"Very well, Sergeant. We'll go in."

O'Leary stepped to the door. "Attention!" he bawled. The noise inside stiffened and died. When the major entered and strode down the middle aisle, seventy-six men stood stiffly staring at an imaginary point three feet in front of them.

"Carry on," said the major, and dropped his papers on the desk and himself in a chair back of it. The men sat down. O'Leary took up his post behind the major and handed him the roster of the platoon. The major glanced down the alphabetically arranged list and called the first name. The holocaust began.

"Abels!"

A NEAT, compact little figure came forward, clicked his heels and stood at attention.

"What's your name?"

"Private Abels, sir."

"Well, Abels, what do you think you're fitted for?"

"I would like to be transferred to the Air Service, sir."

"And what makes you think you're fitted for the Air Service, Abels?"

"I was a mechanic before I enlisted, sir."

"Well, that's fine, Abels. We need good mechanics. We'll put you down for Motor Transport."

"Yes, sir."

Abels executed a glum about-face and returned to his seat. Major Wallace glanced at the next name.

"Ackerman!" he called.

Ackerman stepped forward and clicked his heels. Sergeant O'Leary bent over and whispered to the major, "If it please the major, this is one of the men I have recommended for the N.C.O. School. He's the first squad leader and the best man in the platoon."

Major Wallace jerked his head upward and executed a neat scowl in two counts. "Oh, he is, is he? We'll see." He turned to the culprit who dared to be recommended by O'Leary.

"What's your name?"

"Private Ackerman, sir."

The major looked him over.

"Private Ackerman, why isn't the buckle on your belt polished?"

Ackerman kept his head. "I was not aware, sir, that it wasn't."

The major stared at his midsection. "You were not *aware,* Ackerman, of a large flake of rust on the tongue of the buckle?"

"No, sir."

"So—" said the major. "So—" And he continued to stare.

Private Ackerman fell. Involuntarily his glance wavered and shot down to his buckle. That was as far as he got. O'Leary, behind the major, wilted. Wallace was on his feet, roaring:

"Private Ackerman!"

"Sir?"

"Do you know the meaning of standing at attention?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then why are you staring at your belt?"

"Sir—"

"That will do, Private Ackerman. I am recommending you for sea duty. That's all. You may return to your seat."

"Aye, aye, sir."

And so through the A's and the B's romped the major. Through the K's

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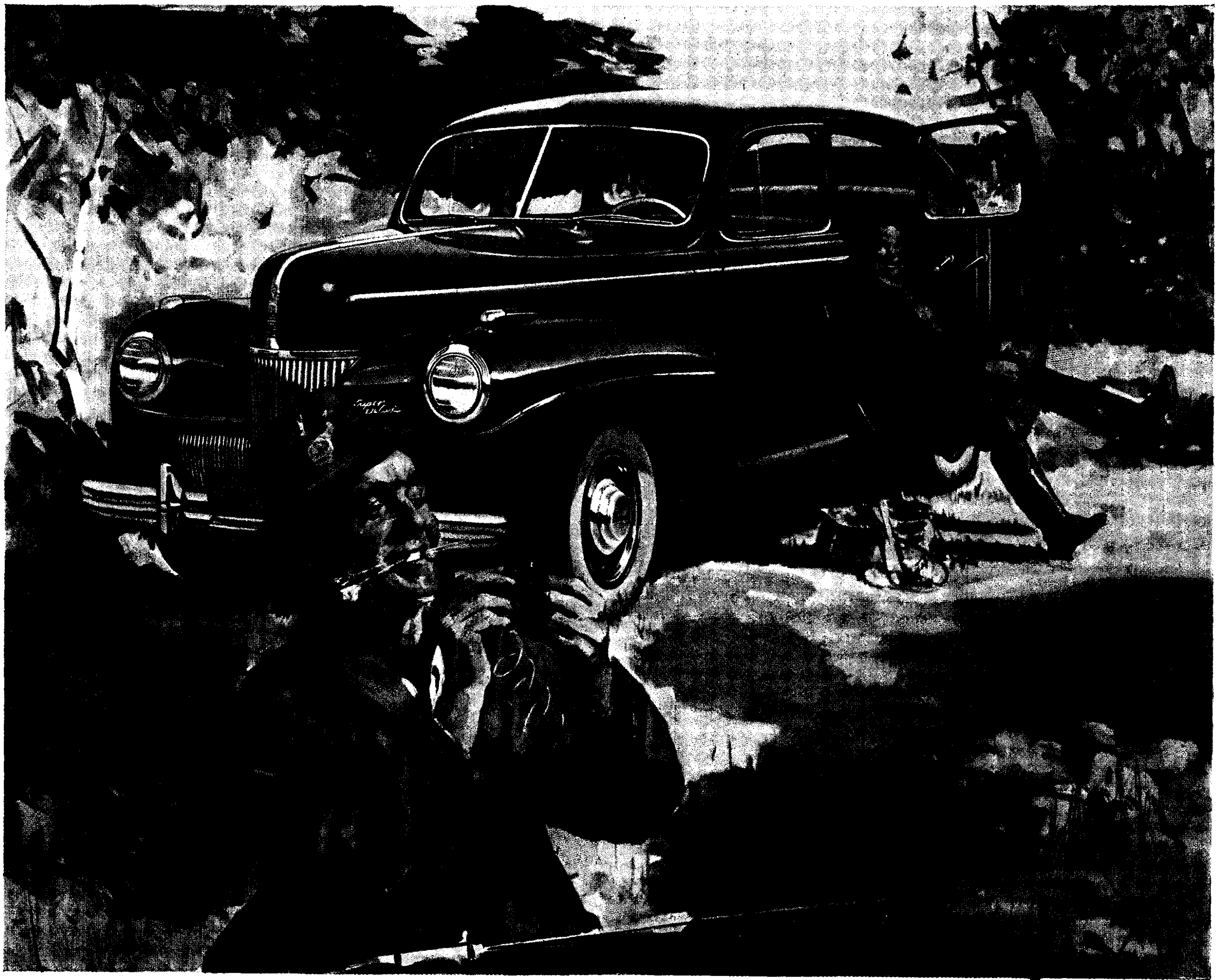

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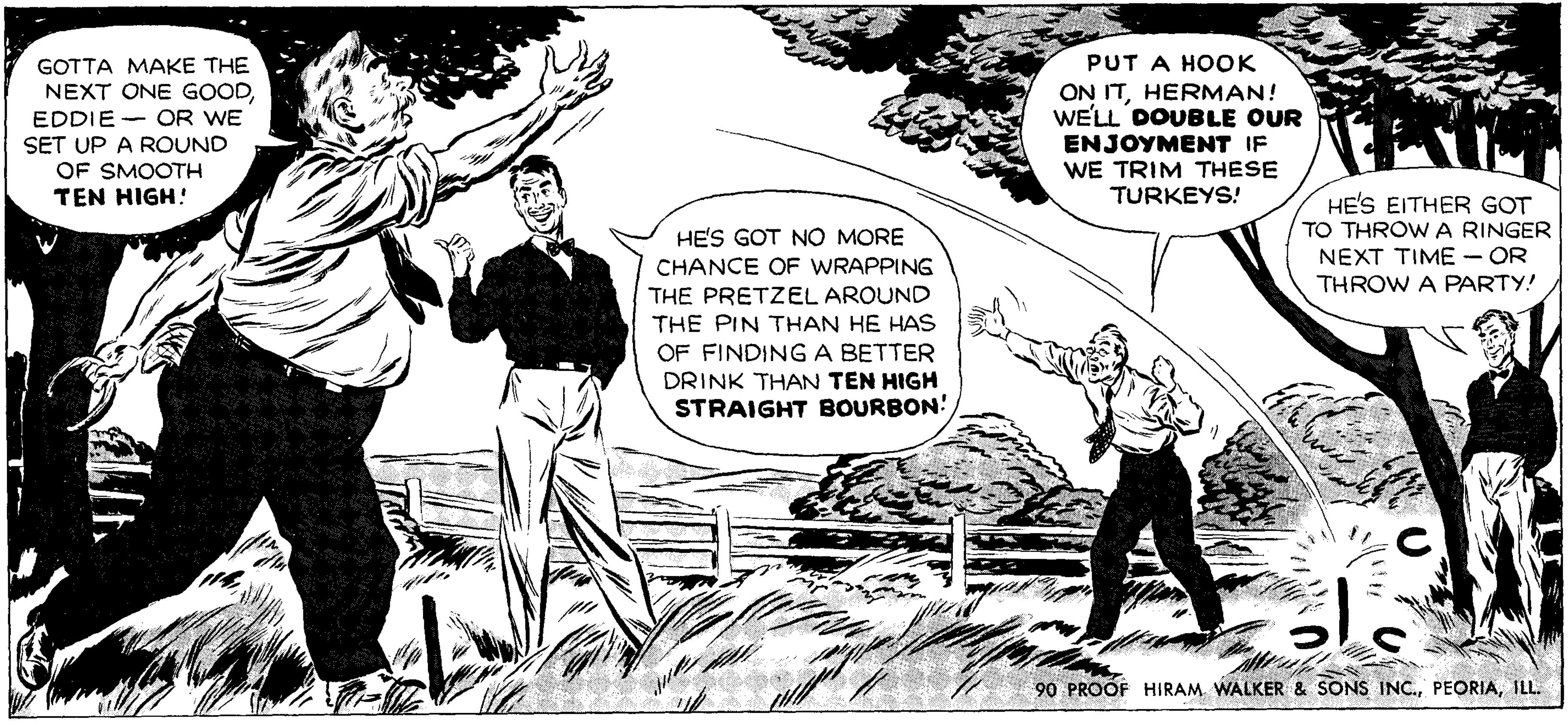
GOTTA MAKE THE NEXT ONE GOOD, EDDIE — OR WE SET UP A ROUND OF SMOOTH **TEN HIGH**!
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and the L's he pranced and through the O's and the P's he snickersneed his gory way. Came he finally to the S's, and O'Leary clutched a fainting heart.

"Satchel!"

Choking, O'Leary leaned forward.

"If it please the major—"

"Well, what is it, Sergeant?"

"Private Satchel is detailed on mess duty, sir."

The major found it difficult to believe his ears. He gasped. "Then get him, Sergeant!" he finally bellowed. "Send one of your men to the mess hall and get him over here. Surely the future welfare of one of your men is more important than a few odd potatoes! Get him!"

"Aye, aye, sir."

O'Leary stepped to the rear of the hall and spoke in a low voice to the now sulky Ackerman: "Scram over to the mess hall and get Satchel. Get him as presentable as you can, but get him in a hurry."

"Okay, Sergeant." Ackerman was off. O'Leary walked back to the table where the major was interviewing Private Stockton. O'Leary walked dejectedly. Hope had gone out of O'Leary's bosom.

THE colonel's boots swung left, right, left, right over the road to the rifle range. The colonel's worries swung along in time with his boots and nowhere, nowhere could he find a solution of his problem.

The awful truth was that the colonel's poodles, Min and Bill, had the mange and none of the standard canine remedies seemed to have any effect on them. Soon the hot weather would be coming on, bringing with it distemper and other ailments. To say nothing of certain indications which led the colonel to believe that a litter of little Mins and Bills would arrive simultaneously with the hot weather.

Those puppies meant a lot to the colonel; he must see to it that they had a fair start in life. They must not be hampered by any prenatal mangy influence.

Left, right, left, right—

The colonel stopped suddenly short and stared.

The fates had guided his wandering footsteps to that area back of the galley which is commonly given over to such activities as the hewing of wood, the drawing of water and the peeling of potatoes, and here, surrounded by the implements of these professions, was a spectacle which might have caused a more sophisticated man than the colonel to stop and stare.

On the ground beside a huge mound of unpeeled potatoes sat an angular private, speaking in admonishing tones to a wheezy, fat bulldog which the colonel knew only too well could be none other than Smedley, the dopiest dog on the post. Smedley, who had, not so long ago, almost driven Colonel Leach insane by his tenacious, completely one-sided friendship for Min and Bill. Particularly for Min. For weeks Smedley had hung around the kennels, lurking in the underbrush and sallying forth as soon as the colonel's back was turned. For weeks the dog had haunted his dreams and, in retaliation, the colonel had been forced to insult Major Wallace twice, publicly, and to neglect to invite him and his wife to dinner three times.

But this was a different Smedley. This was a spruce Smedley, an intelligent Smedley, engaged, just now, in performing the trick of "sitting up." More than that, he was sitting up on a three-legged stool and, balanced upon his nose, was a whole raw potato. Even as the colonel watched, at a word from the lanky private, Smedley, with a whip of his head, tossed the potato into the air, caught it deftly in his mouth, came down on all fours, turned around twice and barked thrice!

The colonel watched in amazement. It was miraculous. If this young genius, whom he saw at once to be utterly out of place in his menial uniform, could teach the imbecilic Smedley a trick like that, what couldn't he do with those two intellectual prodigies, Min and Bill? And think of all the little Mins and Bills soon to come! Why, the idea was tremendous! Breathing audibly in his eagerness, he approached the master.

"Hello," he said humbly and politely.

Satchel looked calmly up, unimpressed as ever by the outward sign of rank. "Oh, hello," he answered indifferently, and placed another piece of potato on Smedley's nose.

The colonel fumbled for an opener. "Isn't that Smedley?" he ventured.

"Yeah."

"That's a good trick you've taught him."

"Oh, Smedley ain't so dumb. He knows a lot of good tricks. Smedley's a smart dog."

"I'll bet," the colonel hastened to agree. "I'll bet he is. . . . Tell me," he whispered softly, "did he—did he ever have the mange?"

"Oh, yeah," Satchel answered easily. "But I cured him."

The colonel regarded the marvel in meek amazement. After that things lagged a bit. Self-consciously aware of his conversational shortcomings, Colonel Leach tried another tack.

"You're a recruit, aren't you?"

"That's right."

"When do you finish training?"

"Finished yesterday. We go to the main station tomorrow."

"Oh, is that so? Well, where do you intend to go from there?"

"Durned if I know. Sergeant O'Leary says he recommended me for the Cooks and Bakers School and I reckon that's where Major Wallace'll send me."

"Oh, dear," said the colonel. "We must stop that. We really must stop that." He turned back to the private. "What's your name?" he asked.

No remembrance of oft-repeated lessons crossed Satchel's mind.

"Satchel," he answered. But the colonel didn't seem to notice.

"Well, Satchel, you've got a good record, I suppose? I mean—" he explained apologetically, "I mean you've never been in the brig or anything like that?"

"Naw, nothin' like that."

"Good! I'm delighted to hear it. . . ." He leaned forward eagerly. "Satchel," he breathed, "Satchel, how would you like—?"

A respectful voice interrupted him: "Begging the colonel's pardon, but I have an order for Private Satchel here to report at once to Major Wallace in the auditorium."

It was Ackerman, grimly performing his duty. Startled, the colonel swung around to face him.

"What's that?" he barked. Gone was the kindly dog lover; he was his military self again.

"Major Wallace," faltered Ackerman, "Major Wallace is waiting for Private Satchel in the auditorium."

Understanding flickered over the colonel's face.

"Of course," he ruminated. "Of course. Satchel will be right over. You run along, and tell Major Wallace."

Obedience to orders is a strong habit. Ackerman saluted and started off. Colonel Leach called after him. "And my man," he shouted, "tell the major I'm coming with him!"

COLONEL LEACH stood with one foot on the running board of Major Wallace's car. "Yes," he was saying, "that was very nice of you, Major. I appreciate the favor very much."

"Not at all, Colonel. It was a pleasure."

"But a favor, Major; a very great

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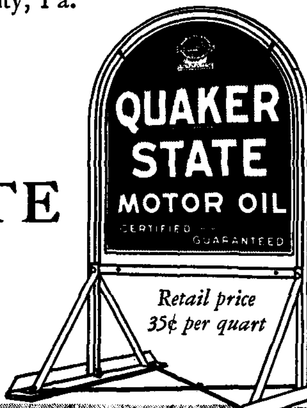


THE OIL OF CHARACTER

favor, nevertheless. You've been a great help to me." He paused a moment: "I've been thinking, Major, that you're too good a man for this routine job. We need good line officers. How would you like to be transferred, say, to some tropical or Asiatic post?"

The major gulped. "That would be splendid, Colonel, but, you see—"

"Yes, yes, I know. I believe I understand. Say no more about it, my dear chap. I'm married myself. If orders arrive from Washington sending you to the tropics, there's nothing you can really do about it but go, is there? You wouldn't *mind* going, would you, Major?"

"Not a bit, Colonel. Not a bit. On the contrary, I'd be delighted."

"Well, well, that's that. I'll be off now." He started down the road.

"Can't I give you a lift, Colonel?"

"No, thank you. Prefer to walk. Think better on my feet, you know." He stopped, however, and called back: "Before you shove off, Major, you and Mrs. Wallace must come over for dinner some night. She'll be lonely while you're gone and we must do our best to make up for your loss. I'll have Mrs. Leach call you and tell you what night. Goodby."

And he was off once more.

A few minutes later, Sergeant O'Leary, passing the auditorium on his way back to the barracks, was surprised to find Major Wallace still sitting in his car. A beckoning finger from the major brought him unwillingly to the running board.

"Sir?"

The major did not speak for a minute. When he did, his voice was soft, reflective.

"Sergeant," he said, "that was a peculiar thing that happened just now, wasn't it?"

O'Leary's eyes shot politely upward but he made no other comment.

"I mean," the major explained, "the colonel taking that man Satchel under his wing like that. Do you know the reason for it?"

"No, sir."

Major Wallace was in a kindly and an expansive mood. He told O'Leary the reason. When he had finished, he turned the ignition key and stepped on the starter. The motor purred.

"I've been thinking, Sergeant," he said, "you're too good a man for this routine job. I've had you in mind for a long time. When you reach the main station tomorrow, report at my office and I'll arrange a thirty-day leave for you. By the time you return I think you'll be able to wear a diamond under those three stripes on your arm."

"Thank you, Major! Thank you a—!"

"That's all, Sergeant."

"Aye, aye, sir."

The major roared off.

"STODDARD," said O'Leary, "find Satchel and send him in here."

Corporal Stoddard had a kind heart. "Listen, Sarje," he said, "why don't you lay off that mug? He can't help it if he's goofy. Give the poor dope a break; we'll be rid of him tomorrow."

"Get Satchel," O'Leary repeated coldly, "and when he comes take a powder. I want to talk to him private, see?"

"Okay, Sarje."

When Satchel opened the door and entered the sergeant's presence, he found him busy packing. O'Leary swung around and faced him.

"What's your name?"

"Satchel."

"What Satchel?"

Satchel smiled. He was beginning to enjoy this game.

"Private Satchel."

"Private Satchel what?"

"Private Satchel, Sergeant."

O'Leary sat down and looked him over. "Where's that dog, Satchel? Where's that fat flea trap of a good-for-nothing bulldog I've told you ten thousand times to get rid of? Where are you hiding him?"

Satchel looked embarrassed. He shifted his weight from one foot to the other. "Well, Sergeant—"

"Never mind," O'Leary said. "I don't want to be told. I've never kissed a dog yet and I'm too old to begin now." He sat still and regarded the gawky private for a few moments and an expression of respect, even of awe, crept gradually over his face. At last he spoke again, quietly.

"Maybe," he said, "maybe you're right and I'm wrong. I don't know. I give up."

He swung around to his desk and picked up a piece of paper and a pen.

"Satchel," he said, "I called you in to tell you that there's been a change of plans. On reaching the main station tomorrow, you will report to the School for Noncommissioned Officers for instruction. When you finish there I have reason to believe that you'll find yourself assigned as orderly to Colonel Leach. Those are orders from Major Wallace; I got nothing to do with them, understand?" He paused and thought a moment. "This is our last night here," he added. "How would you like me to write you out a pass to go over to the main station for the evening?"

Satchel grinned. "I'd like it fine, but—"

"But what?"

"I ain't got no money."

O'Leary felt in his pocket. "Will a buck do you any good?"

Satchel was overwhelmed. "Gee," he said, "that's swell!"

"Then take it," the sergeant said, "and here's your pass. Be back here by ten tonight."

HE CUT short his thanks and waved him to the door. But, as Satchel reached it, he stopped him again. "Wait a minute," he said. "What are you going to buy with that dollar?"

Satchel hung his head and blushed.

"Well, Sarje," he admitted, "I was thinkin' of laying in a supply of dog biscuits."

"For Smedley?"

"That's right, Sarje."

O'Leary felt in his pocket again.

"Here," he said. "Here's another buck. Go get him a good, juicy beefsteak for me."

Satchel put the two dollars in his pocket. He stammered a couple of times and shuffled his feet. Finally, "Look, Sarje," he said, "you been pretty nice to me teaching me all this here soldierin' stuff. I sure appreciate it. Maybe you'll let me do something for you."

"You already have," O'Leary told him. "But go on."

"You like dogs, don't you, Sarje? I mean you really *like* 'em?"

"Well, in a way," the sergeant admitted, "I guess I do."

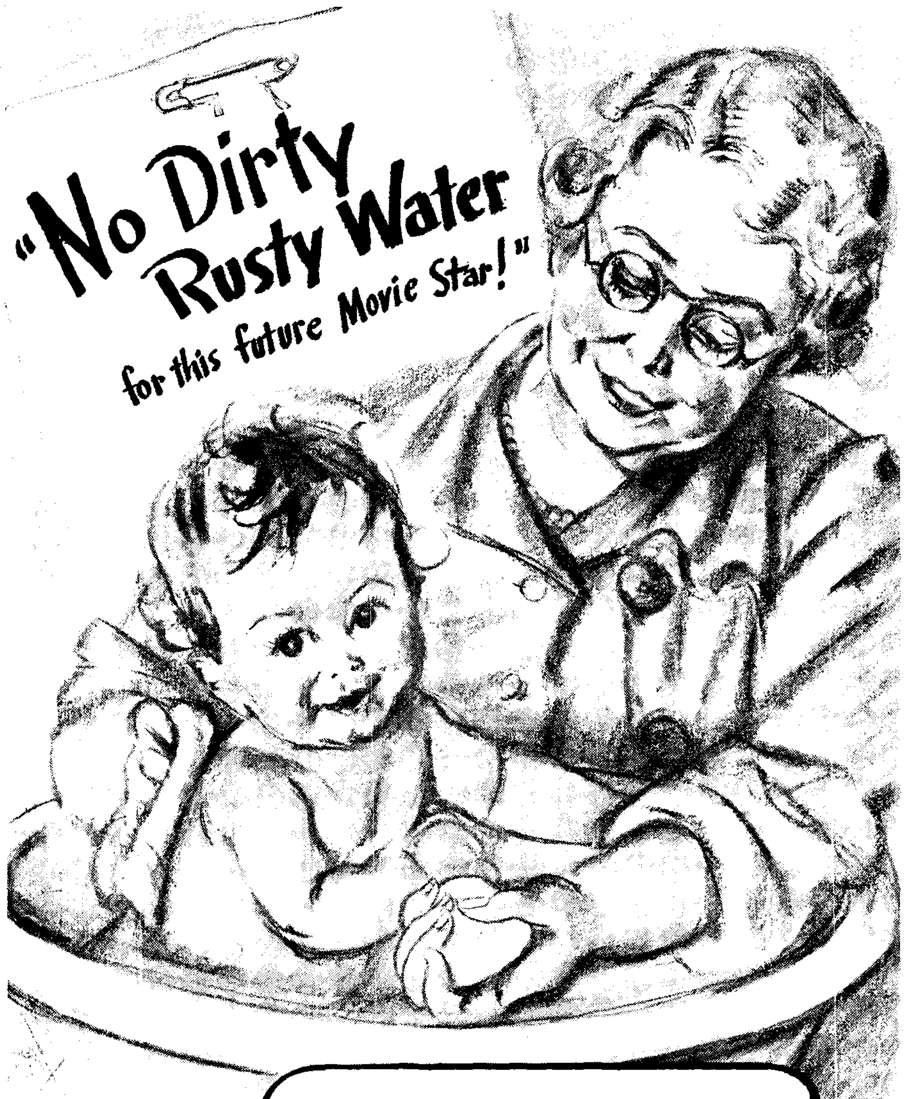
"Then, if I'm going to be the colonel's orderly," Satchel said, "maybe I can fix it so's you can have one of his poodle's pups."

"Look here," O'Leary warned him very seriously. "Don't you go tampering with the colonel's poodles. Those dogs are more important to him than you and me and the rest of the post put together."

"Yeah, I know," Satchel said. "But I got a hunch he ain't goin' to think so much of those puppies once he sees 'em."

"What do you mean?" The sergeant looked at him suspiciously.

"I just got a hunch they ain't goin' to be more than half poodle. And the other half's goin' to be white bulldog." Satchel smiled fondly. "I always told you Smedley was a smart dog, Sergeant," he said.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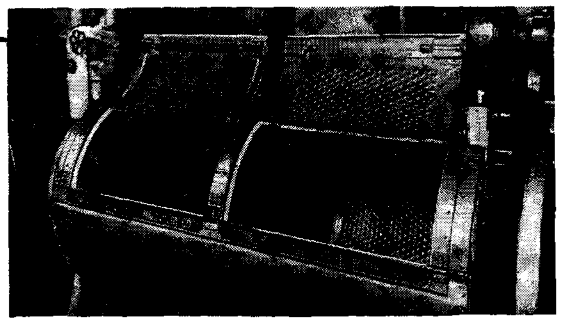

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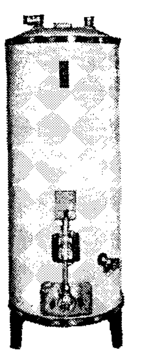

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Trail Town

Continued from page 12

crow's wing. Mitchell jiggled the cigar between his teeth and set out on his first round of the day, following the exact route he had established one year before when new at the job.

Behind him on Willow there was some display of activity but here on Race Street, the playground of the trail rider when night came, lay the drugged and uneasy quiet of a quarter sleeping off its excesses. Roustabouts swept out the trash of the previous night and as he passed one saloon doorway upon another he moved through the bitter-reeking gusts of burned tobacco and spilled whisky and the dead air wherein many men had left their earthy odors. He passed the Arcade, the Bullshead and diagonally crossed Briar Street to come by Charley Fair's saloon. This, The Pride, occupied a half block and was the largest place of its kind between Texas and Montana, its row of double doors flashing their inlay of green and red glass against the rising light.

Charley Fair moved from the place's emptiness and came into the sunshine, his eyes squeezed against unaccustomed brightness. He had a round head bulked on a short, tremendous neck; he was built in the shape of a barrel, immovable and powerful, and he invariably carried one hand—from which three fingers were missing—jammed beneath the band of his trousers. In this town Charley Fair spoke for the gambling element and therefore in this town Charley Fair was half the law.

He said: "Three new trail outfits camped across the river. Be lively here tonight."

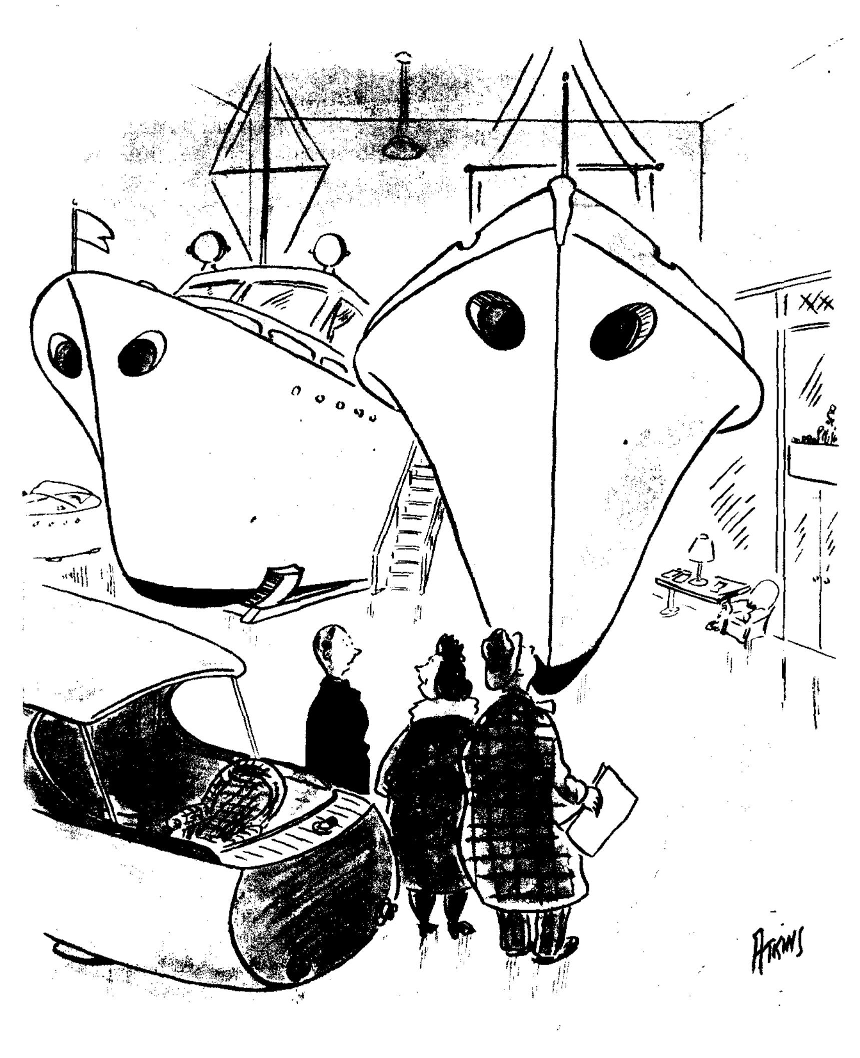
"Expect so," assented Mitchell. Adjoining The Pride was The Dream dance hall. Now he crossed Ute Street, skirted Jack McGeen's saloon, Spreckel's Cowboy Store, Naab's shooting gallery and Solomon's Notion Emporium. The last block, beyond Sage, contained saloons solidly and brought up against The Drovers' which was favored by the trail cattle owners and by the sports of River Bend who, because of the invisible dead line on Willow, were denied the comforts of Webber's House. East of The Drovers' were the stock pens to hold Texas beef and the loading spur of the railroad.

He circled The Drovers' and entered Bismarck Alley which paralleled Race as it moved back toward Willow. Its cheap saloons were closed, the green shades of its houses were tight drawn against the day. One lone woman stood in this alley, warming herself in a patch of sun; and as he came up she turned a white, sleepy face to him and smiled. "Morning, Dan."

"Morning, Rita."

AT INTERVALS on the alley, small back lots lay crowded with empty boxes and junk and the litter of careless living. The rear compound of Brinton's stable also faced the alley. Going forward he watched these places for whatever change might be in them, and he scanned all the windows of the surrounding houses; for in this alley at night he had once been shot at, and would be again, and now measured it for warning of that second time.

The alley came into Willow, which was a long T stroke at the top of Race. On Willow were the town's substantial stores and shops shoulder to shoulder without break all down to the yellow



"Haven't you anything with a more intelligent expression?"

ELMER ATKINS

Does Knox Gelatine FIGHT FATIGUE FOR NIGHT WORKERS?

It's worth the try! was the opinion of 36 crack locomotive engineers, bus drivers and truck drivers on strenuous night shifts. So they volunteered to drink Knox Gelatine for 28 days...there was the chance Knox could reduce tiredness for them. And they took it!

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Help after only 2 weeks was reported by the majority of men and women who said they benefited from drinking Knox in the 28-day test. From housewives to steel workers...26 occupational groups have taken this Knox test. 2 out of 3 who started, and 9 out of 10 who completed it said Knox reduced fatigue for them. (The same Knox Gelatine famous for over fifty years for salads and desserts was used for these tests.)

If your job plays you out, why don't you try drinking Knox for at least 2 weeks? The results of these thorough-going tests suggest that Knox may give you *extra* endurance. The Knox Build-Up is so easy! Here's the way to try it!

TRY THIS YOURSELF...at least 2 weeks

1. Drink 4 envelopes of Knox Gelatine *every day* for 2 weeks. Then drop to 2 a day. After 28 days, drink as needed.

2. To prepare, pour 1 envelope (1/4 pkg.) Knox Gelatine into 3/4 glass water or fruit juice, not iced. Let liquid absorb gelatine. Stir. Drink immediately. If it thickens, stir again. The gelatine is tasteless.

BUT BE SURE it's plain, unflavored Knox. Knox is *all* body-building protein. Ready-flavored gelatine dessert powders are 7/8 sugar, 1/8 protein. Buy from your grocer in 4-envelope or economical 32-envelope package.

SEND FOR FREE KNOX BULLETIN

telling how *you* may try reducing tiredness. Write Knox Gelatine, Dept. 70, Johnstown, N. Y.

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GELATINE
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Playing hide and seek...with a glamorous new ghost...What laughs and fun as they make a mirthquake out of a mystery and a madhouse out of a murder!
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Patsy KELLY Carole LANDIS Dennis O'KEEFE
George ZUCCO Donald MacBRIDE
Original Screen Play by JONATHAN LATIMER, GORDON DOUGLAS • Additional Dialogue, PAUL GERARD SMITH
Directed by ROY DEL RUTH
Released thru UNITED ARTISTS
Meet the little girl who wasn't there
Meet the little blonde ...with the baby stare
Meet the little woman... who wouldn't stay home
Meet the little maid... who had her hands full

depot shack on the north edge of town. Willow was the barrier against which at night the wild tide of Race Street broke and fell away. Willow was the parapet behind which in the west quarter of River Bend, on Antelope Street, the genteel and the respectable citizens lived.

He made his first swing, so exactly patterned in his regular routine that when he stepped into Brinton's stable to saddle his buckskin the whistle of the three-o'clock train sounded over the prairie, as it did on all other days. In front of the stable, now mounted, he paused to look along Willow. A freighter, six horses and heavy wagon, stood in front of Dug Neil's wholesale warehouse, ready for a long haul over the prairie to War Bonnet, eighty miles west. The county's sheriff, Bravo Trimble, sauntered forward to meet Ford Green in front of Ed Balder's big general store. A moment later Ed Balder came out and these three made a casual group, accidentally formed.

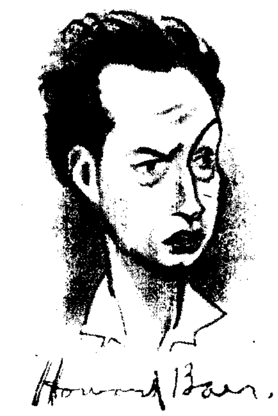
Perhaps accidentally. This was River Bend, wherein the pressures and schemings of men moved beneath the surface. In the narrows of Bismarck Alley Mitchell had watched those upper windows from which one night a bullet might come; now he looked upon those three gathered men with the same awareness of possible danger. He knew the wants of each. Singly they could not hurt him but if, in the shifting balances and changing secret liaisons of this town, they joined their wants together they could destroy him. He stored the scene in his head and turned from Willow to Antelope. Looking behind, he saw a single puncher come slowly up Race, early drunk.

ANTELOPE STREET lay behind the shelter of Willow's business buildings. Here stood the houses of the merchants and of the cattlemen who came out of the Aspen Hills to winter in town, each house centered in its brown and lifeless lawn. The day was warm, the sun half down the sky. The eastern train had arrived at the depot, its engine's bell sharp-ringing through the heated quiet. Coming to the depot, Mitchell reined in to watch the passengers arrive at this last milepost on the prairie—townsmen returning from distant Omaha, commercial travelers and settlers who, drawn by the magic of free land, were here to find homesteads. Bill Mellen, the town's real-estate agent, spotted this last group with an unerring eye and soon had them collected. Bill Mellen was an enthusiastic talker. Mitchell noticed how these people hung to his words, their faces growing light and pleased.

As he watched them a streak of motion appeared at the extreme edge of his vision and he swung about to see Sherry Gault step from Balder's store and advance toward Fogel's meat market, and now the lone cowpuncher who had been weaving up Race crossed the invisible dead line in Willow's deep sheet of silver dust and reached the sidewalk. He walked with his head down, seeing nothing until he came dead against Sherry Gault. He stopped, straightened and gave her a long stare.

Mitchell swung his horse and moved toward that scene. Sherry Gault was saying something to the cowpuncher, for Mitchell saw her lips stir. Then the puncher reached out to touch her. Mitchell dropped from his horse, at the same time noting that Ford Green now came from Henkle's barbershop at a half run. Mitchell closed in on the puncher. He caught the man at the coat collar and swung him, arm's length in a wide circle; he braced his feet as he turned and flung the cowpuncher hard against the wall of the butcher shop. The puncher's head slammed the wall and he whirled and struck out with his hands, catching Mitchell in the face and belly. Mitchell came against him, shoving him against the wall again with his shoulder.

Ford Green rushed in. He got beside Mitchell and he landed a blow on the puncher's unprotected face, crying: "I'll show you what happens to a damned drunk bum—" Mitchell turned and put the flat of his arm against Ford Green's chest, the force of it knocking the prosecuting attorney off his feet into the dust of the street. The puncher, meanwhile free, cut into Mitchell wildly with his fists. Mitchell lifted a shoulder and drove the puncher back to the wall. He used the flat of his hand again, full on the puncher's face, batting the puncher's head against the wall until the man's eyes began to dull up. After that he stepped away. Wind drew in and out of him, deep and even while he waited; he showed no anger and he showed no excitement. Ford Green stood at the edge of the sidewalk.



FUNNY-BUSINESS MEN

Self-Portraits of Collier's Cartoonists
No. 35

Howard Baer increased the population of Finleyville, Pa., (present pop. 700) in 1906. Being only twenty miles from Pittsburgh his first ambition was to be a pit miner, but got over that and became a member of Carnegie Tech's class of '28. Now resides in Manhattan, prefers painting and etching to cartooning, but pursues the latter for the payoff. His latest breadwinner is reproduced across from this page.

"What'd you do that for?" he said. "I was giving you a hand."

The puncher, once drunk, was now sober. Mitchell said: "What's your outfit?"

"Anchor."

Ford Green said: "Throw him in jail!"

Mitchell kept his glance on the puncher. "You got yourself in a little trouble. That's too bad. Pull out of town—and don't come again."

"Throw him in jail," repeated Ford Green.

The puncher laid a rebel glance on Ford Green. He drew one hand across his face and saw blood on it and anger turned his eyes pale. He was a lad toughened by the trail, hungry and lawless and proud, and his pride had been affronted. "Damn' right I'll go," he breathed. "But I'll get my crowd and I'll be back tonight!"

Mitchell said: "Don't make that mistake, friend. No harm's done so far. Might be next trip."

"We'll see—we'll see!" cried the puncher and rushed across Willow into Race, so angered that he could not walk straight.

Ed Balder had watched this from his store and the people from the train stood by with Bill Mellen. This audience had observed Mitchell knock Ford Green into the dust and now Ford Green stood close at hand, humiliation shaking him out of his dry caution. "If you're a marshal why don't you do a proper job of it? What are you for?"

"To keep the fools from the respectable, and the respectable from the fools," murmured Mitchell. "Ford, never interfere with me when I'm handling a man."

"If a woman can't be safe on this street—" said Ford.

"On this street," said Mitchell, "she's safe," and turned to Sherry Gault. "Nothing happened to her."

SHE had not spoken, this tall daughter of Mike Gault who ran his ranch twenty miles away in the Aspens. She had shown no surprise, no excitement. She stood calmly back from the scene, a girl wise in the ways of this land and its men and quite accustomed to its violence. She wore a riding skirt and a green jacket and a small round hat on dark hair. She met his glance in a full way, self-assured and with her temper willfully set against him. Her lips were red and expressive and full at the centers.

"Why did you rough him up?"

"An example for the rest of the boys."

"Then why did you let him go?"

He still had part of his cigar. He made a point of lighting it before he spoke. He found some humor in the situation and that humor slid into the angles of his brown face; it was a humor that held some acid and some iron. "The fault was not entirely his."

Ford Green said: "What's that?"

"Why wasn't it?" asked Sherry Gault, probing into Mitchell's mind with her steady interest. This girl, he remembered, wore Ford Green's ring and this was a puzzle he could not unravel, knowing Green's dry and calculating spirit. Green was a man who wanted something from the world and proposed to get it. This girl, for all the reserve she put against the world, had her fire and striking aliveness.

He said: "The boy came across the street with his head down. Then he looked up and saw something in front of him. He knew he was drunk and didn't believe what he saw. So he put out his arm and touched you."

She had a strong mind and she was resisting him, silently and stubbornly. Out of some strange reason she wanted no interference from him, she wanted no part of him to intrude upon her. Her eyes were hazel and deep and they held his glance, and curiosity at last made her say:

"What did he think he was seeing?"

"What does a thirsty man want?"

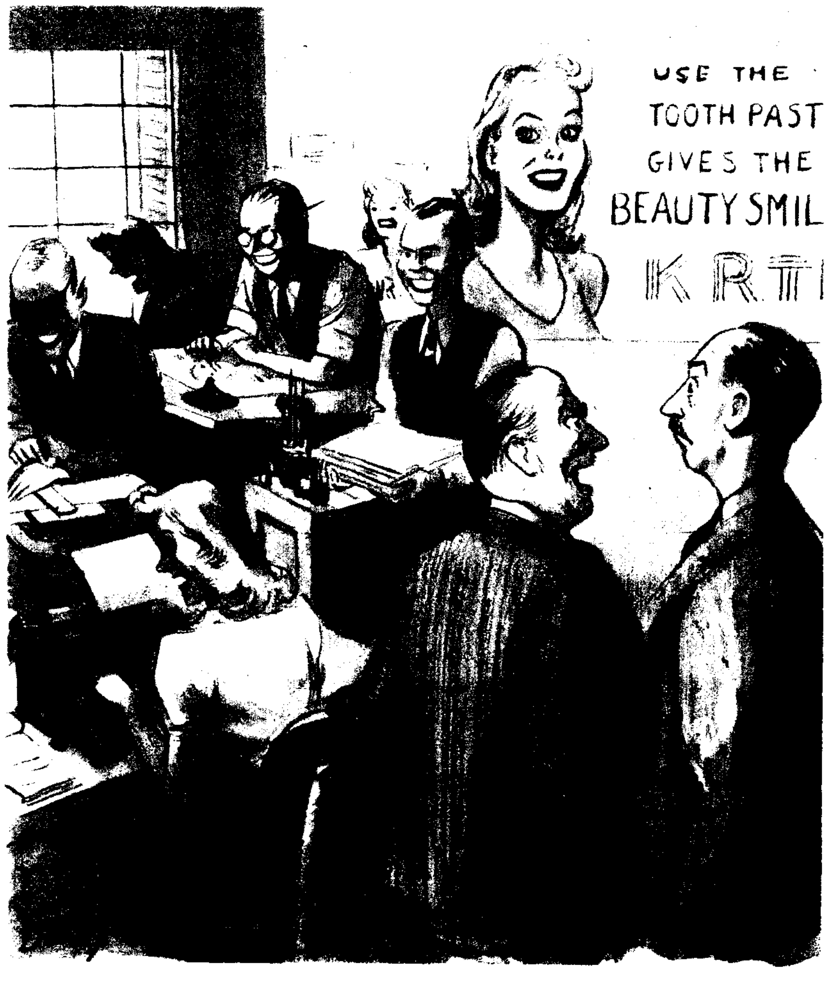
She dropped her eyes, meaning to break the effect of his words. He knew she did it deliberately, her will unable to endure interference. He pulled on the cigar, he watched the exhaled smoke spiral into the air, he saw her head lift. Her words held short, faint scorn: "What was it then?"

"Beauty."

She looked aside quickly at Ford Green and her voice was light and hurried: "Walk to the hotel with me, Ford." She started to turn away, and he knew what was in her mind. She had been trapped into this talk and now regretted it. Humor showed on his face again and she noticed it and stopped at once, her head rising. "Well, did he see it, or didn't he?"

"I forgot to ask him," was Mitchell's dry answer.

Storm moved darkly over her face. She said, "Come on, Ford," and went down the street. Mitchell stepped to the buckskin and mounted. This was near four-thirty and the sun, dropping below the parapet of the store buildings on Willow, began to throw longer shad-



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Blackie: "Isn't it nice to be treated so well, Whitey?"

Whitey: "Yes—and that's why we enjoy giving our best, Blackie."

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ows down Race. The cowpuncher from the Anchor outfit at this moment left The Pride saloon, made a quick jump to his horse and left River Bend with a long yell. Will Gatewood, the Wells-Fargo agent, came from his office.

"He'll cause you trouble, Dan."

"Expect so," agreed Mitchell. As he turned into Race for another tour of the town he saw Sherry Gault pause at the entrance to Webber's House. She was speaking to Ford Green but suddenly she ceased speaking and her face turned and he received the full strike of her eyes. He held her complete attention and during that moment he saw her as the cowpuncher had seen her, the shape and dream of beauty, the image of a still flame burning in the night, perfect and pure centered with white heat. Afterward he swung down Race.

She said to Ford Green: "You hate him, don't you?"

"Just say he stands in my way."

SHE was impatient with his roundabout words. "If he stands in your way then you hate him. Don't be afraid of the word. It is an honest word."

"Afraid?" he said, and was affronted. The dryness grew more pronounced on his face. "You don't know me, Sherry. Riding back to the ranch tonight?"

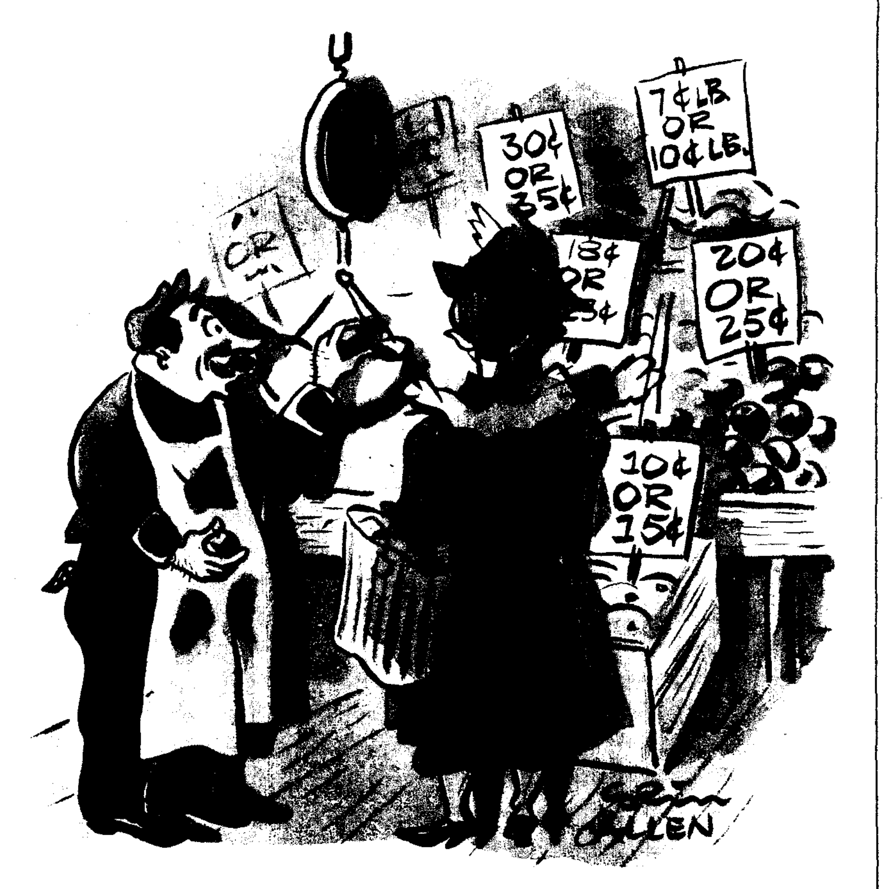
She said, "Yes." She stepped away from him, with Race Street before her. All along those walks men began to move in preparation for the coming night. A floorman stepped from The Pride and opened the swinging doors, pair by pair, latching them to the outer wall. Big Annie, broad and buxom in her high-colored silks, appeared from Bismarck Alley and entered Spreckel's Cowboy Store. Half a dozen riders appeared in town and filed through the Arcade's door. The piano player in The Dream dance hall idly warmed his fingers with little pieces of tunes. George Hazelhurst, a gambler in The Pride, strolled up from The Drovers', neat in his black suit and stiff white shirt.

Will Gatewood's wife came out of Antelope into Willow and strolled forward with her parasol gaily raked. She was a small and dark girl with a pair of eyes quickly inquiring into the sights and sounds of this town, ready for instant laughter. Love of color showed itself in her clothes, which were brighter than those worn by other women on Antelope, and as she walked along she seemed to have about her an eagerness to please and be pleased. She smiled across the dust at her husband and waited for his sober face to break and when this man only nodded with a kind of preoccupied courtesy her smile turned wistful. In another moment he swung back into his office.

Hazelhurst moved up to Fred Henkle's barbershop and paused there to light a cigar. Idling along the opposite walk, Will Gatewood's wife looked at him with steady interest, observing the length of his hands and the fastidiousness of his dress. His face was rather pale and his reputation was wholly a gambler's reputation, yet he carried himself very straight and he looked out on the world with a pair of black, lost eyes that mirrored a steel pride. He was a polished and courteous and soft-voiced man who looked out upon the world and warned it not to trespass on him. He had finished lighting his cigar and his glance came about so that he saw Irma Gatewood. The street was between them, the dead line was between them, the whole world of social pattern was between them. Both of them knew it, yet Irma Gatewood held his glance and for a moment they were completely engrossed in each other. It was Hazelhurst, who knew his place, who at last slowly dropped his head.

All this Sherry Gault observed, particularly the way in which the gambler turned and moved into Henkle's. Looking then at Irma Gatewood, Sherry noticed strong interest fan the girl's face. In River Bend Will Gatewood's wife was a lonely soul, loving a gaiety seldom found here and hungry for an ardent and tempestuous kind of affection her husband was far too sedate to show. At this moment Mitchell was riding toward the end of Willow, high and solid in the sun. Sherry, unaccountably changing her mind, said to Green, "No, I'm staying over tonight."

Mitchell came in from his six-o'clock swing of the town and went directly to

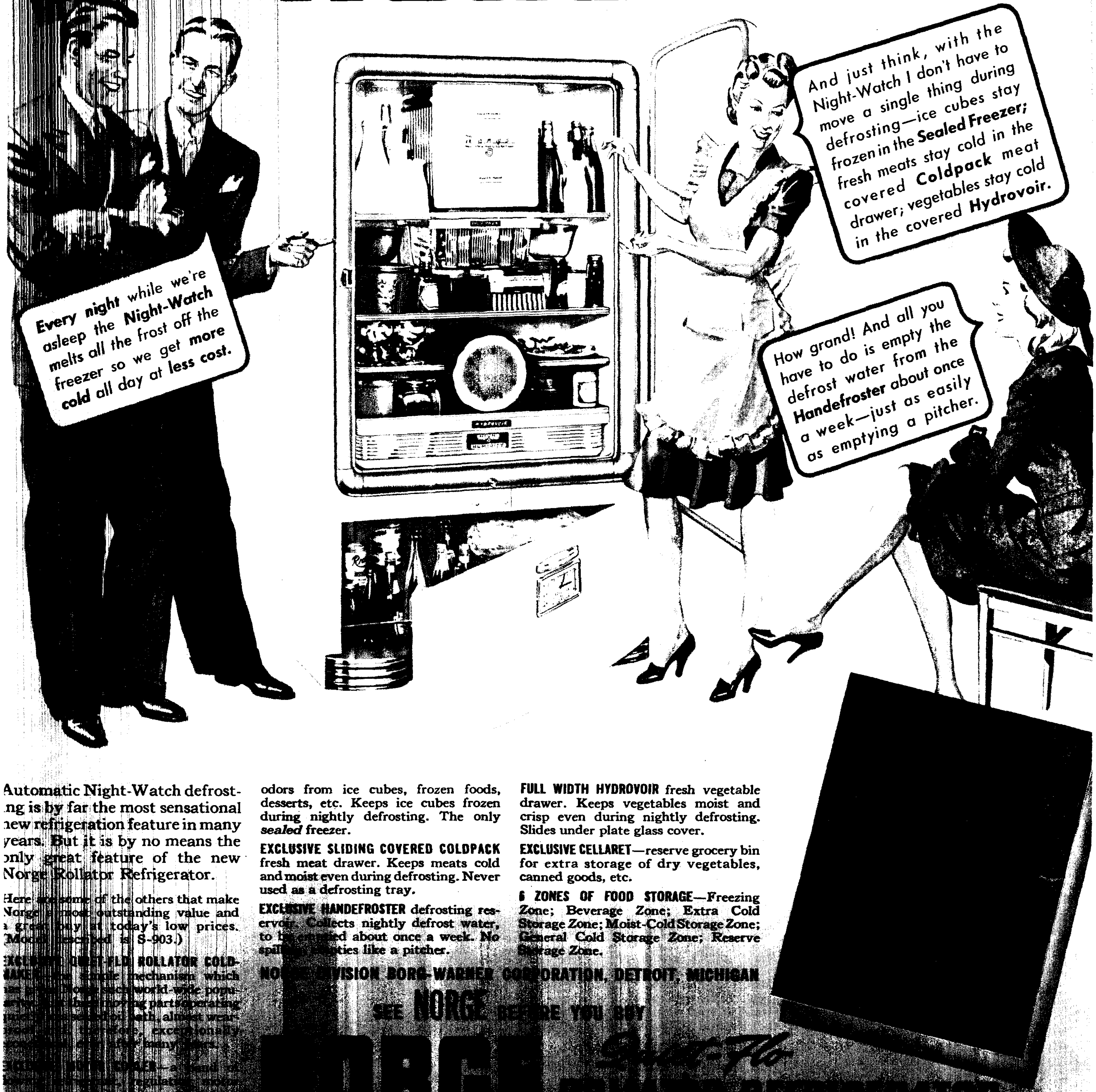


"They're 20¢ a pound if I pick them or 25¢ if you pick them"

COLIN ALLEN

NORGE *with* EXCLUSIVE NIGHT-WATCH *Automatic* DEFROSTER

YEARS AHEAD IN PERFORMANCE IN ECONOMY


Every night while we're asleep the **Night-Watch** melts all the frost off the freezer so we get **more cold** all day at **less cost.**
And just think, with the Night-Watch I don't have to move a single thing during defrosting—ice cubes stay frozen in the **Sealed Freezer;** fresh meats stay cold in the covered **Coldpack** meat drawer; vegetables stay cold in the covered **Hydrovoir.**
How grand! And all you have to do is empty the defrost water from the **Handefroster** about once a week—just as easily as emptying a pitcher.

Automatic Night-Watch defrosting is by far the most sensational new refrigeration feature in many years. But it is by no means the only great feature of the new Norge Rollator Refrigerator.

Here are some of the others that make Norge a most outstanding value and a great buy at today's low prices. (Model described is S-903.)

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odors from ice cubes, frozen foods, desserts, etc. Keeps ice cubes frozen during nightly defrosting. The only *sealed* freezer.

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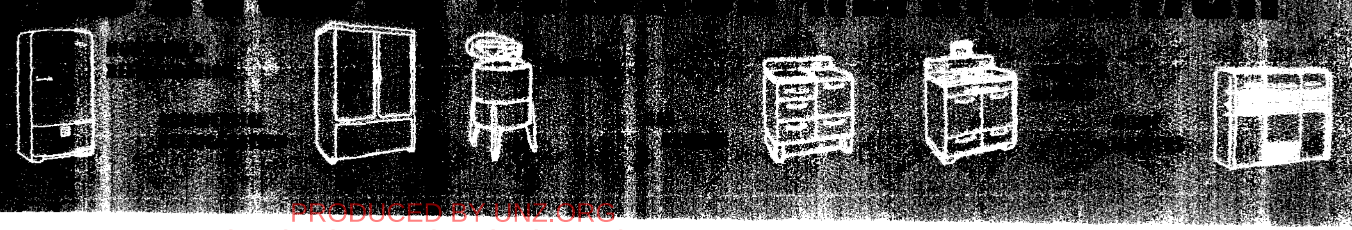

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A masculine garment scientifically designed and expertly tailored by the makers of Paris Garters, Suspenders and Belts—and that means Quality.

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Webber's House for supper, sitting alone at the accustomed table in the corner, his back to the wall. Sherry Gault later entered with Ford Green and in a little while Ed and Josephine Balder joined them. The windows were open to let in the first small breeze and the sun dropped and a girl circled the room to light the kerosene bracket lamps and then the glass and silverware in the room was shining and through this bright glow he saw Sherry Gault's face turn to ivory and old rose. The Gaults had a set of rooms in the hotel for use whenever they came to town; and she had changed into a dress of black and gold. Her shoulders were erect, rounding into deep breasts and her lips struck a strong line of color across the oval of her face, and against her all other women were pale and unfilled.

This was the second time during the day he had seen Ford Green with Ed Balder, so that he now knew the first meeting had been no accident. Behind the bony, freckled mask of Ford Green deep ambitions lay, pinching the corners of his lips and making his talk softly calculating. He was a close-mouthed man who moved cautiously and painstakingly from afar to gain his purposes. Those purposes, whatever they were, made him draw toward Ed Balder. Balder, who ran his big general store on Willow, was a power in this town because he spoke for the merchants.

Mitchell lighted his third cigar of the day and moved idly through the dining room. Ed Balder looked up and said, "Hello, Dan." Josephine Balder ignored him, and Ford Green nodded without speaking. These various reactions he noted with eyes accustomed to the reading of people's motives for what they might mean to his own life and safety. Sherry Gault's eyes lifted and her attention reached him and remained a long moment, reluctantly interested. The light of the room made its pattern of shadows along her cheeks and the hazel surfaces of her eyes glowed. He passed on to the street and crossed to Brinton's stable.

DICK LESTRADE, who was twelve years old, stood in the arch of Brinton's and tried to look as though pure accident brought him here. Mitchell stopped. He put his glance along the street, not directly at Dick, and he spoke as a man would speak to another man: "Been a hot day."

"Sure," said Dick Lestrade, from the bottom of his throat. "Mighty warm." He wore long trousers and a thin cotton shirt and his hair was black-damp, whereby Mitchell knew he had been swimming under the Spanish River bridge. He had the burned blackness of boyhood running free and he had boyhood's lank shape. Each day, somewhere along this street, Dick Lestrade made it a point to stand where he might see Mitchell or Bravo Trimble or Haley Evarts, who drove the War Bonnet stage.

"Kind of like to jump in the river on a day like this," said Mitchell.

"I been," said young Dick. "I hit bottom today. Eighteen feet under."

"Why, now," observed Mitchell, "that's pretty deep diving."

Dick Lestrade's voice sank deeper in his chest. The men of this town, particularly the men he silently admired, were all brief with their words and so he was brief. "Not hard, when you get the hang of it."

"Sure," said Mitchell, and moved into the stable. He saddled the buckskin and came out. He said, still man-to-man, "Another night. Guess I better get about my business."

Dick Lestrade's youthful imagination at last broke through, so that he was no longer a man. He said in a small, quick voice: "Think there'll be trouble tonight?"

"Looks like just another night, Dick," observed Mitchell, and rode to the head of Race.

Night's soft and warm and earth-stained blackness lay across the land. Except for Webber's House, the stores and shops on Willow Street had closed and all those buildings made a black bulwark, but on Race a thousand lights broke in fractured splinters and fan-shaped gushes from the windows and doors of saloon and dance hall, from Naab's shooting gallery and Spreckel's Cowboy Store and Solomon's Emporium, from every aperture wherein man spread his wares for the gratification of the Texas cow hand made lusty and hungry and wild by the long ride up the trail. These lights formed a yellow glow in the heart of River Bend and music spilled out and barkers stood at the doorways of The Pride, singsonging: "This is your house, friend! Best whisky on the trail—the squarest games! Give it a try—give it a try!" Horsemen swept up Race and wheeled at the hitch racks. They came singly or in solid groups and their shrill crying sailed out along the housetops, dying back somewhere in Antelope's quiet. At this hour River Bend surrendered its respectability and its solid citizens withdrew before the violent night trade upon which, though it fed them, they discreetly closed their eyes.

Mitchell moved down the street's center. A new group of cow hands swung around the corner of The Drovers' and rushed on. These men stood in their stirrups and howled at the dark sky and dust boiled around them and their scorched faces looked upon him, streaked with vital arrogance. Rushing forward, they meant to make him give ground but he held the buckskin to the center of the street. One cow hand yelled his warning. Then dead before him that solid wave split and milled and a rider grazed him in passing, and somebody said: "How much of this street you got to have?"

They saw the star pinned on his vest. Other riders, traveling through River Bend had carried the news of the town and of its marshal down the trail and now these men ringed around him and watched him with a speculative interest, deviltry making its thin points in their eyes.

Mitchell said: "Put away your guns with the first barkeep you meet. Otherwise the town's yours." He rode on. Turning the corner of The Drovers' Hotel, he saw the round disk of a campfire on the vacant ground next to Bismarck Alley. He went toward it.

There was a big wagon and four horses unhitched and standing on picket. Beneath the wagon four children lay asleep in an improvised bed; a man and woman stood by the fire. The man came about at Mitchell's approach, thick and short and reserved.

"Passing through?" asked Mitchell.

"Stayin' here," said the man, "if we can find the land. We're from Minnesota. That," he said, and waved a hand at the steady boil-up of noise on Race Street, "does that happen every night?"

"All summer long. You're camped in the wrong place. These trail hands will be riding past here around midnight, drunk and full of trouble. You should be over on the quiet side of town."

"I've got a gun."

Mitchell said at once: "Don't attempt to use it. I'll be coming around the corner of that hotel every hour, or I'll be up that street. Call me if you need help."

"My name's Wallin," said the homesteader. "Which part of this country's best for farmin'?"

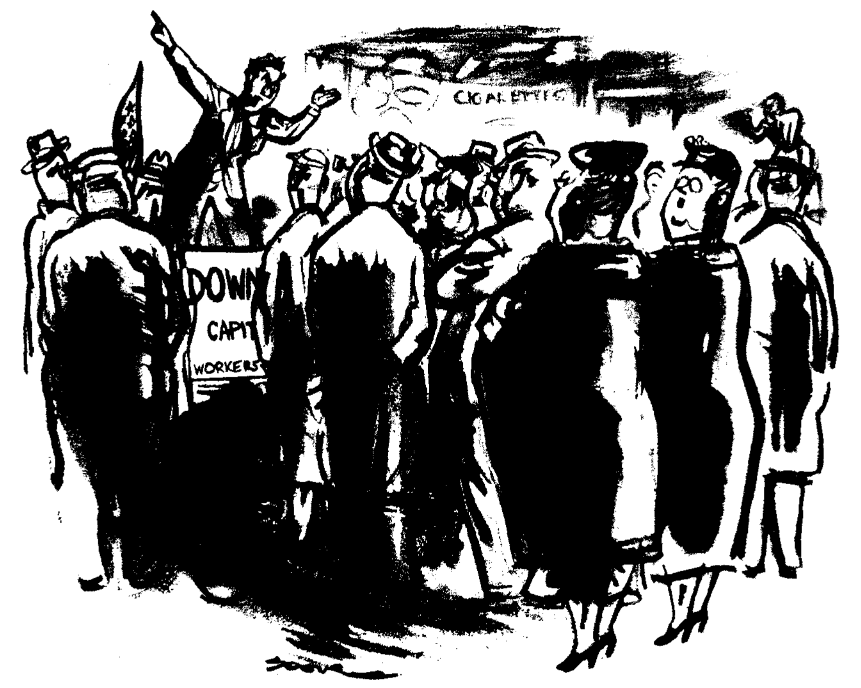
"See Bill Mellen in the morning. Don't settle too close to a cattle outfit."

"Free land—government land, ain't it?" asked Wallin.

"Yes, if you can make it stick," answered Mitchell and went on.

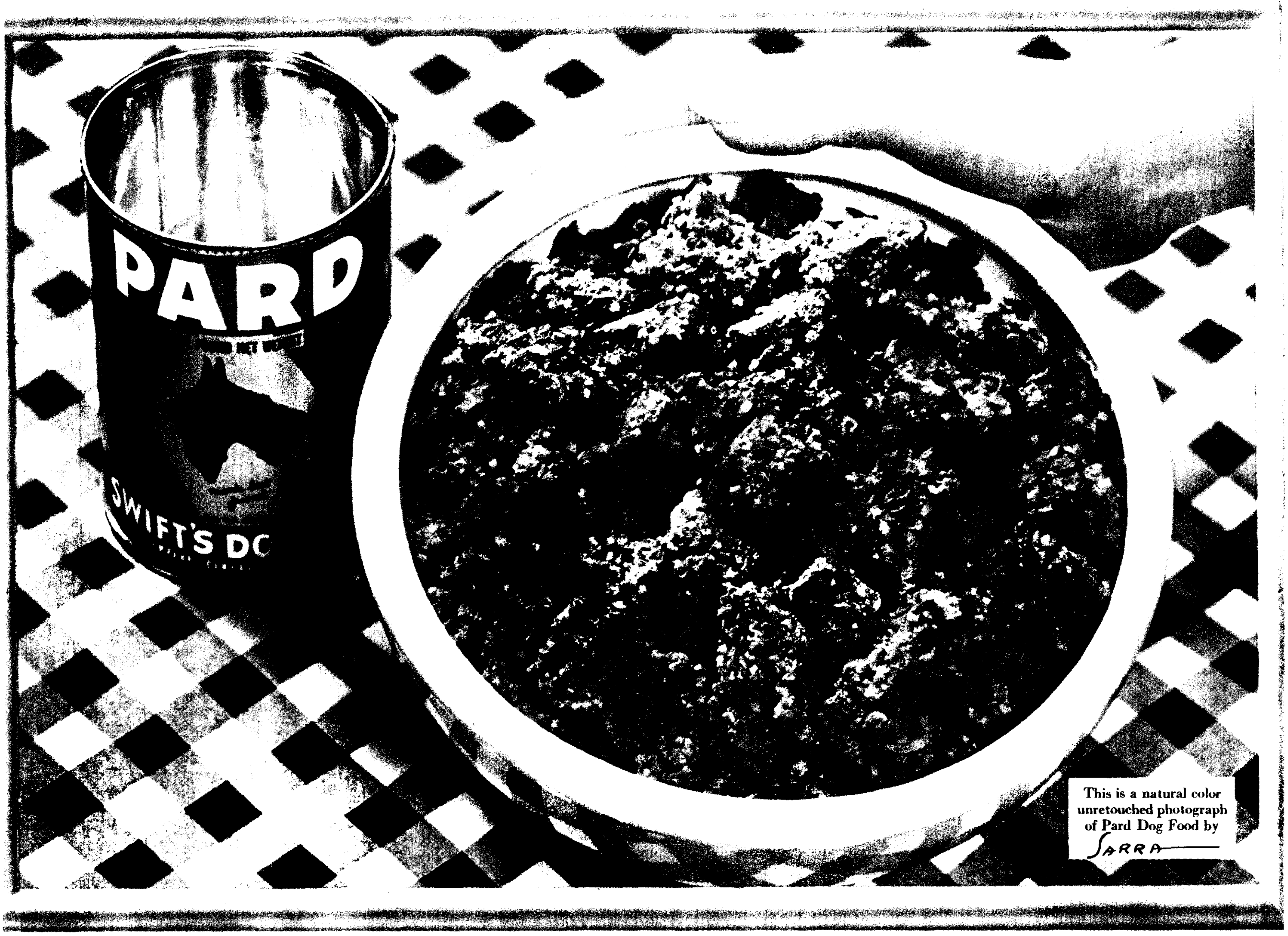
IT WAS eight o'clock when he turned by the depot and paced down Railroad Avenue along the black areas of corral and warehouse and the row of small dwellings north of the town's heart. The big passenger engine, waiting its morning run, stood on the siding with its steam faintly simmering and its line of cars dark-shadowed. A man threshed through the boards and loose wire in the Wells-Fargo compound, cursing slowly, and then turned still. Mitchell listened to that a moment and went on. After a year's practice a peace officer got to know which sounds were dangerous to him and which were not. It was a sense that grew stronger and stronger until, as Ad Morfitt had said, it broke through a marshal's nerves and began to haunt him.

He passed the mouth of Lost Horse Street, from which two months before a



"Now, remember what we promised, Matilda—in one ear and out the other"

LEONARD DOVE



This is a natural color unretouched photograph of Pard Dog Food by Sarra

Picture of Health! (FOR YOUR DOG)

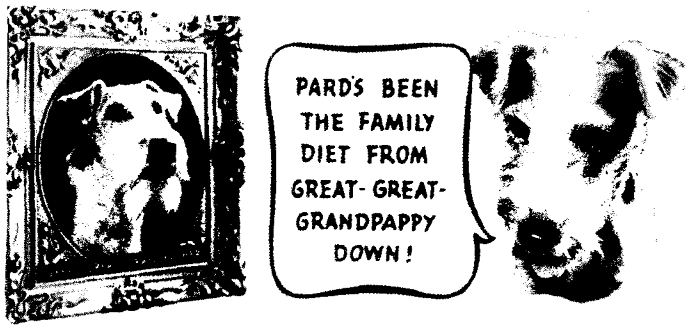
EXAMINE CAREFULLY! Make sure your dog's food can pass your "see and sniff" inspection!

Don't feed your dog just *anything*—don't endanger his health, coat, or disposition by hit-or-miss feeding.

One sniff, one look at your dog's food—that's all it takes to tell whether your dog is getting a wholesome, appetizing ration every day.

Make this simple "see and sniff" test today on a can of Pard. It means so much to your dog's good health and vigor. See for yourself how tempting and honestly good Pard looks and smells.

Then, if Pard does not come up to your expectations in every way—send the label from the Pard can to Swift & Company, Chicago, with your comments and Swift will give you *double* the price you paid.


PARD'S BEEN THE FAMILY DIET FROM GREAT-GREAT-GRANDPAPPY DOWN!

PARD HAS KEPT 5 SUCCESSIVE GENERATIONS *IN MAGNIFICENT HEALTH!*

Living at Swift's Research Kennels right now are 5 generations of pedigreed Wire-haired Fox Terriers, Chow Chows, and Cocker Spaniels. All have been weaned to *Pard exclusively* . . . without a single digestive upset or common diet-caused ailment. Their general health, vigor, and conformation to breed are, and always have been, excellent!

Let *kennel-proved* Pard protect your dog's health, too! *Feed Pard regularly!* Recommended by leading veterinarians.

✓ **FRESH! APPETIZING!**

The appetizing meat food products selected for Pard are rich in proteins, minerals, and vitamins essential to sound dog health. They are Federally inspected and passed!

✓ **ESSENTIAL FOOD INGREDIENTS!**

Pard is a nutritionally balanced blend of valuable food ingredients—combining nutritional and digestive ration supplements essential in dog diet for consistent health and vitality.

✓ **COMPLETE VITAMIN CONTENT**

An exclusive diet of Pard provides a maximum of *each of the vitamins* above the known daily requirements of any dog. Contains nicotinic acid, specific in the prevention and cure of canine black tongue. Contains Vitamin B_2 (riboflavin), essential for growth and healthy skin condition. Also, all of the other known essential vitamins: A, B_1, D, E, K, Pantothenic acid.

SWIFT'S NUTRITIONALLY BALANCED DOG FOOD

PARD

IT'S MY TREAT!

Positively! And the nicest treat you can imagine. That's because it's Dentyne. Just wait till you taste that warm refreshing goodness. When your tongue relishes that balanced spiciness, you'll say Dentyne is your treat, too.

And the smile you'll flash will have an extra gleam because chewing Dentyne helps keep your teeth bright and shining.

DENTYNE
CHEWING GUM
6 PIECES INDIVIDUALLY WRAPPED
5¢
HELPS KEEP TEETH WHITE

But why talk! Get yourself a package of Dentyne Chewing Gum. Bite into that pleasant Dentyne firmness. And know for certain how good and good for you a chewing gum can be.

Dentyne

Helps keep teeth white . . . mouth healthy

man had taken a futile shot at him. He made a wider circle of town and came again to the head of Race. The big bell in the tower boomed out curfew in round, sullen tone; and hard on its last smoldering echo a shot broke through The Pride. Mitchell said to the buckskin, "Go after it," and moved down the street toward the saloon. Men ran out of other saloons and crossed to The Pride. A second shot broke. Both of those echoes were lighter than the report of a .44 and by that sound he knew it would be one of Charley Fair's gamblers in trouble.

THE three big rooms on the second-floor front corner of Webber's House were the year-round quarters of the Gaults when in town; and here Sherry and Ford Green went after dinner. She had not seen Ford for the best part of a month and yet there wasn't much to be said. Neither of these people did a great deal of talking. Ford Green had a dry caution with words and Sherry Gault inevitably expressed everything she felt in the quickest, briefest way. Having known each other for a good many years, their engagement had simply grown into a fact, without great courtship or drama. One day Ford Green had said: "You know me pretty well, Sherry. Will I do?" And she had said: "All right, Ford."

One thing he had in great measure, an infinite patience. Lacking it, she admired it in him. Physically, she was a restless girl. While he sat idle in a chair, content with the run of things in his mind, she ranged the room, touching the objects about it, coming back to stand before him, moving on to the window. She was at the window when the two shots broke from The Pride. What arrested her attention was the unhurried manner of Dan Mitchell as he moved down Race toward the saloon and the broadside shape he made against the light.

"Somebody ought to tell him," she said, "that he makes too plain a target on that horse."

THE sound of the shooting had not brought Ford Green from his chair but he knew she would be speaking of Mitchell. "Man on horseback," he said, "that's his own idea."

She watched Mitchell round in at The Pride and step from the horse. Other men rushed at the saloon and street dust grew thick, so that Mitchell's shape was half hidden. He moved at the crowded doorway and suddenly his arms flung men aside, rough and quick, and he vanished inside. She put both hands on the window's sill, struck by his directness in action, and her mind was fully on him. "No man," she said, "can rule a town like this very long without making enemies. He knows that. It is like going into a cage of lions. One day he'll be killed, as Curly Ed Gray was before him. Does he know that, Ford?"

"He rules the town," said Ford Green, dry and softly positive. "But he doesn't run it."

"What's the difference? Except for him there wouldn't be a safe hour in River Bend."

"There's a difference," said Ford Green. Now he was interested and bent forward in the chair, using his hands to shape his thoughts. "This town splits in the middle. The gamblers and saloonmen and honky-tonk people on one side, Charley Fair speaking for them. The merchants along Willow Street on the other side, with Ed Balder doing their talking. Those two men run the town. Charley Fair wants no more law than he's got to take. Ed Balder wants law and order, but not the strict kind that will scare the trail cow hands and their money away. There's the law friend Mitchell is to enforce. He walks a tight rope—not too much, not too little. If he let the toughs have their way the town would die of its own excesses. If he clamps down the lid on the toughs all the trail trade would go somewhere else and the town would be just a little bunch of empty buildings ready for the wind to blow away."

"But it is Mitchell who makes your nice theories work. Do you see Fair or Balder or even yourself out there handling that crowd?"

She was a blunt girl even to those whom she liked or loved. Ford Green gave her a strange glance and his freckled, dry cheeks took on a small color. She had touched him somewhere on a vital point of pride. Recognizing that, she wondered about it.

"But," he said in quiet contradiction, "he understands what he's to do. Just four people around here do understand—Balder and Fair and Mitchell and me. Balder and Fair watch him every minute. If Mitchell were to swing too far either way he'd be knocked out, either by Balder or by Fair. You see?" This was the kind of complicated analysis he loved most of all, satisfying the thoughtful part of his nature. "Then there's the homesteaders, with Bill Mellen. But they're just a few. They don't count."

She came back to an earlier guess: "You hate Mitchell. You really do."

"He stands in my way."

"Why, Ford?"

He looked at her with a strangely different expression. He seemed to debate with himself. Self-revelation came hard with him after the lifelong habit of secretiveness. When he spoke it was in the driest, softest way: "I want to represent this state in the Senate."

"Why, if that is really what you want, go ahead and fight for it. Men have to fight for something. They can't stand still."

"This is a small town clear out on the empty side of the state," Ford Green said. "All the political power lies in the eastern half. But I know people. I know how to catch their eyes. I'm prosecuting attorney in the toughest town, the most sinful town west of the Missouri. I smash the crooks and the gamblers, I drive out the toughs and I clean up the town and I ride east with that reputation. That's how it's done. People love a crusader riding out of the west. It is sure medicine in this state. It always works."

She spoke with a note of wonder: "But you said that if this town were cleaned up it would blow away."

"But that's how I'll get my job. What difference does one dirty, dusty little crossroads make to a man if he's fighting his way up? Towns come and go. A man has got only one life and has a lot of things to do. Maybe he leaves some breakage behind him, but what of it?"

She studied him with a centered attention, as though she were seeing him in a new light. "You're really a cold devil, Ford. How did I ever come to like you?"

"Is it nothing better than liking, Sherry?"

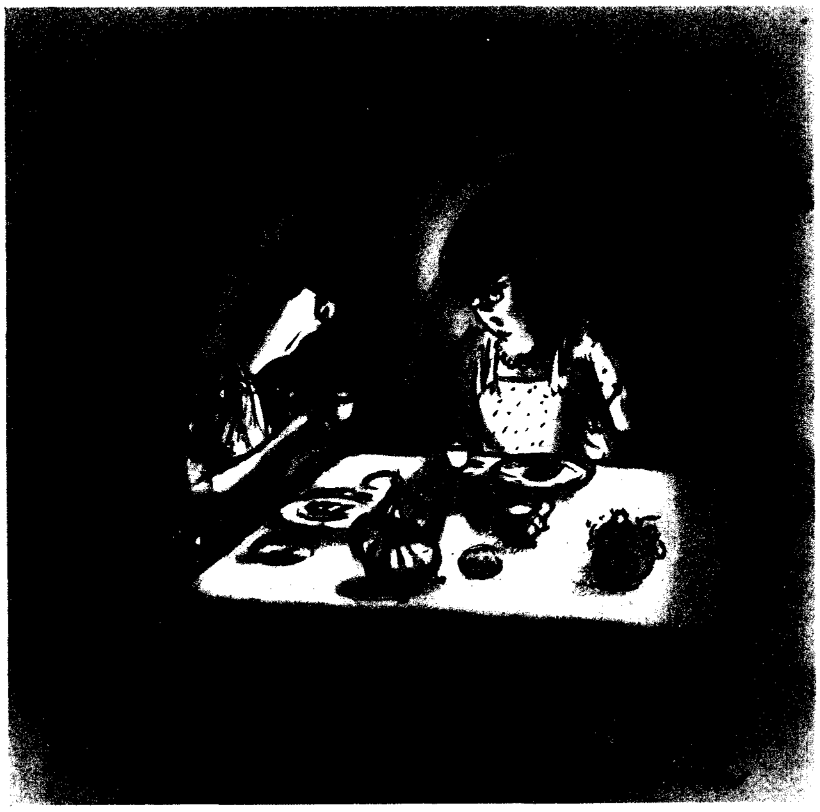
SHE said quickly, "Let's not be sentimental." Afterward she wondered why she had so swiftly moved away from sentiment and for a little while she let herself think of the feeling she had for Ford Green. Nothing much had ever been said about love. He had not bothered to sweep her off her feet. He had been only Ford Green, characteristically dry and cautious in his proposal. "It is odd," she murmured, more to herself than to him.

"What's odd?"

"I have always had some very fixed ideas about a man and woman in love. I wonder—" But again she evaded her thoughts. One very realistic corner of her mind held its doubt for a moment, and its barbed and insistent demand that she come back and face the question directly, as she liked to face all things. It was very strange that she deliberately closed out that part of her head.

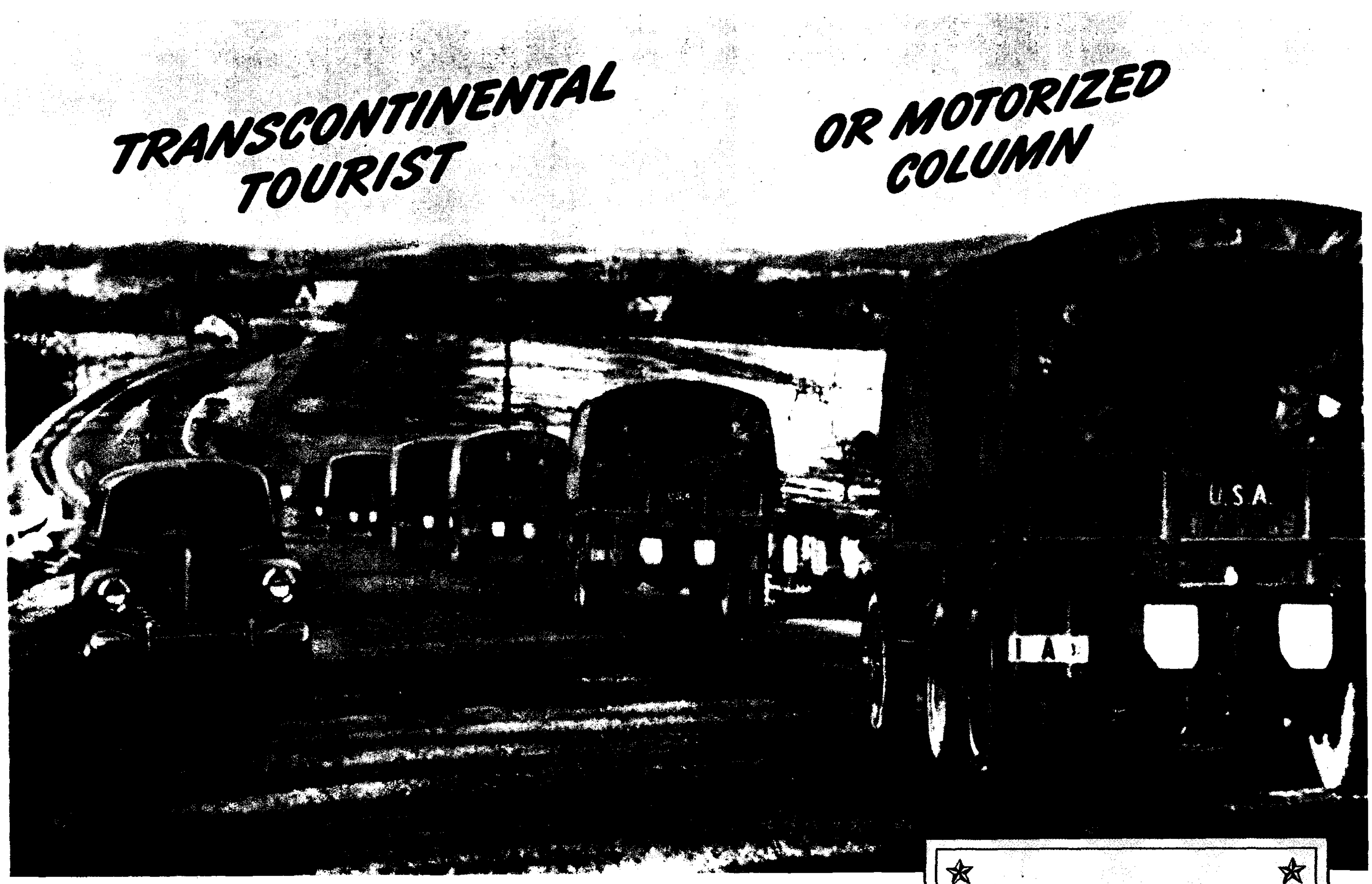
"To close this town tight I'll have to maneuver around Mitchell," Green said. "Time will come for that."

She didn't wholly like his casual way of saying it. "He's a big target, Ford. He's easy to shoot at. Fight him as hard as you please, if that is what you want. But do it as he does it. Don't shoot from a dark alley." She gave him a searching glance. "But that isn't the



"Goodness, there's that dark man in my tea, again!" JACK MARKOW

Both can thank Truck Taxes for America's magnificent highways!



YOU'LL see plenty of road pictures like this in 1941 . . . with plenty of modern roads and highways making it possible . . . *thanks largely to Truck taxes.*

And *everybody* benefits. You and your family singing along in the car. Uncle Sam's defense forces, their equipment and supplies, getting there faster. To say nothing of all the stores and factories and farms and industries where we Americans earn our living.

These taxes paid by trucks in the past ten years have been sufficient to build 137,000 miles of modern roads (at $22,000 per mile)!

Special highway taxes—from trucks alone — are enough to maintain every mile of state highways in America—and build 8,800 miles of new roads besides!

But you haven't heard *anything* yet!

What trucks have contributed in taxes is literally *dwarfed* by the job truck transportation does every year . . . giving America lower costs on practically everything you eat, wear or use . . . speeding up business for every store, factory, mill and farm in the country.

You see, *motor* freight moves with greater overall speed, flexibility and economy . . . requires less handling . . . is never sidetracked. Many foods . . . latest styles . . . movies . . . newspapers . . . many of modern necessities would not even be available — in some 48,000 American communities — if it weren't for truck transportation!

Nice going, don't you agree—for the youngest of America's great modern industries?

HOW'S THIS FOR A CONTRIBUTION TO NATIONAL DEFENSE?

No other country in the world has a transport defense asset to match America's:

1. *over 300,000 miles of main highways.*
2. *4½ million trucks — half of all trucks in the world . . .*
3. *directly employing more men than all other forms of transportation combined—trained men, experts in truck transport.*

FREE MOVIE! — *"Singing Wheels" — Thrilling 22-minute feature, for club meetings. Inquire — your State Motor Truck Assn., affiliated with ATA.*

SAFETY ATA COURTESY DISPATCH

AMERICAN TRUCKING ASSOCIATIONS
WASHINGTON, D.C.

"Spring" . . . *by Elmo Anderso*

Things a man can trust

It is Spring again; the ancient miracle that is always new. The earth sends out its never-failing promise. We know that we can trust it.

Likewise, the policyholders of the New York Life Insurance Company have good reason to feel that they can rely on the promises of their Company. Through all the years since it started business in 1845 it has fulfilled its every obligation to policyholders and beneficiaries.

This Company adheres to the principle that "safety is *always* the first consideration." ★ ★ ★ For nearly a century it has weathered every panic, war and epidemic. ★ ★ ★ The Company operates under the most stringent laws for the protection of policyholders. ★ ★ ★ It has always been a mutual company, has never had a stockholder, and pays dividends to policyholders only. ★ ★ ★ New York Life representatives have a unique incentive to render the best possible service to their clients under a special agency plan which promotes and rewards long continuity of service and benefits all concerned—the policyholder, the beneficiary, the agent and the Company.

Before you buy your next policy, have a talk with a representative of the New York Life in your community. He may be able to help you.

NEW YORK LIFE
INSURANCE COMPANY

A Mutual Company
Founded on April 12, 1845

51 Madison Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

Safety is always the first consideration . . . Nothing else is so important

whole reason for your hating him, Ford."

He showed a small flush of color again. "You've got sharp eyes."

"What's the real reason?"

His answer came out with reluctance: "I never could like a man who throws away his strength and laughs at the world and doesn't give a damn for anything. A man who's got things in him I'd give my right arm to have—and throws them away. I'm honest about it, Sherry. I have to work hard for what I want. He wants nothing and everything comes easy for him." Then he added one impulsive phrase: "I don't like the way he looks at you."

"Ah," said Sherry and turned to the window. Her lips changed, she drew a long breath. "I can take care of myself, Ford." She held her glance on the doorways of The Pride.

MEN blocked The Pride's nearest doorway. The buckskin, following the sound of trouble like a trained hunting dog, swung abreast the door and stopped. Mitchell got down, walking against the back edge of the crowd. He said, "Give way," but his talk wasn't heard. Everybody faced the doorway, looking into The Pride's packed hall. In there a long silence lay until one man's voice gritted through it, full of outrage: "A tinhorn sport—"

Mitchell moved to the back edge of the crowd. He thrust both hands before him, parting the nearest men. He moved between them and felt their resistance. Suddenly he stiffened his legs and bucked into this mass and tore it loose with a ramming impact of his elbows. Men swung around at him and somebody said, "What the hell—" and tried to reach at him through the jam. Mitchell got to the doorway. There was a cow hand blocking it; he caught the man by the coat collar and flung him back and passed into The Pride.

The Pride's brackets and chandeliers built up a strong silver flare against the great back-bar mirror. The crowd, caught flat-footed by trouble, stood in separate groups, at the bar, at the tables, along the walls; and all men faced the center of the room where the gambler Hazelhurst stood beside a capsized poker table with his pistol half lifted.

Mitchell cut a way through the crowd with his shoulders, hearing the stamp of his own boots in the deadlocked quiet. A trail cow hand lay face down and dead on the floor, one hand clinging to a gun and the other gripping two playing cards, so revealing the full story of what had happened. The huge Texan, Cap Ryker, stood over the dead man, his face turned scarlet. Charley Fair had moved behind Hazelhurst to cover the gambler's rear. Hazelhurst, cool and deadly calm, stared at the crowd with a pride that would never break. At the moment his pale face hated them all and despised them all.

Seeing Mitchell, Ryker began to yell at him: "That's an Anchor man dead there—that's one of my men! I told you I'd bust up this damned town if anything happened, and I *will!*"

Charley Fair's smooth voice followed: "Don't get excited, friend. Your boy made a tough remark about the dealer and went for the gun first."

"The deal was crooked!" shouted Cap Ryker.

Charley Fair said patiently: "Careful about that. Never was a crooked game played in this house."

"That man," yelled Cap Ryker, and swung his arm toward George Hazelhurst, "won't see another sunrise in this world!"

"Cool off," urged Charley Fair. "You're squawkin' like a short sport." His glance moved over to Mitchell and remained there, waiting for Mitchell to speak, to act. The saloonman, Mitchell knew, was accustomed to tight squeezes and could handle himself in any situation, but this moment was bad and would grow worse. Cap Ryker said, "We'll take care of Anchor and we'll do what Billy Blades tried to do. Gambler, you're dead as hell right now, and you'll be deader!"

Men swayed under the compulsion of Cap Ryker's voice; they came up beside him and behind him. This was another heart of night on Race Street and this was another one of those savage silences beneath which wildness burned like fire. The faces of these men grew long and thin light touched off pale, strange flares in their eyes. In the stillness Mitchell heard the rustling rasp of death and he felt the pulse of trouble, all this so old and familiar to him that he could close his eyes and know at what precise instant fury would break.

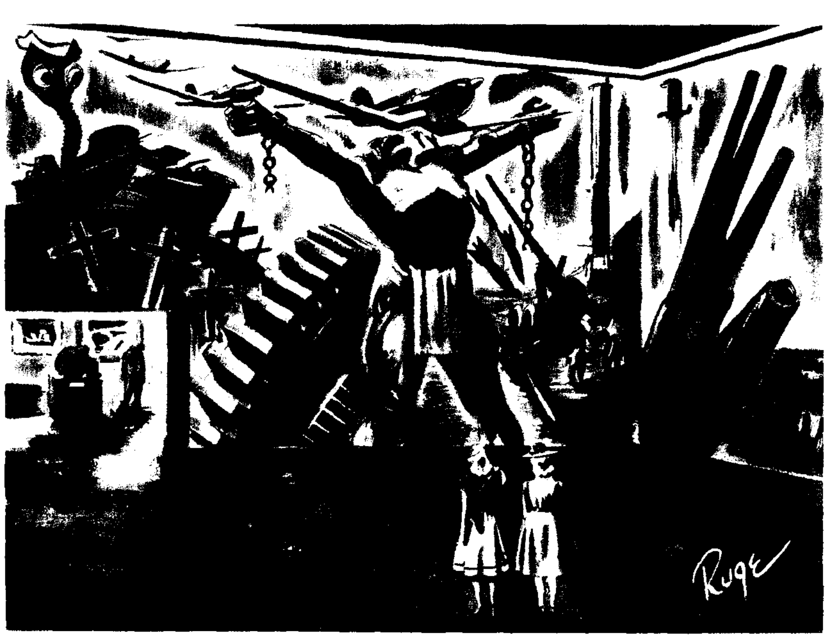
There was always one man whose single word or single motion unloosened the wild strength of a mob. In this instance it would be Cap Ryker. Cap Ryker turned half around, looking at all the Texas trail hands waiting, and he filled his chest and opened his mouth and said, "All right—" and said no more. Mitchell's voice struck in:

"That's enough from you."

Ryker slashed his great hand downward. "Marshal, I'm going to show you—"

"Stand fast," said Mitchell, "or you'll be the next man in boot hill."

(To be continued next week)



"Doesn't anyone ever paint murals for fun?" JOHN A. RUGE

FOR RADIANT
Morning Freshness

Try Doing This At Bedtime Tonight

DOES morning find you fresh, clear-eyed and buoyant—glad to be alive? Or do you feel dull and heavy-headed—your whole appearance reflecting the lack of sound, *refreshing sleep?*

Thousands who have had this trouble are now solving it in a very simple way. They do it with the aid of *new, improved* Ovaltine which does these important things:—

First: When taken before going to bed, Ovaltine has the power to relieve that feeling of "nervous tension." Thus helping to condition the mind for sleep.

Second: It provides a specialized form of nourishment designed to prevent certain common types of digestive unrest. These conditions, according to medical authority, may be the cause of 50% of night-time tossing.

Third: Ovaltine also furnishes certain food elements to replenish vitality—rebuild worn-out muscle, nerve and body cells while you sleep.

The new, improved Ovaltine has recently been enriched with greater amounts of protecting minerals and greater amounts of Vitamins A, B and D. It is a scientific food-concentrate designed to accomplish specific nutritional results for those who are rundown, nervous and under par or who sleep poorly.

These are not mere "statements" or "claims." In a 3-year scientific investigation, the majority found that, when they took Ovaltine regularly at bedtime, they definitely felt *more refreshed* in the morning.

Why Not Try It?

For the sake of your health, your nerves and particularly your appearance—try taking the *new, improved* Ovaltine regularly—commence at bedtime tonight.

Mail for Free Samples

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Please send free samples of Regular and Chocolate Flavored Ovaltine, and informative illustrated booklet on nutritional values. One sample offer to a person. (Good only in U. S. A.)

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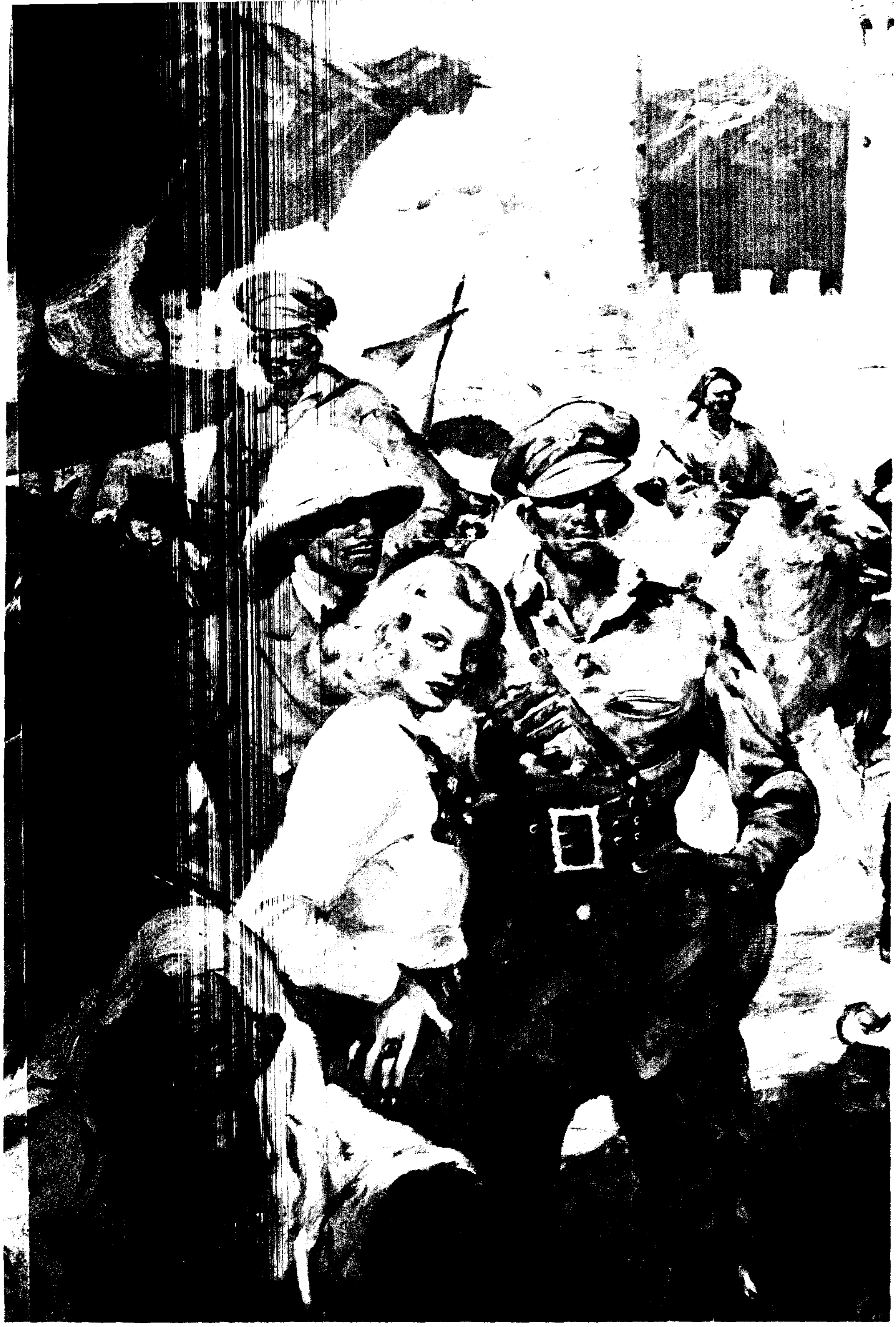
THE PROTECTING FOOD-DRINK



"NO PLACE FOR A MAN'S WIFE!"

THE CITY OF KHOTAN in the hands of the bandit General Ma was the last spot in Turkestan you would expect to find a woman like Diana Craig. Perhaps she was no more beautiful than thousands of other American women but Khotan and General Ma had never seen anyone like her.

A war correspondent with a wife much too beautiful for her own good has no business in Turkestan. But it was Diana's thinly veiled contempt for her husband that excited the General as much as her blond beauty.

To appreciate General Ma, you would have to see a town his troops had sacked. He was utterly without scruples. Like his ancestor, Genghis Khan, he took what he wanted. His word, he bragged, was utterly worthless.

It seems fantastic that Allen Craig, who could not master his own wife, thought to bluff a man like this. But the result is a completely thrilling story in H. Vernor Dixon's "Generals Make Promises." It's one of eleven stories and novels in the May American Magazine that today presents the month's biggest entertainment value in over 2,275,000 homes.

Starting too is a rapid-fire novel about secret Nazi bases in the midst of Florida's glamorous winter playground—

PHILIP WYLIE'S
"*Black Water*"

And, a complete short novel of San Francisco's Chinatown, "Number 1 Wife" by Thelma Strabel, brings you all the excitement of a $2.00 book. *177 colorful pages are yours to enjoy and to profit by—at your newsstand today.*

Half a Hundred Thrills-Laughs-Profitable Features

MR. WOOD GOES TO WASHINGTON—The first truly revealing story of Edward Frederick Lindley Wood, or Lord Halifax, the incredible English Squire whose post of British Ambassador is second only to that of Prime Minister Churchill.

FLIVVERS FROM HELL—About the "Jeeps," Uncle Sam's newest, deadliest weapon, our 80 mile-per-hour scout cars.

LET DOWN AND LIVE—Does this high-tension world get you down? Got the jitters? Then put your feet on the table and read these ABC's of relaxation.

OUTWITTING JAPANESE SPIES—One naval man did it with a few old picture post cards and a correspondence course. Maybe they're not so tough.

HE COULD PLAY GOLF LIKE A CHAMPION—UNTIL HE BEGAN TO THINK. The gallery always followed Jerry—to watch him blow. One day he fooled them. "Waiting for Jerry" and 10 other fiction treats in the May American.

HOW WIDE AWAKE ARE YOU? A quiz to try on yourself and your friends.

ALSO: another exciting part of Katharine Brush's new novel, "You Go Your Way" ..."Bat Magic"—How big leaguers make baseball superstitions win games ..."Six Highways To Happiness" by the new President of General Motors, Charles Erwin Wilson ... Gene Tierney of "Tobacco Road," one of Hollywood's most exciting finds of the year. More than 50 features for only 25¢ (30¢ in Canada).

America's BIGGEST 25¢ WORTH

No less than 11 stories and novels, a quiz, top-flight articles, cartoons, full-color photo section. Fun and profit for all the family.

The American

The Traitor

Continued from page 19

"A gal who'd marry a rat like Collins isn't any better than he is."

"You let *me* attend to Roger."

"You busted up Pete and Josie, too."

"Yes?"

"And turned poor old Pop against Bert."

"Anything else, pal?"

"Lied about Mamie and me, too."

"You're doing fine—go on."

But Ensign Murphy sank down on the edge of the bed and put his battered face between his hands.

"Agh! . . . get out of here—" he said.

"You stir a step out of this room," I said, "and the U. S. Navy will be minus one ensign so quick it will make you dizzier than you are now! Think it over, Jack."

I raced downstairs and telephoned Lieutenant Leslie, explaining that Mr. Murphy had been in a slight auto accident. I then called Pete Briscoe. He agreed to come right over and mount guard on Jack. He asked no questions.

Dolores said dinner was ready. I told her to put it in the warming oven.

THEN I sallied forth to find Lieutenant Roger Collins. It was time for a showdown with that gentleman. I meant to make it good and final, too. I was in a shooting temper.

There were lights in almost every office at the Administration Building. I decided to try Roger's office first.

Lieutenant Collins was in.

He opened the door just a few inches and said hastily: "Sorry, Phyl, but I'm tied up. See you after dinner—"

"You'll see me right now!" I said.

I pushed into the room.

Roger was wearing an old glove on his left hand. There was a bruise across his forehead. Otherwise he looked unhurt.

This angered me and I blurted: "Barely scratched, hunh? Jack didn't get off so easy. But then—it was two against one, wasn't it?"

I expected Roger to show some embarrassment, if not shame. But he didn't.

"Oh—is Murphy able to talk?" he asked.

"Did you try to kill him?"

"Afraid I did."

"Sorry to disappoint you. I found him wandering on the beach. Why did both of you jump on him?"

"We didn't."

"He says you did. I believe him!"

Roger winced.

"Now, really, dear—must we quarrel just now? I'm waiting for your father to call me on the carpet."

"Oh . . . he knows about it?"

"Naturally. I had to prefer charges."

"Charges?"

"Against Murphy. Striking a superior officer. An offense punishable by dismissal, you know."

"What crust! You and Bob take the poor kid out on the beach and pound him half to death—so *you* prefer charges!"

"He hit Bob."

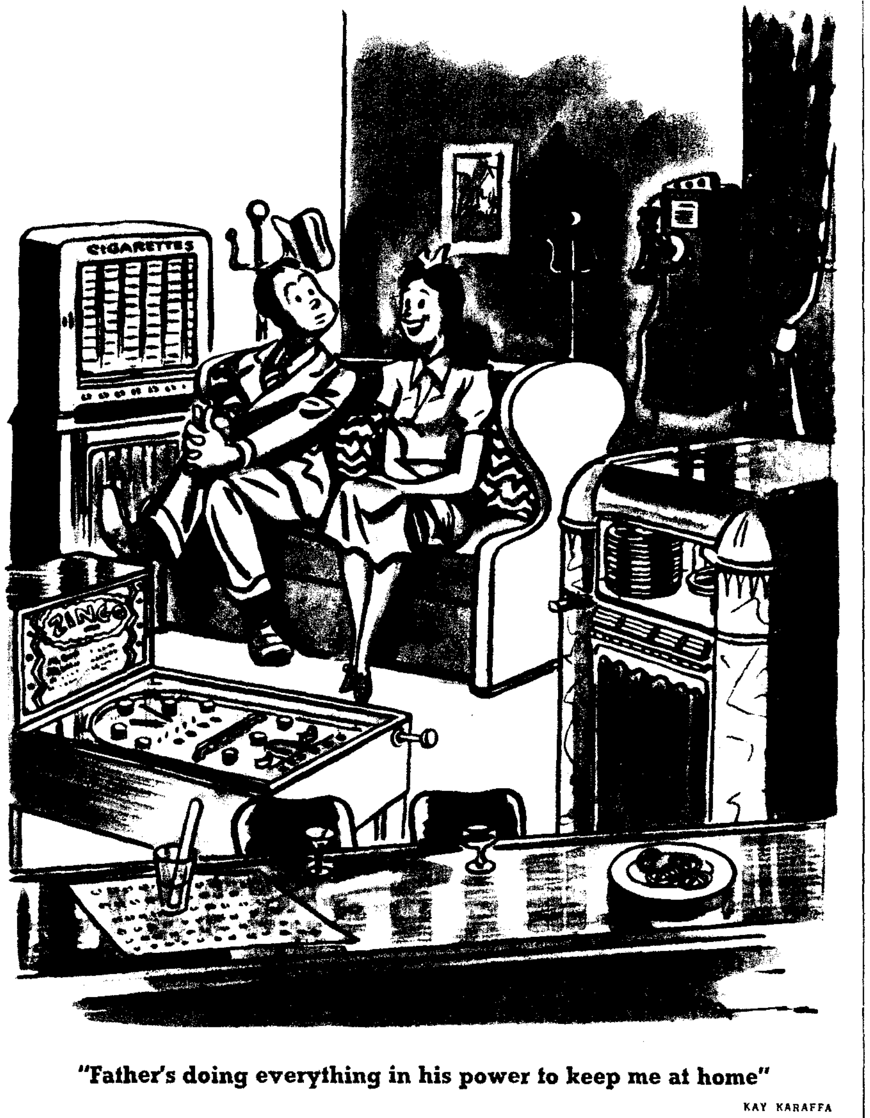
"After you taunted him."

Roger stiffened, frowning.

"Taking Murphy's part against me?"

"Definitely. You've had it in for Jack—you saw a chance to frame him and you framed him. It was cruel . . . brutal . . . inexcusable. You're going to withdraw those charges. If you don't, I'll make a few of my own!"

This had no effect whatever; he



"Father's doing everything in his power to keep me at home"

KAY KARAFFA

EMBLEMS OF EXCELLENCE

CALNAN MEMORIAL TROPHY. Because it is awarded for excellence with the three types of weapons used in modern fencing—foil, sabre and épée—the Calnan Memorial Trophy is a coveted award in this interesting sport. It is presented annually to the National Championship Three-Weapon Team. Only fencers who have proved their superiority through a series of contests can get their names on the Calnan Trophy. They must be better than good!

ETHYL EMBLEM. There is an award for excellence in gasolines too. It is the Ethyl emblem. Gasoline in a pump which bears this emblem has to be better than good. It must be "tops" in anti-knock (octane number) and all-round quality. Ethyl means a cooler-running engine in summer; extra power and smoothness throughout the year. When you stop to buy gasoline, the Ethyl emblem tells you which pump contains the best.

ETHYL
ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION

THE BETTER THE GAS, THE BETTER YOUR CAR

ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION, NEW YORK CITY

HE SHOWS HIS TROPHIES TO EVERY GUEST....

But did his hunting at auction sales

Anyone can make big claims... But performance is what counts!

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merely shook his head in the top-lofty fashion of one who is patient with a child.

"Bad nerves, hon. Can't blame you. It's been hellish here. Why don't you go home and try to get some sleep? Take a sedative."

"You're still going to try to get Jack?"

"Sorry—but I happen to know things —you don't."

"All right."

He followed me toward the door.

"Why do you say 'all right' in that tone?"

I turned and faced him.

"You and I aren't going to be friends any more!" I said.

"Oh, yes, we are."

"No. Not if you—"

"We're going to be married."

"No."

Roger grabbed me by the arms.

"Look at me!"

"I'm looking. It's still no."

"If I could tell you what I—ah, Phyllis, I do love you so much!"

HE TRIED to kiss me, but I ducked and wrenched loose. The gesture did what none of my scornful words could accomplish. It brought a mist of tears to his eyes.

"Why won't you trust me?" he said huskily. "You should know I—I'd give my life for you and the skipper. I'm working to *save* you—from all of them. Won't you believe that? Why should you try to bedevil me—in the last hour? You know I'd tell you the whole thing if I could. Won't you wait—just a few more days? And not make it such hell for me to do my duty?"

"What duty?"

"To you and your dad."

"So kicking Jack out of the Service is part of that duty?"

"Murphy? No."

"I thought perhaps you were going to accuse him of being our traitor."

"You mean Bert Sedden, don't you?"

"Oh, haven't you been told?"

"Afraid I don't—"

"It isn't Bert—it's an officer!" I said.

Roger did a phony take-em and I realized that he had been told, knew as much as anyone, but was covering up because of his pious attitude toward official secrets.

"Who told you?"

"Never mind."

"You shouldn't be talking about—"

"Blaaah! It's all over the Yard."

Shrugging, Roger shook his head again and sighed.

"What a madhouse," he said. "What a fine democratic Navy we've got. No discipline, no secrecy, not even an organization. Well, that's democracy for you."

"I like it," I said.

Roger looked at his wrist watch and started pacing the floor. He went to the desk and spoke to the yeoman in my father's anteroom. He said, "Still busy, eh? Thanks," and hung up.

"Do you suspect anyone, Roger?" I said.

He turned on me in exasperation: "*Please,* Phyllis—I can't discuss—oh, for Pete's sake, run along."

There was a knock on the door. Roger jumped to open it.

A marine private saluted, then spoke to me, saying: "Miss Hartney, Mr. Prentice would like to see you at the basin, if convenient. If not, he wants to know when you can see him at your house."

"Tell him I'll be right over."

Roger closed the door.

"*Must* you go down there?"

"Why not?"

"I think it—very unwise."

"*Why?*"

"I'm not at liberty to explain, Phyllis. But I hope you'll accept my word for it."

"Name one reason."

"Well, since you force me—I don't like those fellows."

"Which ones—or all three?"

"Prentice and Rorabeck."

"Oh, neither do I!"

"Then, why in the world—"

"I like Lieutenant Roberts."

"Ah—I see."

"I like him very much!"

Nodding, with an acid-sweet smile, I opened the door. I had stricken Roger speechless. This is a good way to leave them, after a quarrel. It would put the fear of God into Lieutenant Collins.

"When you change your mind about Jack," I said, "come crawling across my doorstep on your knees and let me know."

Then I hurried off to the basin.

The rain had turned into a white mist as I reached the canvas fence around Savvy's domain. Floodlights inside cast an unearthly glow upon the fog. Dutch Prentice was waiting at the gate, hatless but wearing a tattered raincoat, and he flicked away a cigarette with a derisive gesture.

"Walk, don't run," he said, "Savvy isn't here!"

"Oh . . . then, why—"

"Thought you loved *me,* Angel?"

"Passionately, of course."

"You're going to get a chance to prove it!"

"Is this a proposition, sir?"

"And how! Come into the parlor."

I followed him to the tent which he and Pat Rorabeck shared.

"'Tenshun, you ape! The cap'n's datter!"

Pat jumped up from an old rattan rocker where he had been brooding. Always a glum, poker-faced young man, he gave me no indication of the reason for this urgent summons. He said: "Hi-yah, Miss Hartney. Have a chair."

I sat down rather gingerly on a canvas contraption, while Dutch wiped the fog from his glasses.

"Show her the poem," Dutch said.

"Naw . . . you swiped it," Pat said.

DUTCH produced a greasy engineering report book folded to a back page and handed it to me. There were four patriotic stanzas written in pencil with much scratching-out and erasures. I read them.

"It isn't bad," I said. "Who wrote it?"

"Savvy."

"Oh, it's beautiful!" I said.

Pat and Dutch exchanged disgusted glances. Dutch pulled the notebook out of my hands and pocketed it.

"So a death warrant is beautiful, hunh?" Pat said. "You know what happens to us every time that guy starts writing poetry?"

"We die, Angel—of slow starvation!"

"I am strangely unmoved," I said.

"You see?"

"She doesn't get it!"

"Draw a diagram, Pat!"

"Naw, you explain it."

"If you boys were only a radio program I might like it," I said. "But seeing you in the flesh frightens me, somehow."

Dutch got the nod from Pat and said: "Look, Angel, it's like this: the poem means that Savvy is marching as to war, see? He's broken out in a rash of patriotism all of a sudden. He finished that thing last night. So this afternoon, what does he do? He says we're going to turn our rocket-boat over to the Navy as is. Then, we're all going to take leaves of absence from the pay roll and devote our lives to ultrasonics!"

"Ultrasonics?"

"High-frequency sound waves, dope."

"Sounds sound enough," I said.

"Oh, Lord, she puns!"

"You try it, Pat."

So Pat said: "This isn't funny, Miss Hartney. We could be *years* working on that damn' sound-wave gadget. A detector would be easy enough—but Savvy thinks he can explode torpedoes and bust up bomber engines by counter-phasing 'em. We could talk the Navy into letting us work on a detector. But this other thing—not a chance. So what? So Savvy says we've got to work on our own dough!"

Well, I was beginning to get it.

"How could you do that? You're all busted, aren't you?"

Pat and Dutch looked at each other.

"Naw . . . we got insurance."

"Dutch has."

"How about yours?"

"That went last fall."

"Judas! Well, anyway, we'll all get jobs and work after hours, Saturdays, Sundays and fast days."

"According to Savvy."

"I think that would be truly noble, boys," I said.

This angered Dutch.

"You lie in your teeth, Hartney," he said, giving me a goggly scowl. "You can't play a love scene with a guy in the afternoon and come down here and pretend you don't care what happens to him."

"A love scene, my dear Dutch?"

"On the boat landing south of the dry dock. I saw you."

Never trust an engineer.

I said: "I did notice something skulking under the pier, but I thought it was an octopus. Was Pat there too?"

Pat shook his head.

"Missed it. Had to come back here. Guard duty."

"Savvy and I are merely good friends—"

"Blaaaah!"

"It's the truth! Furthermore, I wouldn't try to interfere with what he thought was his duty. If you boys aren't willing to make such a sacrifice for your country, why don't you simply refuse to help Savvy with this ultrasonic business?"

They were amused.

"There's always an 'or else' with Savvy, kid."

"Or else?"

"An alternative, Angel."

"Tell her!"

"We're traitors, see? We've lived on beans and hot dogs and worked our fool heads off—but is that enough? Ah, no! That damn' rocket engine was the easy way. You don't serve your country the easy way. So what? Either we do penance by starving to death for the next two or three years—ultrasonics, get it?—or else."

Pat snorted.

"The alternative is that we all go to Canada and enlist in their navy!"

Dutch groaned:

"The Canadian navy—Judas!"

Pat said: "How about it? You going to help us?"

"Where is Savvy?"

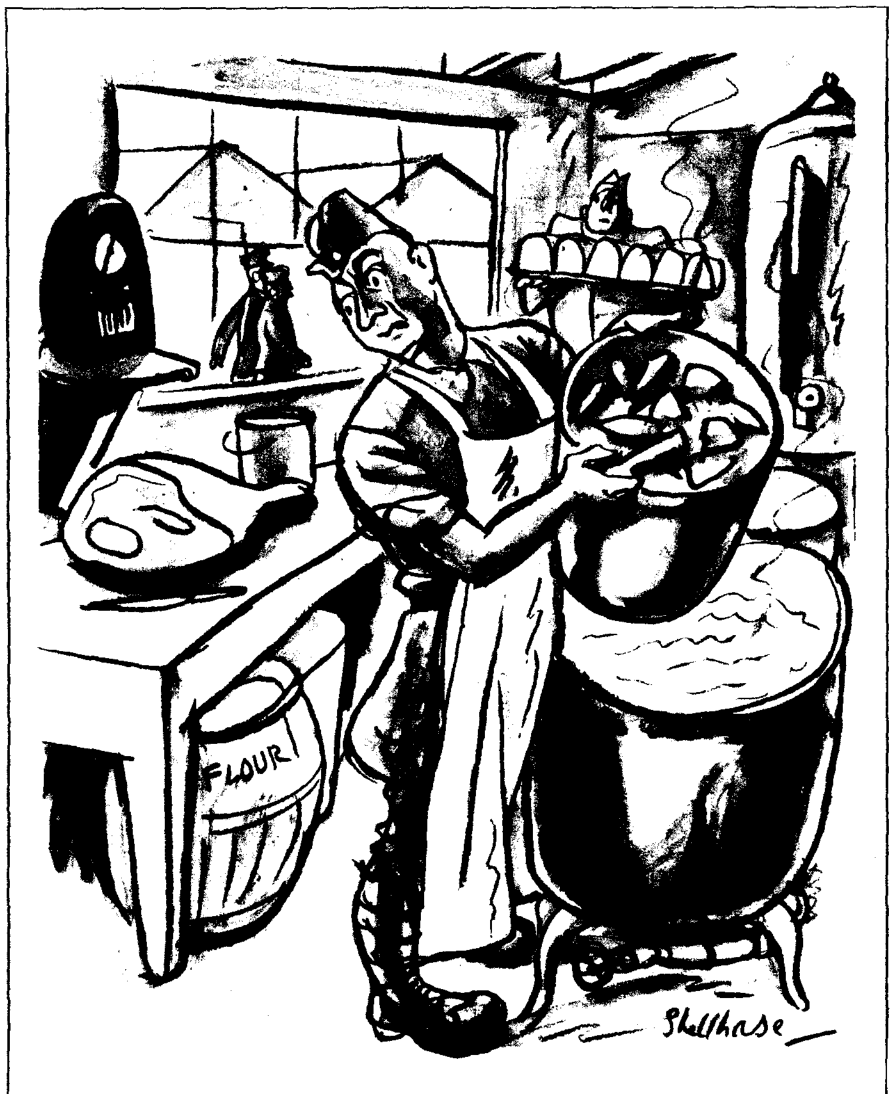
"In the village—talking to Bert."

But Dutch, in his eagerness to have me for an ally, blundered.

"When love of country comes in, love of woman flies right out the window, Angel!" he said.

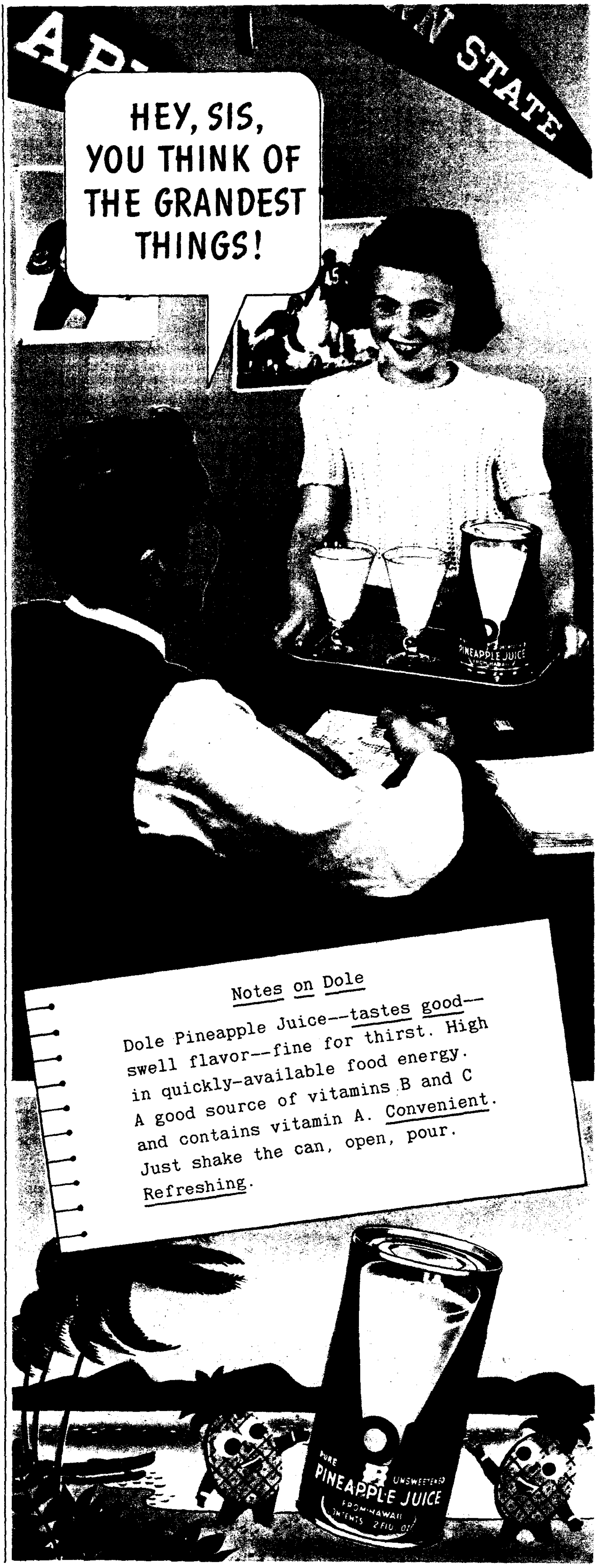
I BLUNDERED also. Instead of temporizing or diplomatically promising to have a talk with Savvy about it, I was determined to keep face. I suspected them of trying to trick me into helping them through this difficulty, and believed that they would then resume their warfare against me. Moreover, I was ashamed of myself for sharing their antagonism to Savvy's plan.

So I got very hoity-toity, true blue to the U. S. Navy. I broke out the flag and tooted the bugle. No, no, I said, they sadly misunderstood me. I had no designs on Lieutenant Roberts. Just good friends, that's all. I would certainly never, by word or deed, attempt to dissuade him from his high conception of duty. Dutch and Pat should be ashamed



"How about pleasing your menfolks tonight with lemon chiffon pie?"

GEORGE SHELLHASE



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of themselves even to think of such a thing, I said. It was disloyal to Savvy. It showed a sad lack of real patriotism.

"Blaaaaah!" Dutch said.

"Didn't I tell you she was a little stinker?" Pat said.

I made a few remarks, too, about civilian engineers. There was blood on the moon. I pointed the accusing finger at Dutch and said: "I think *you're* worse than unpatriotic! I think you're a traitor!"

Then I left in a hurry.

Muttered civilian-engineer curses followed me.

(Technical Explanation: There is a hiatus in the journal of P. Hartney from the point where I arrived home until the next morning. A gal can stand only so much. I had some tea and toast in my room. Then I locked my door, told Dolores to tell the skipper I was done in, took two aspirins and went to bed.)

WHEN I got back on the job, next morning, mysterious changes had taken place in the situation. My father already had left for his office, but Dolores provided me with a startling summary at breakfast. I quote Dolores in the original Spanish translated verbatim:

"That great man, the captain, your father, has cleaned up much of the filth, Señorita. Would you believe it possible? The flier, that poor beaten one, is not to make love to the Señora Cowles any more. It seems that he was only flirting with her, or so he vowed on his word of honor to the captain. The Señora Cowles, that one, would of course lie, but I do not think Señor Murphy lied. His voice sounded through the door full of sincerity."

"Which door?"

"The book-room door. Holy Mother and the Seven Wailing Sinners, your father is much man when angry! Señor Murphy pleaded for his very life. He is afraid to fly no longer. He leaves for North Island to resume with the fliers as soon as those generals—"

"Admirals."

"Dios, are they not all the same, the stupid ones with swords and feathers in their hats? Do you wish to hear the rest of this—or am I continually to be rebuked as an ignorant servant girl?"

"Continue, Señorita Snitch."

"Well, then—but this morning, while you were still asleep, I had coffee with Lolita, that Mexican. She also had listened. An irreverence, a coarseness and an obscenity, that Mexican! What an eavesdropper, what a gossip! The Señora McMatthews has an extension telephone in the back hall. A convenience you do not permit *me*, who loves you."

"I am rebuked. Go on."

"Is it possible that Lolita can be telling the truth? She says that Lieutenant Briscoe has taken back his wife. But *this is incredible, surely: The* Señora McMatthews has invited the Señora Briscoe to join the cardplayers' club! That black-eyed wench in the cardplayers' club—do you believe it?"

I shook my head.

"If true, the heavens have indeed fallen and you, Dolores, will soon be joining the Girl Scouts," I said.

Dolores laughed.

"You are so fonny," she said, in English. "I too weel make joke. There ees beegair miracle the captain 'as perform, señorita!"

"I'll bite."

"He 'as restore to the Señora Cowles her virtue. The lieutenant ees not to leave her!"

"No!"

"*Si, si*, but yes!"

I finished my breakfast in thoughtful silence. I knew what was beginning to happen at Navy Station. Our people, after spilling a good deal of bad blood, had decided to close ranks. There could be no other explanation of the astounding peace pact between Mrs. Briscoe and the Yard bridge club, which had determinedly barred her for so many months. If Dolores' gossip about Jack Murphy, Bob Cowles and Pete Briscoe was true, it could be put down, in large part, to my father's influence. But if Mrs. Mac, Mrs. Davis, Mrs. Conroy et al. had really admitted Josie Briscoe to the bridge club, the millennium was drawing nigh and we might all be saved.

The telephone rang. Dolores reported a message from my father that he would be ready to start for the village to see Mom Sedden in half an hour.

I was upstairs dressing when the doorbell rang.

Lieut. Commander Kirstell had come to call.

Feeling a bit grim, I marched into the living room. Was I still in his confidence? Was I still part of the show? Or, now that Bert Sedden had been dropped as a suspect, was I to be told to run along and play with my dolls?

Kirstell was in uniform and carefully groomed, but he showed the marks of overwork and lack of sleep.

"Can we talk here?" he asked, after we had exchanged greetings.

"Just as soon as I send Dolores on an errand," I said.

Dolores dispatched to the commissary for a list of groceries, I returned to the living room.

"Haven't seen you for quite a while, Commander," I said.

"No. Been very busy."

He looked a little flustered, a strange reaction from him.

I moved right in to the attack:

"Quite a few things have happened: Bert questioned and cleared. *A spy arrested in the village. A new suspect* discovered. But no one tells me anything, any more."

Lieut. Commander Kirstell blinked.

"Your father's orders, Miss Phyllis."

"Why?"

"He feels that you have done your part. He doesn't want you involved in the rest of it."

"Oh . . . I thought perhaps *you* didn't trust me."

"No, no—not that at all. In fact . . . h'mm."

"You want some more information?"

"Yes . . . in fact, I . . . h'mm, well—"

"But you can't go over the skipper's head? Is that it?"

"We-ell, yes—I suppose that's it."

"I can go over the skipper's head. What do you want to know?"

He thought a moment. Then he got out some memoranda and studied it.

TO ENCOURAGE him, I said: "I'll tell dad that I badgered you into letting me help you some more. I'll be glad to take the whole blame. I'm pretty peeved at him for refusing to tell me about the new suspect. Is it Lieutenant Cowles, by any chance?"

Lieut. Commander Kirstell grunted and shook his head.

"Cowles is helping us," he said.

"He acted mighty suspicious yesterday," I said. "Mrs. Briscoe accused him to his face and he didn't deny it."

"I think we can dismiss him."

"Why torment me? Who is it, then?"

"We aren't sure, Miss Phyllis."

"Judas H. Priest and a slow bell!"

(Note to the Admiral's parrots: Something has got to be done about Intelligence officers in this man's Navy. They are addicted to dreadful pauses, much fiddle-faddle with notes and an elephantic beating about the bush. Are we training our Intelligence officers to *catch* beautiful blond woman spies and such, or merely to torture them with suspense after they are caught?)

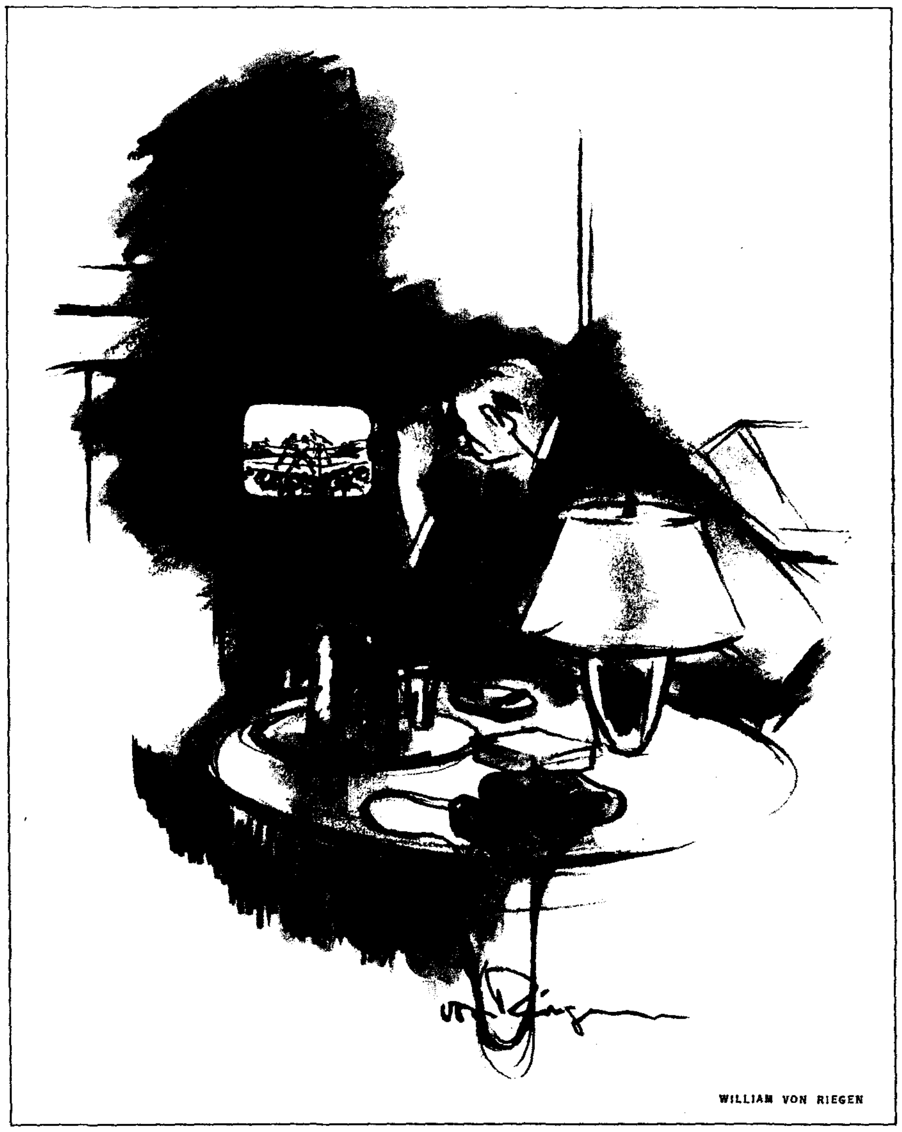
"Miss Phyllis—"

"Yes, yes, proceed, *please*—"

"Did you visit the basin, last evening?"

"Yes, sir."

"In answer to a request from Mr. Prentice?"



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"When people let up and enjoy themselves these days, most everyone prefers to stay on the moderate side"

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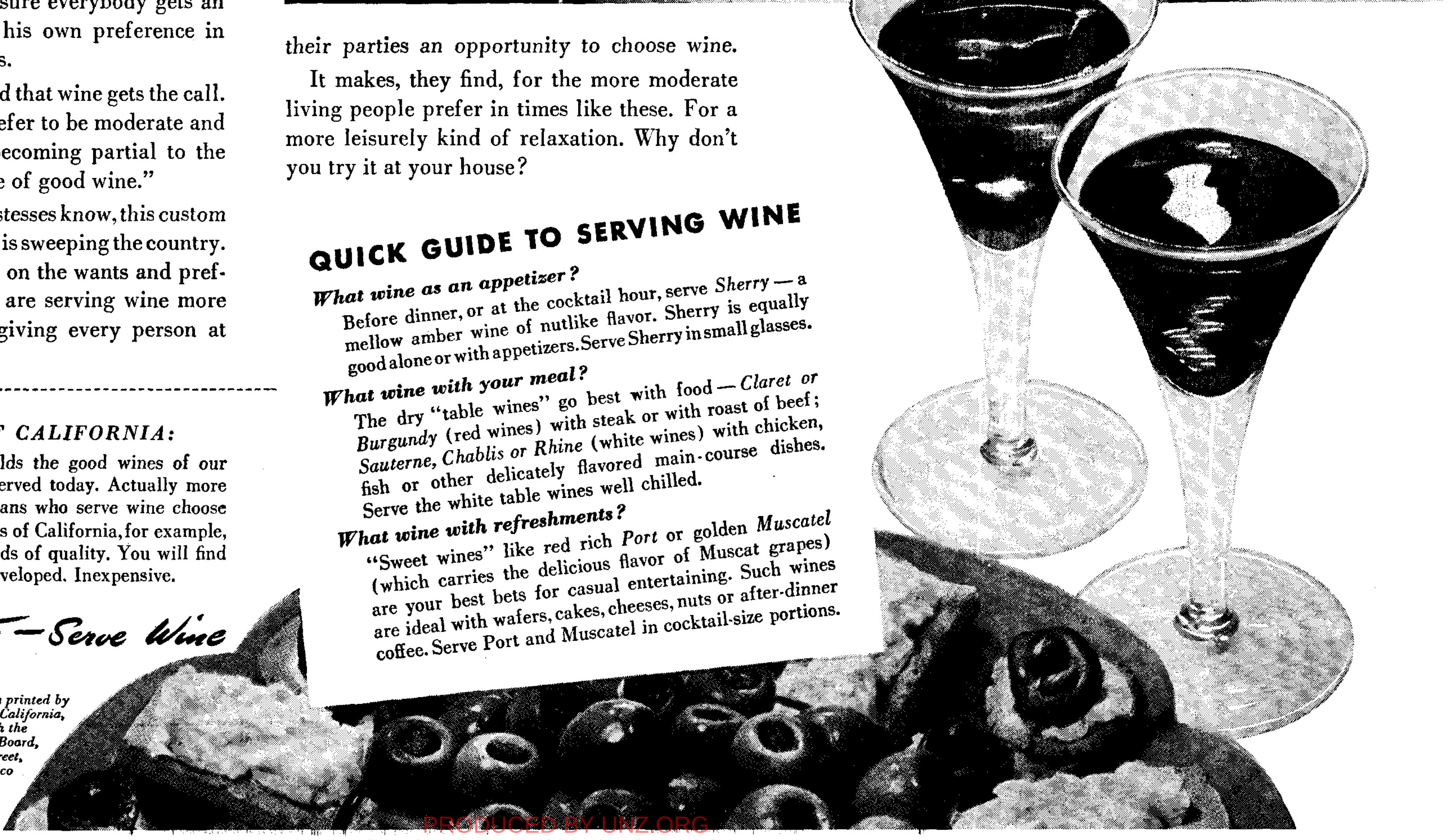
"More and more I find that wine gets the call. It's partly that folks prefer to be moderate and partly because we're becoming partial to the delicate, satisfying taste of good wine."

As many hosts and hostesses know, this custom Gabriel Heatter follows is sweeping the country. Those who keep an eye on the wants and preferences of their guests are serving wine more and more often . . . giving every person at their parties an opportunity to choose wine.

It makes, they find, for the more moderate living people prefer in times like these. For a more leisurely kind of relaxation. Why don't you try it at your house?



QUICK GUIDE TO SERVING WINE

What wine as an appetizer? Before dinner, or at the cocktail hour, serve *Sherry*—a mellow amber wine of nutlike flavor. Sherry is equally good alone or with appetizers. Serve Sherry in small glasses.

What wine with your meal? The dry "table wines" go best with food—*Claret* or *Burgundy* (red wines) with steak or with roast of beef; *Sauterne, Chablis or Rhine* (white wines) with chicken, fish or other delicately flavored main-course dishes. Serve the white table wines well chilled.

What wine with refreshments? "Sweet wines" like red rich *Port* or golden *Muscatel* (which carries the delicious flavor of Muscat grapes) are your best bets for casual entertaining. Such wines are ideal with wafers, cakes, cheeses, nuts or after-dinner coffee. Serve Port and Muscatel in cocktail-size portions.

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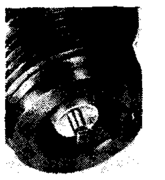

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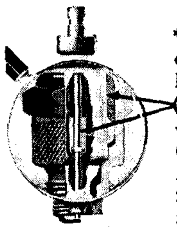

*Furthermore, no other spark plugs have the patented Sillment seal which keeps Champions permanently free from troublesome gas or compression leakage *common to ordinary spark plugs.*

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"Yes."

"Both Mr. Prentice and Mr. Rorabeck were there?"

"Right."

"Do you recall what time you arrived?"

"Oh, about seven-forty-five."

"When did you leave?"

"I wasn't there more than ten minutes." Then: "Well, maybe fifteen."

"Lieutenant Roberts was absent."

"Yes, sir. In the village."

"Why did Mr. Prentice ask you to visit him?"

I felt myself blushing.

"Oh, a personal matter. Not important."

He let that pass.

"Did Mr. Prentice say that he intended to join Lieutenant Roberts in the village later on?"

"No."

"You noticed no tension or bad feeling between Mr. Prentice and Mr. Rorabeck?"

"Golly, no!"

"I see . . . h'mm. . . ."

Kirstell fished in his brief case and drew out a book, several pamphlets, a list of names and, finally, a greasy engineering notebook. I gasped when I saw it.

"Th-that belongs to Lieutenant Roberts!" I said. "What are you doing with it?"

"You saw this in Mr. Prentice's tent?"

"Yes. It's got a . . . now, really, what goes on? Where did you find it?"

His expression grave, Kirstell extended a double handful of the printed matter to me.

"Do you *recognize* any of these?"

I STARED at the book. It was a notorious pro-Nazi tract written by Hitler's chief agent in the United States. The pamphlets were propaganda handouts from the Nazi Bund headquarters in San Francisco. The list of names appeared to be a confidential record, folded many times and looking as if it might have been carried in a money belt.

I snatched Savvy's notebook from the litter, saying: "I'll return it to Lieutenant Roberts. Where did you find all this Nazi junk?"

Kirstell avoided my glance.

"Maybe I'd better go back—h'mm . . . and explain in sequence . . . yes—"

"You certainly had!"

"Well, it seems that Lieutenant Collins, who was O. D., went to the basin about ten-thirty last night to check the guard. He saw a light in Lieutenant Roberts' tent and stopped by for a chat. He . . . h'mm . . . he found Mr. Rorabeck lying unconscious on the floor. Rorabeck had been slugged. Prentice and Roberts were absent—"

"Savvy—Lieutenant Roberts—is he hurt?"

"No, no. We located him and Prentice in the village, later."

"Pat—is he all right?"

"Feeling better this morning. Had a bad concussion, though. Couldn't tell us a thing, except that he heard a noise in Roberts' tent and went to investigate. Got slugged from behind, apparently."

I was incredulous.

"How could such a thing have happened? Weren't the sentries at their posts?"

"Yes."

"They didn't see the *man?*"

"No."

Kirstell was pawing the stack of Nazi literature. His gesture drew my attention.

"Where did you find that stuff?" I repeated.

He hesitated, then said: "Why, in Lieutenant Roberts' tent!"

"Any idea who planted it there?"

HE THOUGHT a moment, while the full implications of this development beat through *my first confusion.* I think I have remarked before that Kirstell was shrewd. He saw my fury gathering and hastened to take a politic course.

"Our traitor did—obviously," he said.

(Clinical Note: I was past thinking. I could only feel. All my suspicion and dislike of Pat and Dutch exploded in rage. They had betrayed Savvy, I was sure. They had tried to frame him. Bert probably was in on it, too, despite our belief that we had been mistaken in our first hunch. Oh, what a filthy, rotten, dastardly—)

"I think I know!" I said, not daring to trust myself with more words.

I looked around, as in a red fog, for my coat and hat. But Kirstell jumped up and grabbed my arm.

"Easy now, Miss Phyllis—"

"Leggo! Where's Savvy?"

"At the hotel—but no use talking to him—"

"Don't be such an idiot!" I said. "Of course I'm going to talk to him. Think I'm *going to let them get away with* this?"

The cold, hard tone of Kirstell's voice stopped me.

"I thought I could depend on you," he said.

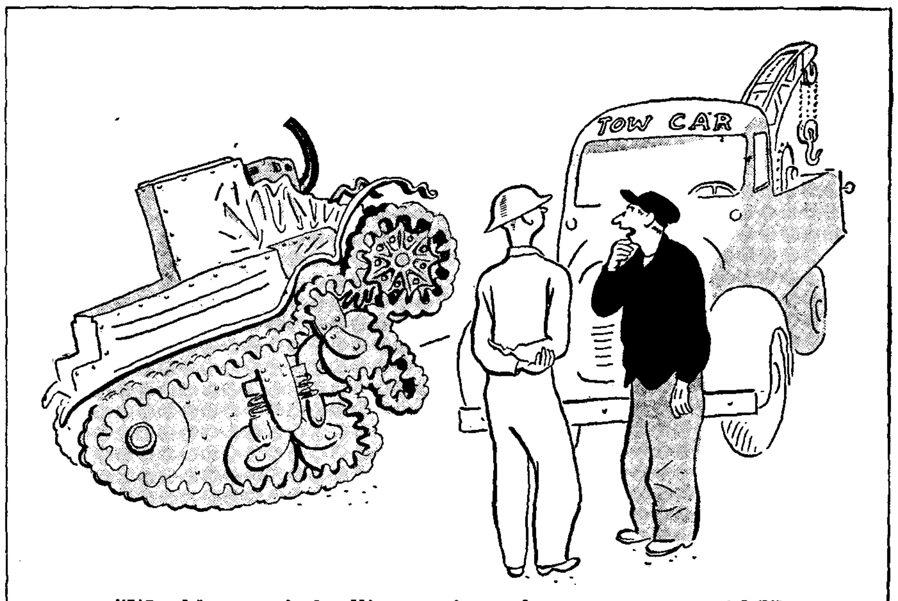
I spluttered: "B-but I tell you I know who—"

"You must say nothing to Roberts."

Gaping at him, my scalp crawled.

Did he suspect Savvy of being the real traitor?

I shall always be proud of myself for this: instead of giving him a tongue-lashing that would have made him an



"Would you mind telling me just what you met up with?"

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ALE

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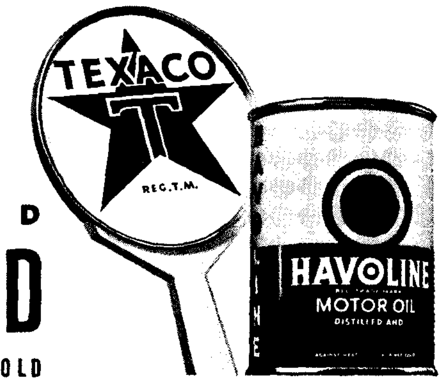

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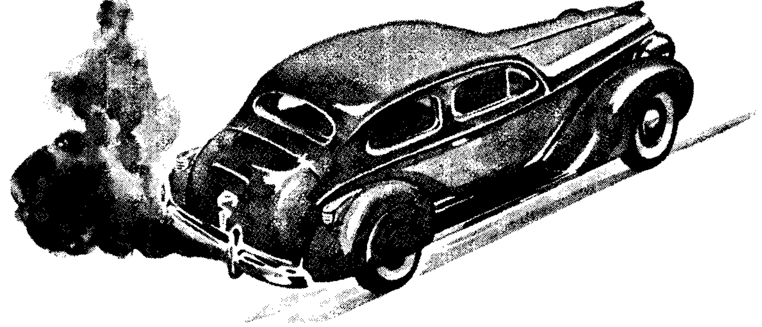

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enemy for life, I treated him like the imbecile he seemed to be.

"And what do you suggest I do, Commander?" I asked.

In answer, he picked up the book written by the Nazi.

"I've got to find out who owns this book," he said. "It is a most important clew. The entire thesis of surrender to Hitler is summed up here. The book, you will see, has been read and re-read, with passages checked and underscored. It is the Mein Kampf of American Nazis."

Verily, woman born of Eve is full of guile and can put on a tigerish calm while her nails itch to tear the eyeballs of her enemies.

I took that sniveling little book and reached for my hat and coat.

"Aye, aye, Commander," I said. "I'll start by asking Dad first. Maybe it belongs to him!"

AND out the door I walked, and through the hall to the side door. I was bound for the village to do exactly what Kirstell did not want me to do.

Chief Bosun Nardin was waiting for me in the side yard.

"Later, Chief," I said. "I've got to break all speed records to the village."

But he followed me and opened the garage doors.

"We found the traitor, Miss Phyllis," he said, out of the corner of his mouth.

"I know," I said.

"You do? Yar?"

"A guy by the name of Dutch Prentice."

"Yar! He hit his own buddy over the head last night. Swiped a sample of solidified gas the lieutenant uses for that boat. Walked through the sentry line cool as you please. Did you know all that?"

"No. Just his name."

I started to climb into the car. Chief Nardin touched me timidly on the elbow.

"The lieutenant hadn't ought to stick up for 'im, Miss Phyllis. Gar, folks in the Yard who don't know are sayin' *he's* a traitor too! They's ugly rumors all over the place this mornin'. Yar!"

"I'm going to fix *that,*" I said.

Chief Nardin gave me a wide, blond grin of relief.

"Swell, Miss Phyllis! You do that, an' the rest of it'll be all right. It's just like I told you. Nothing like a traitor for stirrin' up patriotism. This outfit'll be a credit to your dad yet!"

I thanked the chief and made a fast getaway. My anger mounted as I hit the road to town. So we were closing ranks, eh? So all our near traitors with bad consciences were going to be good little girls and boys after this? They had made the Yard a hell for months; now it would all be smugly forgotten. They had found the real traitor—but would they be satisfied with Dutch Prentice as the scapegoat? I knew them better than that. They were going to turn on Savvy. It was obvious in Kirstell's voice, it was crudely frank in Chief Nardin's worried report. Savvy—a better patriot than any of them could ever hope to be—would be cast out from our newly dedicated shrine of freedom. Poor Savvy, stubbornly loyal to those wretched engineer pals of his, was going to be made to pay for this misguided loyalty.

But over my dead body, he was.

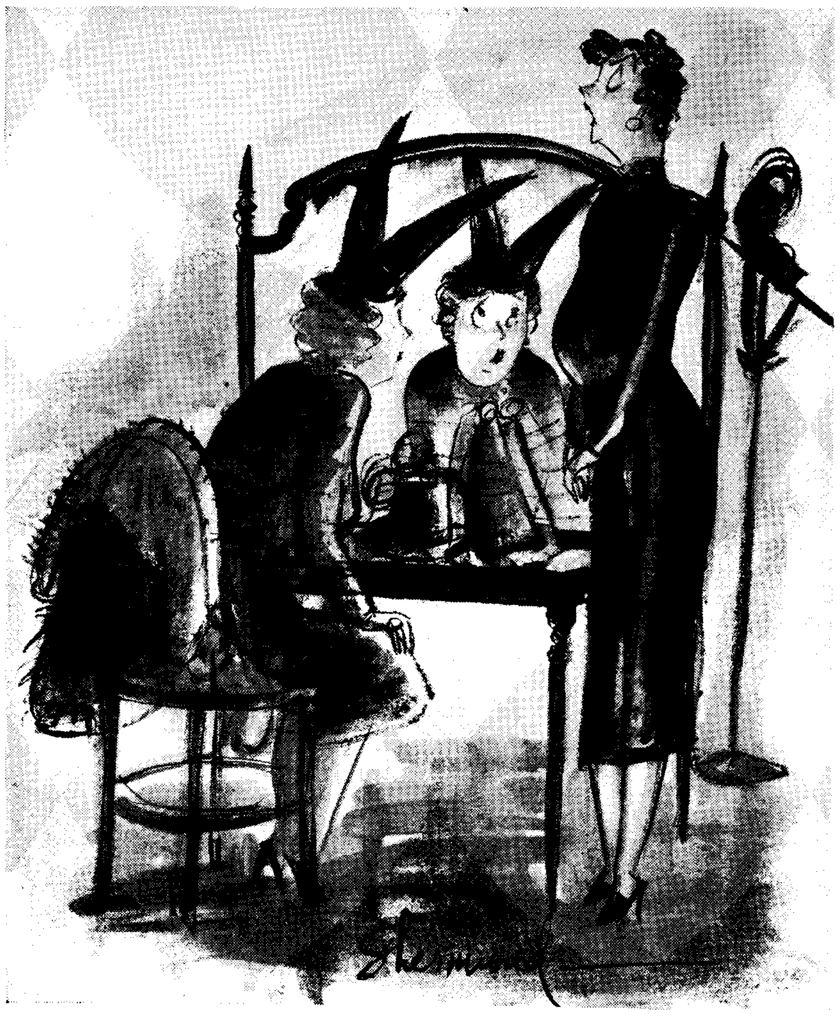
I slammed my roadster against the curb in front of the Arcadia Hotel. I hurried inside and asked the clerk where I might find Lieutenant Dent Roberts.

"Oh . . . the officer. His friend, Mr. Rorabeck, got hurt. I think he's still upstairs with Mr. Rorabeck. Room 224, Miss Hartney."

Savvy opened the door of Room 224, at my knock. I had heard a bitter argument as I approached.

"Oh, good morning, Phyllis—"

"Savvy!" I said, breathlessly, "I've got to talk to you. Alone. Right now!"



"After all, Madam, there are worse things than looking as if you had rabbit ears" BARBARA SHERMUND

"Very well," Savvy said, "But come in and see Pat a moment—"

He drew me into the room. Pat was propped up in bed with a bandage covering his head. Dutch was there, smoking a cigarette. Bert Sedden was there.

Well, P. Hartney, I said to myself, you've got all the rogues together. This is the showdown, kid.

LIFE is a laborious process of breathing, interrupted now and then by a gasp of disappointment. A gal sees herself as the heroine in every crisis, bold, forthright and indomitable—then, blooey, something goes wrong. Instead of commanding the situation and sweeping the stage in a grand offensive, she suddenly discovers that she has been cast in the role of a stooge, a jerk, a weak-kneed victim. Do *I* know! Because look what happened to me—

I was face to face with Dutch, Bert and Pat, remember? Savvy was beside me to hear all. I need but point the accusing finger and make the denunciatory speech. But before I could get my mouth open, Dutch spoke.

"All right, say it!" he burst out. "I'm the traitor. I slugged Pat with a blackjack. I stole the gas sample. I planted Nazi literature in Savvy's tent!"

Bert said, "I'm his confederate!"

Pat said, "I didn't really get hit at all. I just faked it!"

I gasped. That's all—just gasped.

Savvy said, "Now, fellows, that's very unfair. She doesn't believe any of those things. I know you feel bitter—but don't take it out on Phyllis!"

There was an immediate hullabaloo, with all four of them trying to talk at once; and, apparently, this was only a continuation of the quarrel I had overheard as I came down the hall. Dutch said I did believe it. Bert said my face gave me away. Pat said I was just like all the rest of those Navy people in the Yard. Dutch said I was hand-in-glove with that soap-opera sleuth, Kirstell. Bert said I had spied on him and made his poor father think he was a traitor. Savvy said for all of them to pipe down and let me speak for myself.

He turned to me, saying, "Tell the idiots how wrong they are, Phyllis."

That was one of the moments I shall never forget: Savvy's bronzed face and gray eyes, glowing with a proud confidence in me; Pat, glum and pale and dirty-jowled with beard; Dutch's goggle-eyed excitement; Bert leaning against the wall, his schoolboy stare impish and malevolent.

I SHOULD have taken warning from Savvy. The issue between Pat and Dutch and me ran deep; my suspicion and antagonism cut into that tender-nerved structure upon which male friendships and loyalties are built. Right or wrong, I should have kept my mouth shut—then, at that moment. But the very boldness with which Dutch had taken the offensive, hurling my own words at me before I could utter them convinced me of his guilt.

"I'm sorry, Savvy," I said, "but I do think your friends are traitors—to you and to their country!"

"Ha! You see?"

"That settles it!"

"We quit, Savvy. Right, Pat?"

Pat raised himself painfully on his elbow. "We work like hell for your precious Navy for three years. This is the thanks we get for it. A bat on the head—and accused of being traitors! I've had enough, Savvy."

"Hey, lie down—the doctor said—"

Dutch whirled on me. "Get out of here, Miss U. S. Navy," he said, "before I tell you what I think of you!"

Savvy pushed him back, opened the door and, looking over his shoulder, said to me, "We're going for a walk."

(To be continued next week)

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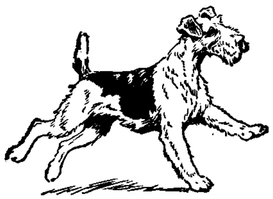

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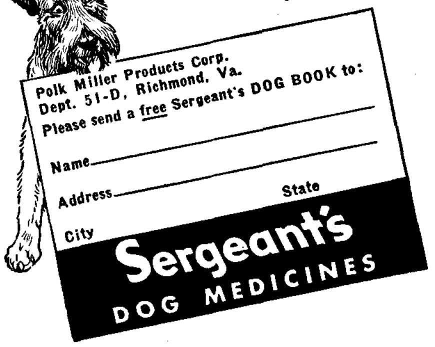

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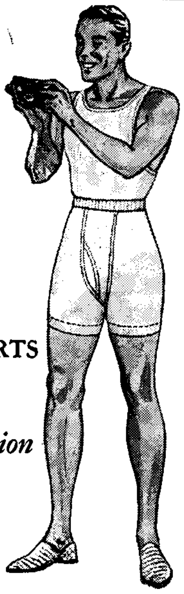

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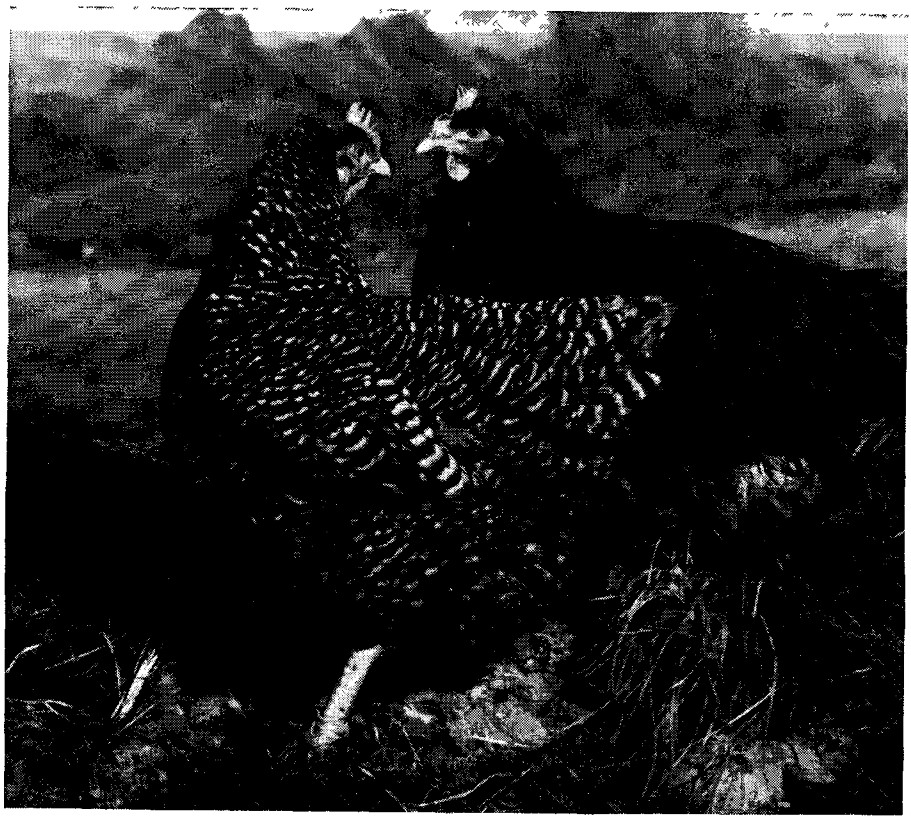

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The roads are there because America is a great continent, whose people and produce and goods may lie as far distant from one another as one-eighth the distance around the earth.

The roads are there because no American is content to *be* less, to *do* less, to *have* less, for himself or for his family, than any other man.

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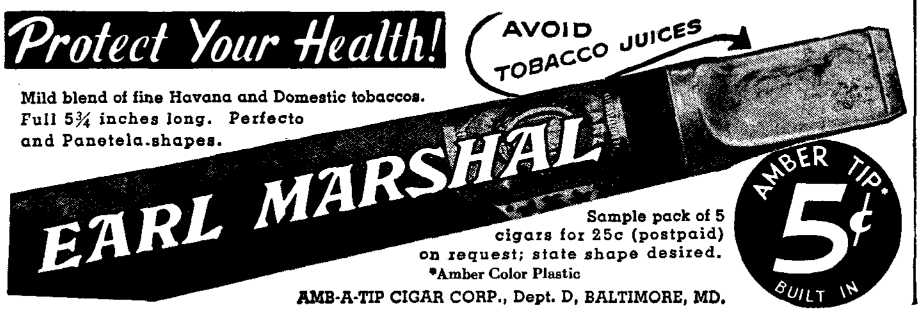

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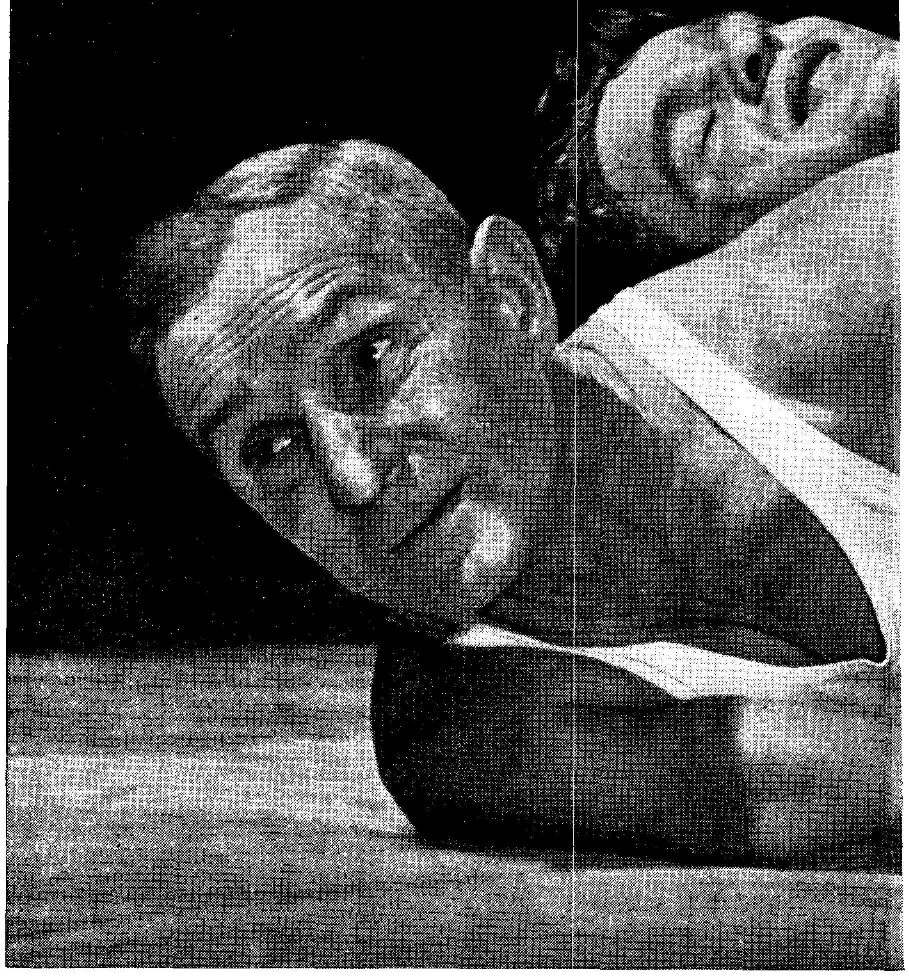
OLD HOLD

By Kyle Crichton



When you've been a wrestling coach as successful as Billy Sheridan for 30 seasons, you get to know something about it. He's turned out 45 Eastern champions and 5 national champs, and his teams have won the Eastern intercollegiate championships three times in a row

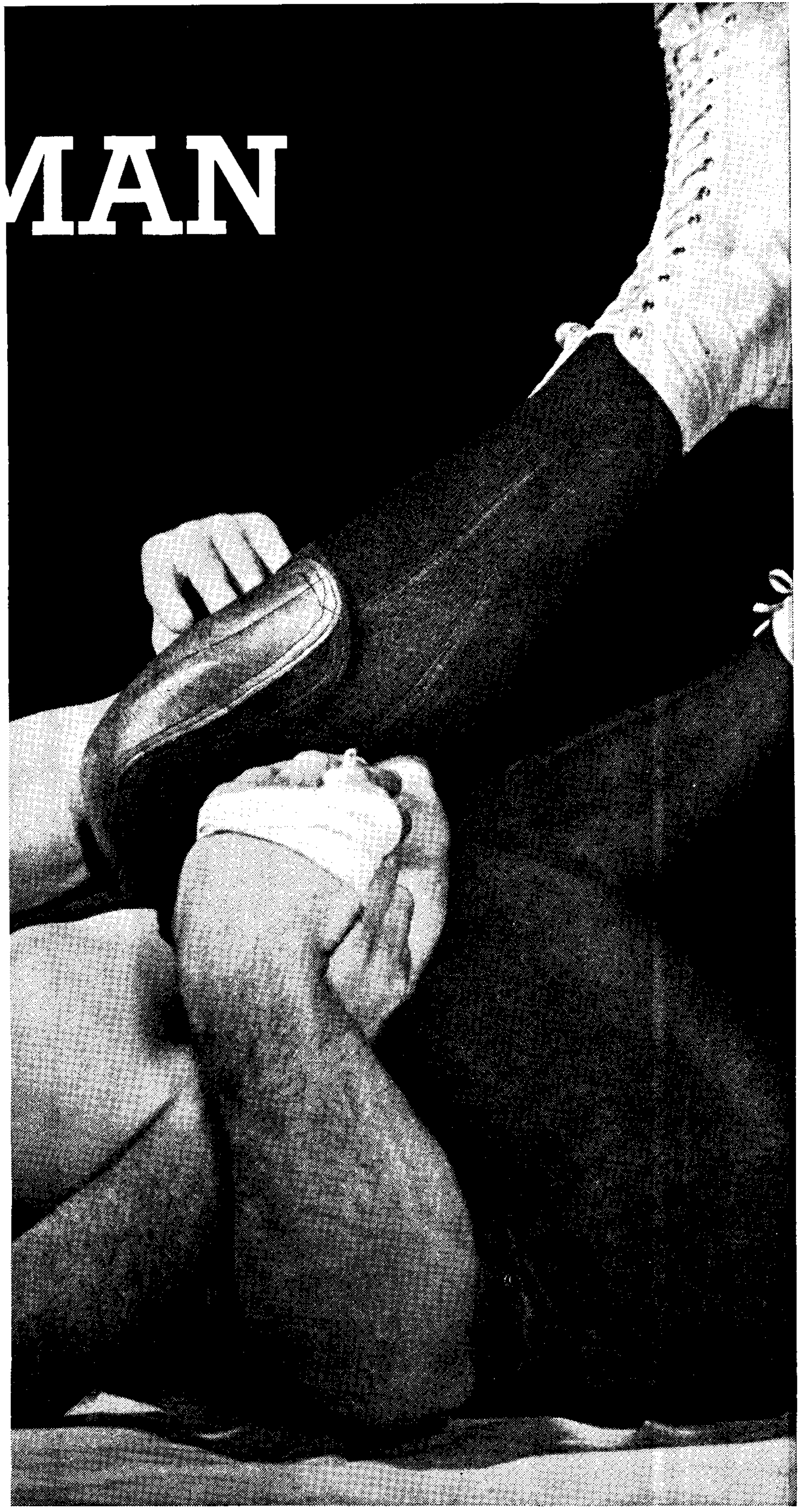
UP TILL the age of forty-five Billy Sheridan used to celebrate the first practice session of the Lehigh wrestling team by throwing everybody on the squad, from midgets to giants. Being a little shrimp of a Scotsman who never weighed more than 126 pounds in those days, this was to convince the young men that wrestling was primarily scientific.

"You ha-a-a-ve to be str-r-r-ong," he'd say in his thick burr, "but you ha-a-a-ve to be smar-r-t."

His Lehigh teams have won the Eastern intercollegiate championships eleven out of the last thirteen times, last year putting together three championships in a row. In that competition his lads are buffeting about the best that can be raked up from Princeton, Yale, Cornell, Penn State, Columbia, Syracuse, Harvard and Pennsylvania. This year Army has been added and Navy may be admitted to the league. At the age of fifty-five Billy no longer goes on the mat with his boys, but nobody would think of getting fresh with him in a wrestling way. The odds are three to one that he could get up off his chair, shed his coat and vest and pin the present intercollegiate champion in his weight class.

Through Sheridan's efforts, Bethlehem, Pa., has become the amateur wrestling center of America. The Olympic tryouts are invariably held there; the national collegiates come back so often they are a trifle ashamed of their eagerness. The point is that the section of the Lehigh Valley which centers around Bethlehem has a horde of fanatics that can't be kept away from a wrestling bout. This is a testimonial to the fact that the college game is neither a hippodrome like most professional matches nor the great American bore of the "honest" bouts. College matches are nine minutes long, divided into three three-minute periods. The wres-

MAN



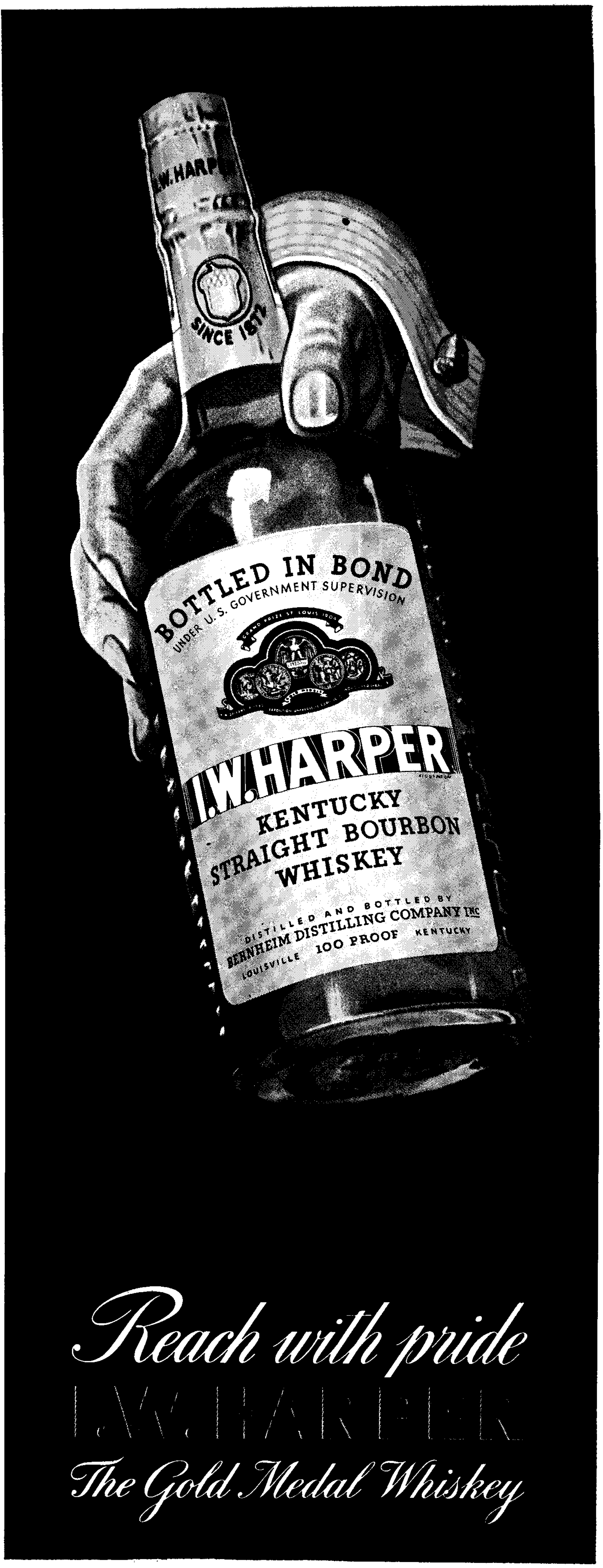
W. EUGENE SMITH

Lehigh's Billy Sheridan goes to the mat with Harold Masem, whom he coached to the 1940 145-pound intercollegiate championship

rs go at top speed. The action is furi-
s; the excitement is intense.
Billy, who starts his thirtieth season
th Lehigh this year, was born on the
nks of Loch Lomond in Scotland. He
ayed a bit of soccer over there, trifled
th the idea of being a prize fighter and
ally ended as 126-pound amateur
estling champion of Scotland. When
was twenty he packed up his cups
d medals and went to Canada. Later
drifted down to Philadelphia and
came a rubber in a honky-tonk gym-
sium where Jack Britton, the old
lterweight, was trying hard to get a
eak.
"Jack was starving," says Billy. "He'd
t fifteen dollars for a fight. That cured
e of being a fighter."
One day he went out to see the Uni-
rsity of Pennsylvania wrestling prac-
e. After half an hour of it, he began
aking little derogatory noises with his
ngue.
"Stsh! Stsh! Stsh!" went Billy.
The Penn coach looked up, not too
eatly pleased.
"What do you mean—stsh, stsh, stsh?"
demanded.
"I mean it's hor-r-r-ible," said Billy,
his fine Highland accent.
"Well, you're so fresh, maybe you
uld come down and show us how to
it," said the coach.

Whereupon our little man did same. He climbed out of the stands, draped an ill-fitting set of tights around him and proceeded to throw everybody on the team, up to and including the heavyweight. By the time he was finished the entire Penn athletic department was on hand, including Mike Murphy, the famous trainer. This sounds like something out of Horatio Alger but the facts have been attested many times. By nightfall Billy was the Penn coach.

When Bosey Reiter at Lehigh sought a football trainer and wrestling coach, Mike Murphy recommended Sheridan, who came at the munificent salary of $100 a month. The Eastern Association had been formed in 1905 and was going strong by 1909 when Billy sent his first team to the championships at Cornell. Dick Suppes and Bull Watson won championships for him that year, and Billy insists that he would have won the team prize but for the injury of three first-string men the week before the finals. In truth he was able to put a full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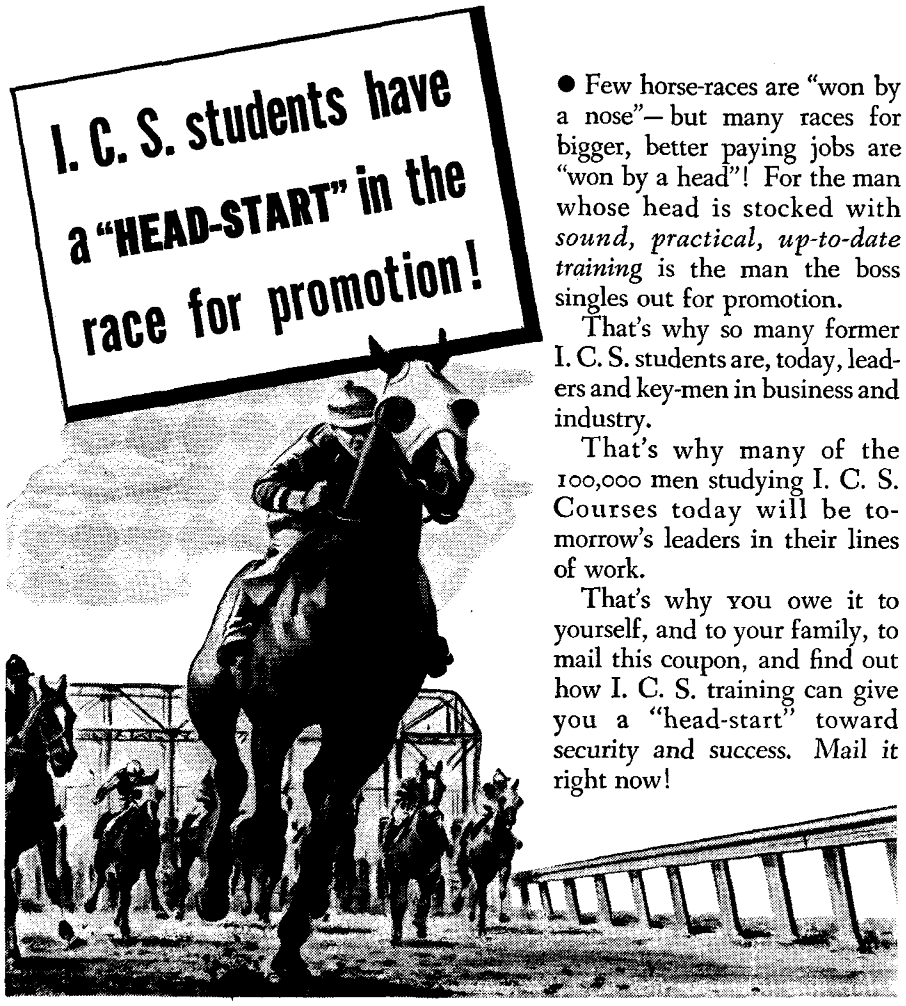

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team on the mat only through the intercession of Tom Keady, the football coach, who forced his student brother, Jim, to be a heavyweight for a day.

"Not me," said Jim definitely. "Not me in them silly tights."

"You live at my house, don't you?" demanded Tom. "You eat here, don't you? Well, you won't if you don't go up there and wrassle!"

Sheridan had time to teach Jim only one hold, the bar and chancery. When his bout was called Jim rushed out, grabbed his man with the bar and chancery and then turned around to howl:

"What do I do now, Billy?"

Even if Billy could have told him he wouldn't have had time because the Penn State heavyweight was pinning Jim's shoulders to the mat before he had a chance to solicit additional aid.

Billy's Had His Moments

In his Lehigh career Billy has produced forty-five Eastern champions and five national champions—Johnny Engel in 1931, Ben Bishop in 1934, Howell Scobey in 1936, Henry Matthes in 1939 and Harold Masem in 1940. He considers Bishop the best man he ever coached and one of the best college wrestlers America has produced. Bishop was awarded the medal as the best wrestler in the national meet of 1934 at Michigan, and later was on the Olympic team of 1936. Sheridan was co-coach of that American team and his saddest memory comes from Bishop's loss in the final trials for the team when he threw his shoulder out of joint.

"Thr-e-e-e times that poor lad threw it out," says Billy, "and thr-e-e-e times he worked it back in, wrestling his man all the while. Ah, it was a br-r-r-ave thing, fit to break a maun's hairt."

If that is a doleful memory, Billy has pleasanter ones to enjoy. There was the occasion, famed in Lehigh lore, when Bob McCarthy lasted three minutes with the fabulous Mike Dorizas of Penn. Mike was the greatest sensation college wrestling has ever known. He was a powerful Greek heavyweight who threw his opponents in record time—six seconds, nine seconds, eighteen seconds. He would walk out like a bear, stalk his man for a moment, grab him and heave him to the mat. When the gigantic Levi Lamb of Penn State lasted nine minutes with Mike but lost the decision, it was almost a triumph for Levi.

McCarthy was light for a heavyweight and in addition was a bum wrestler, so there was some lifting of eyebrows when wads of McCarthy money began to appear on the eve of the bout, all waged on the theory that Mac could last three minutes with Mike. It was known that McCarthy had hocked his clothes, his books and his dollar watch to bet on himself. When the bout started Mac came out, tapped Mike lightly on the cheek with the tips of his fingers and began to pedal backward at a furious rate. Mike followed like a wounded moose, getting sorer by the step. Finally there came a voice from the crowd:

"Three minutes, Mac."

McCarthy stopped. Mike grabbed him, lifted him high in the air and threw him to the mat with a crash that could be heard in parts of Ohio. Mac merely adjusted his shoulders to the mat in haste and turned to wink happily to his admirers. It was over, he was still alive and they had their dough.

But college wrestling is a serious and growing sport these days. Although Lehigh is supreme in the East, it is no match for the teams possessed so long by Oklahoma A. & M., where the late E. C. Gallagher turned out national champions for more than twenty years. This was made possible by a high-school policy in Oklahoma where they had wrestling in the schools long before other states took it up. Art Griffith of Tulsa High would have squads of two and three hundred in action. Some of these high-school boys were so good that they could wrestle on an equal footing in A.A.U. championships and in the Olympic tryouts.

Up until ten years ago Eastern wrestlers rarely had a chance to learn the sport until they got to college. Since, all things considered, experience is the most valuable of assets in wrestling, the Easterners were no match for the trained Westerners. With the introduction of wrestling in many Eastern high schools and prep schools, that condition is slowly changing and Sheridan, whose teams took lickings for years in the nationals, is certain that he will have a national team victory soon.

At Lehigh, and Franklin & Marshall, wrestling is the big winter sport. If you aren't in Taylor Gym at Lehigh two hours before a dual meet, any dual meet, you won't get a seat and you probably won't get in at all. The National intercollegiates will be held there again this spring and the Western teams will be overwhelming favorites, but that won't daunt the Bethlehem crowds. They know the sport as an art and will sit absorbed through hours of preliminary and final bouts. Several years ago they were entranced by Ross Flood, the 121-pounder from the Oklahoma Aggies, who was a raging demon on the mat. Next day a Bethlehemite met Flood walking in the street. He was now seen to be a thin, feeble-looking boy, wearing glasses.

"It isn't fair," mumbled the hometowner, over and over. "It isn't fair."

"What isn't fair?" somebody asked.

"It isn't fair letting that wolf walk around in sheep's clothing," said the fan.

Boss in the East

But if Lehigh has trouble with the Oklahoma Aggies, it is supreme elsewhere. It has never lost to Syracuse in a dual meet, taking fifteen straight; it has beaten Pennsylvania eighteen out of nineteen dual meets; its record against Princeton is fourteen won, four lost; it has won twelve and lost three against Yale; Lafayette has failed to get a victory in fifteen attempts.

But Sheridan's success has been even more pronounced in the Eastern collegiates, where he has often pulled an inferior team through to the championship by maneuvering his men into different weights, instilling them with confidence and taking advantage of aggressiveness. A first-place winner in the intercollegiates is awarded five points in the final score, but one point is given for a fall, no matter whether it occurs in the trials or in the finals—and it is there that Lehigh has often won the championship.

"Getting six points on falls is just as good as winning two second places," says Billy.

So Billy keeps at his coaching with all the enthusiasm of youth. He no longer goes on the mat with his men but he is just as successful as an instructor when he sits on a chair and points out the faults of his gladiators. When the training season starts, he uses his more seasoned men to illustrate the holds to the newcomers.

Any man who makes the Lehigh team earns the honor. There is no such thing as having a "place" on the squad. The team for each dual meet is selected after trials held during the preceding week. Any member of the squad can challenge a team member and wrestle it out. If the challenger wins—and he often does—he gets the job. To all criticism that such tactics might cause his men to leave their fights in the gym, Billy scoffs.

"Nobody ever went stale wrestling," he says flatly.

By this he means that anybody who didn't love the game would be a dope. He believes that, and his boys also believe it. They wrestle all year round, and often keep it up after graduation. Several years ago after a dual meet at Bethlehem between Yale and Lehigh, a man came rushing into the tobacco emporium run by Tod Saylor and Sap Cunningham to yell: "There's a fight upstairs in the poolroom! Two men rolling around under the tables!"

When they went up to separate the battlers, there was indignation from the gentlemen concerned.

"Go away!" yelled the victim on the bottom of the heap. "Billy's showing me a new hold!"

This was Ed O'Donnell, the Yale coach, who hadn't learned enough across the river when his boys had been tossed on their rears in the afternoon and was eager to discover how this sacrilege had been effected.

Starting about fifteen years ago, Lehigh became so pure in athletics that its football teams took on a seraphic and pathetic look. If they salvaged one game a year, the season was considered successful. They developed a "sport for sport's sake" theory and the young men of the campus tried to make themselves believe that it mattered not whether the game was won but how nobly it had been contested. It was noticeable, however, that when the wrestling team went off on a trip it was accompanied by half the student body, openmouthed at the prospect of witnessing a Lehigh triumph. This is why Billy Sheridan is a campus hero and why wrestling is the major sport of the institution.

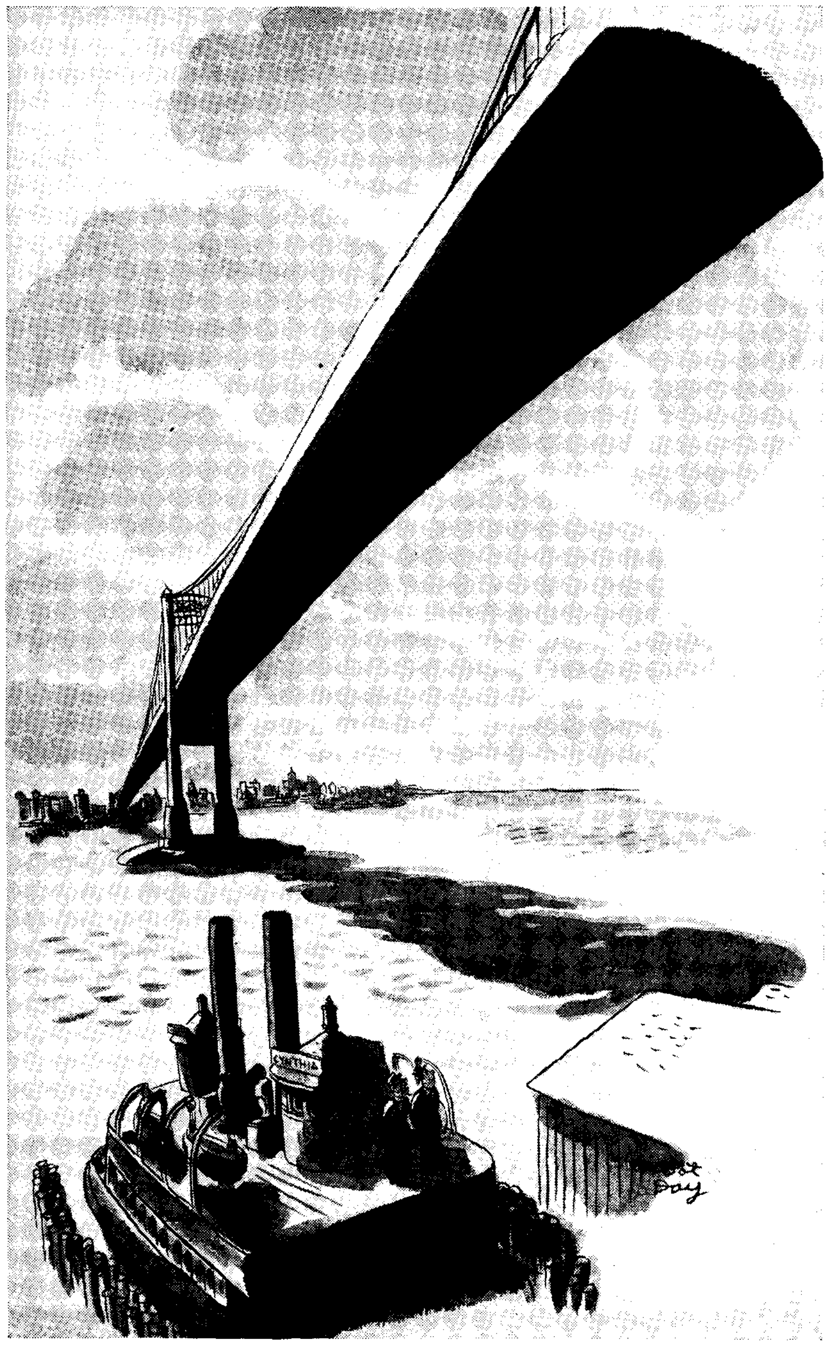
Billy has raised a family of five, is a member of the Bethlehem school board and is a fisherman of maniacal fervor. He considers wrestling a national asset, says flatly that America is miles beyond the rest of the world in amateur wrestling.

Ordinarily, he is a man of calm temperament, but he lost his dignity at the Berlin Olympics when he became convinced that the French referee was giving Millard of North Adams, Mass., a strange deal. Millard was the only noncollegiate wrestler on the American team and he eventually lost his bout, much to the indignation of Mr. Sheridan, who followed the referee all over the stadium in expostulation.

Billy was talking in a Scottish dialect of such broadness that his own children wouldn't have understood him. The Frenchman was answering back just as ferociously in his own tongue. When the battle had reached its height, a second Frenchman intervened to apologize for his countryman.

"I'm sure you would understand my friend's reasoning if you could understand him," he said sadly. "But he speaks with such a bad Alsatian accent."

This mollified Mr. Sheridan considerably.



"No, it looks pretty sturdy. There's no use in hoping that"

ROBERT DAY

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Production Doctor

Continued from page 22

"A hard-working man has got to eat big," says Dutch to Mr. Stephens. "Here—"

Mr. Stephens smiles and shakes his head. "Thanks just the same, Herman."

"But, Mr. Stephens," Dutch says, "soup's not enough!"

"Soup is all I've eaten for lunch these thirty-odd years," says Mr. Stephens, finishing his and going back to his milling machine.

"Can you beat that?" I says to Dutch.

"A man like that shouldn't have to work hard with his back," says Dutch. "He should be a professor, or paint fine pictures. By jiminy, he would paint good ones, too, I bet you."

WELL, we go back to work. This plant had a big national-defense order for airplane landing gears and hydraulic shock absorbers, machine-gun synchronizers—headache stuff that all had to be made right to the scratch or the government inspectors junked it. And they weren't kidding us old-timers around the joint. The place was in a jam. We'd been running months and the stuff the government inspectors had passed you could stick in your eye.

The ginks with sitting-down jobs up in the front office pretended to us birds out in the shop that it was all our fault, the way they came out and griped all over the place. Nuts, any of us old-timers in the toolroom could have told them what was the trouble: They would have an honest-to-john mechanic doing the first operation on a hydraulic cylinder, for instance. Maybe the next operation was done by a punk; but he would have a drill jig made by Mr. Stephens or me or Dutch that wouldn't let him go wrong. Maybe the next two operations were done by good men. So far, so good—then, along about the time the cylinder was nine tenths finished, some smart pencil pusher would write out a production order and, without knowing who was going to do the last operation, send a batch of a hundred cylinders to a dumbbell.

"Look," I says to the superintendent—without being asked, you can bet. "Why don't you man one production line, say like for hydraulic cylinders, with a crew of bang-up mechanics I can name for you? You'll get cylinders that're right, and no punk will be on the line to spoil the good work of the men that worked on the job ahead of him."

But I don't get a medal or even a much-obliged for shooting off my face.

The crime of it was that right in the shop they had a man who could have changed the place over from a scrap-making yard to a manufacturing plant in less time than it takes for a cat to lick canned salmon juice off his whiskers. Sure, I mean Mr. Stephens; but here they had him buried on a job running a milling machine in the toolroom, and the foreman telling him not even to help a punk by answering a question!

It wasn't ten minutes after lunch before I see a new guy just come to work that morning leave his machine and slip over and show Mr. Stephens a tool he had just ground that wasn't working right. Now it was just a step over to the tool grinder where Mr. Stephens could have reground that tool with just a flip of his hand. But he can't do that any more. I see him shake his head and point to the tool foreman, prowling the other end of the shop.

The new guy ambles down to the foreman, who sights down at the tool, first one side of his beak then the other. Then they both walk back to the new guy's lathe and some more brainwork goes on. Then the foreman takes the tool and grinds it himself. Hands it back with a wave of his hand, like he was a magician and think nothing of it.

About quitting time, I got to have the part the new guy was supposed to make for the drill jig I was finishing up so the night gang could use it. What he hands me as a finished piece of work was too light for a window sash weight and good for nothing else I could think of. I takes a look at the tool the foreman had ground for him and sees why. It had been ground backward, so it would rub instead of peeling off a nice curled chip like it should. Trouble was the foreman hadn't stopped to think he was holding the tool upside down against the grinding wheel.

Well, I gets stuck with three hours overtime—one to turn up a new stud and two more finishing up the jig it was needed for. And when I was folding my apron to go home, I sees Mr. Stephens setting up for another job on his milling machine.

"What the heck?" I says, going over to him. "You can't put in sixteen hours straight on just some thin soup in your stomach, Mr. Stephens."

"That's all right," he says, patient but pretty tired. "I've got to salvage a cam profile one of the new men almost spoiled."

Now the punk who was responsible for Mr. Stephens having to stay and patch up his work ran the next miller. Mr. Stephens admitted to me he saw the guy going at it all wrong and could have straightened him out in a couple of minutes while the cut was on his own machine. But he didn't dast, account of the orders the toolroom foreman had spilled.

Next morning when we both came to work, I noticed how blue the veins were on the back of Mr. Stephens' hands. I kept my eye on him and whenever he had to make a heavy lift, like swinging a dividing head up on the table of his miller, I was right there with a hand.

"Maybe you'd better not, next time," says Mr. Stephens. He smiles pretty slow. "Thanks, but the foreman might not like it."

"Nuts to him and his lousy job," I says. "I can go to work a dozen other places if I get the hook here."

"No, you mustn't do that," says Mr. Stephens, like it hurt him. "We skilled men are needed here, just like the government needs good men to fly the airplanes we're helping to build. We've all got to pull together."

If that Joe-blow foreman of mine had pulled that line on me, he would have got told off. But when Mr. Stephens says something you can bet he means it.

NOON, Dutch was keeping a crowd of punks away from a warm spot right under a heater fan with the smell of a big onion he was eating when it was on the tip of my tongue to spring something on him. I was going to frame it with him we should pass the word along to the other old-timers to give the foreman the old freeze-up.

The freeze-up looks like nothing at all unless you're on the working side of it. All it is, you and the other old-timers who know all the tricks of the trade just don't pass out any dope when a green hand asks how to grind a tool or set up a job. You don't lend him a radius gauge or your extra micrometer. Anything he wants, you send him to the foreman. Pretty soon, with fifty green hands pestering him, the pressure gets heavy. I've seen some pretty good foremen start walking back on their heels and

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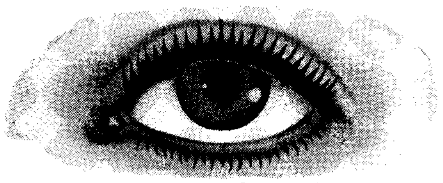

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talking to themselves a week or so after the freeze-up is put on 'em.

I was going to frame it with Dutch we old-timers was to put the freeze-up on this foreman. I didn't though, and I guess you know why by now. Check. It was because I knew Mr. Stephens wouldn't like it.

Wasn't an hour after that before I had proof Mr. Stephens showed he knew the foreman was making a mistake by not letting him help a punk coming to him with a question. I see a pretty bright youngster ease over to Mr. Stephens and ask to borrow some kind of tool. Mr. Stephens shakes his head, like he hates to say no; then, when the boy starts to leave, touches his arm and points over to me.

Sure enough, over comes the kid and asks if I'll give him the loan of my depth micrometer. Account of Mr. Stephens, I don't say no.

"Remember, this thing reads backward to a regular mike," I warns the kid. From the way he fumbles with it, I see he doesn't understand. So, I takes him back to his machine, takes a measurement from the shoulder he was trying to machine to a thousandth and shows him how to read the divisions on the mike barrel. "Now let me see you figure out the right answer," I tells the kid.

Smart, was that kid. Just telling him once, and he comes back with the right answer. "I've got to take off another five thousandths," he says. "Thanks for showing me—"

"Hey, you—" And there was this toolroom foreman, breathing down my neck. "Get back to your machine where you belong."

"Go take a flying jump at a galloping goose for yourself," I says to him, and takes my time walking back to my machine.

Dutch gave me a funny look when I got back. He didn't make a crack, but when one of the kids he liked pretty well tried to borrow an adjustable wrench from him, he gave the poor kid the raus-mit and told him to go to the foreman. Instead, the kid goes on down the line to Happy Stiles. Ordinarily, Happy would give any kid the shirt off his back. But all Happy gives the kid is a piece of ice off his tongue.

On down the line the kid goes, but no old-timer will give him the loan of the adjustable wrench he needs and he's scared to ask the foreman for. Well, the freeze-up was on. My conscience was clear and I tends strictly to my own business from then on.

You know what happened: Before the week was out, the output of the toolroom dropped off to just exactly what us old-timers could put out by ourselves without raising a sweat. Which was exactly a third of what had been going to the production line when we was helping the kids out with advice and lending 'em tools. With kids nagging at him with questions every step he took, the foreman blew up and slapped one across the mouth. He didn't aim to hit the kid, just waving him away in disgust. But it run all over the plant, clear out to heat-treat, that the toolroom foreman had slugged a kid.

Some of the union boys got hot about it and calls a meeting for that night to take a strike vote. They said if a foreman started slapping around the kids, pretty soon the company would be hiring finks to slap everybody around that the bosses didn't like.

WELL, that night when the boys held their meeting, there was some pretty wild things said. I see we were making more trouble out of a pure accident than it called for and got up for my say: "You guys out on the production line leave us toolmakers handle this thing," I says. "Anyways, it was an accident—"

Up jumps Jerry Maloney, who was a tool hardener out in heat-treat. "Listen, fellas," says Jerry. "It was my boy that got smacked in the kisser. He says the boss apologized and said he never meant to hit him, noways."

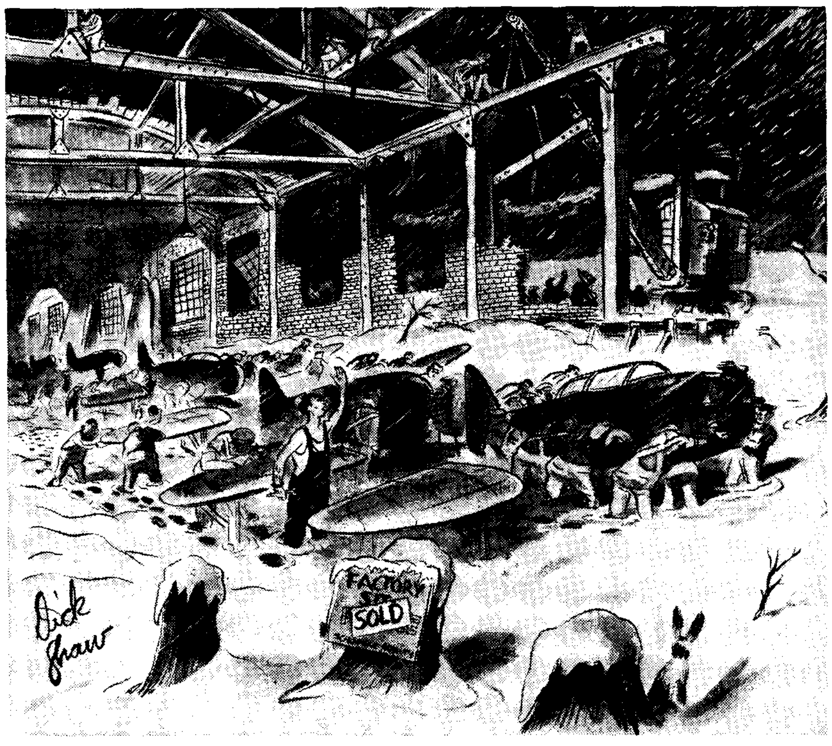
But some bird with a gift of gab I never seen before got up and made a spiel about us being wage slaves and the downtrodden masses and a lot of other stuff I didn't know I was. Wasn't long before I figured out his line—he was an outsider who had gotten into our union so he could stir up trouble.

"Mr. Chairman," I says, butting in, "as a member in good standing, I'd like to know the name of the speaker and if he's a regular, dues-paying member?"

"My name is Jones," yells back the speaker, quick, and waves his membership card. "And my dues are paid in advance for six months."

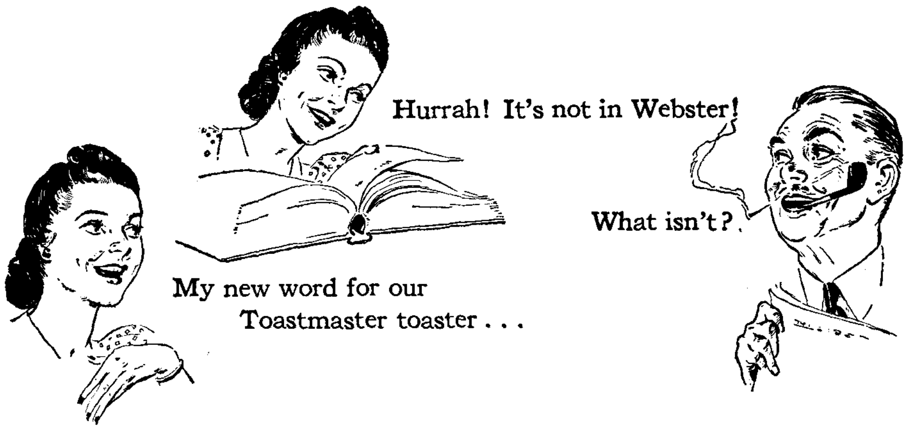
"Like hell your name is Jones," bawls somebody from the back of the hall. "It's Kossincheff!"

But nobody pays any attention to that. The speaker goes right on talking



"Slow down, fellows—we're getting ahead of the builders again"

DICK SHAW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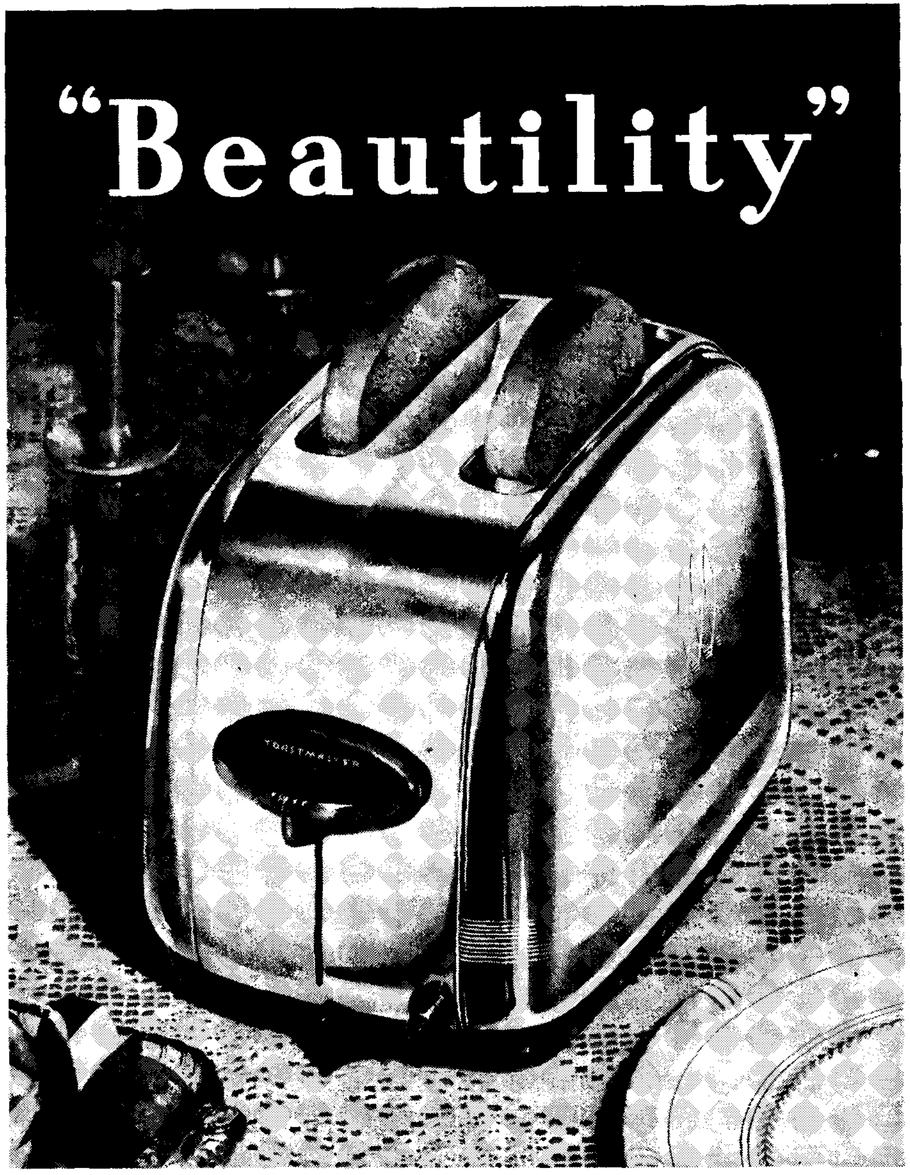

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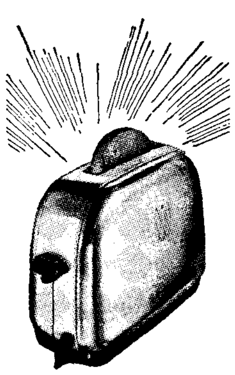

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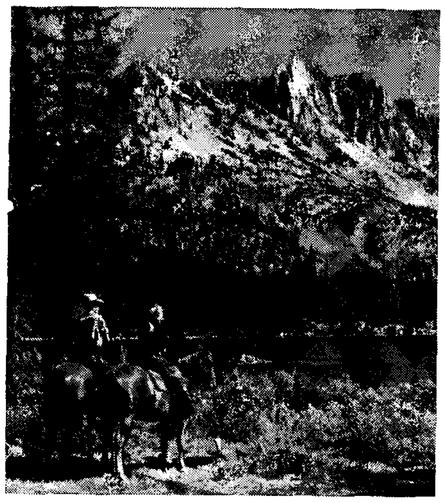

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for a strike vote. And when he finally runs out of wind and sits down he has the crowd for him.

Then in walks Mr. Stephens. Everybody knows he doesn't carry a card, but he walks right up front and looks up at the chairman.

"John, do you think the boys would give me a chance to say a word?"

John served his time under Mr. Stephens. He looks worried and starts to hem and haw; then somebody started applauding for the nerve of the little old man who didn't look strong enough for a pillow fight. There were some boos for him too, but they didn't last.

"Boys," says Mr. Stephens, "a lot of you worked for me when I had a shop of my own. I think I treated you right and I know I never lied to you. Now I want to talk to you about how important it is that we do all we can to build airplane parts for national defense."

He talks on for maybe ten minutes. Finally, he says, "I suggest you let your shop-grievance committee investigate this trouble before you take a step which might be more serious than you think."

THE trouble blows over in a couple of days. The shop committee finds out, just like I tried to tell 'em, that it was all an accident. The foreman sends a signed apology to the union and it's read at the next meeting. Couple of more days, and the boys are back at griping about their regular stuff.

But that doesn't help production any. Reason is—and I'm not waving my union card telling you this—reason is, that the management is just about as green at making airplane parts as the rest of us. The joint used to make a mixed line of hayrakes and washing machines and automobile replacement parts for a big mail-order house, and this extra-fussy airplane stuff is all new to everybody.

One day, after a bad week when it would make you sick to see the stuff the government inspectors threw out on the scrap pile, down the toolroom main aisle comes a party of big shots.

"Pipe the parade," I says to Dutch. "See that big, tall guy in the felt hat? He's from Washington. Bet you he's down here to find what's wrong."

"Sure, I see his picture in the papers lots of times," grunts Dutch.

Then I see something that gives a man a lump in his throat. The big, tall guy with a lot of others tagging behind him, and the toolroom foreman at the tail, comes swinging down the aisle. You could tell by the way he snapped his eyes right and left he knew what he was seeing. And Mr. Stephens looks up from his work just then. He starts to smile and takes a step toward the big guy, like he was going to offer a handshake.

But just then the big guy looks my way and gives me a big smile and a hand wave. He was too busy to stop and gas, but I sure felt good having him notice me like that. You see, him and me worked right at the next machines together up in Detroit once. But that was a heck of a long time ago.

Anyway, as soon as the parade gets by I look over at Mr. Stephens. His shoulders kind of droop.

Then I did something I never even thought of doing before in my life. I walks over to the old man's machine and says, "Gosh, I didn't know you knew the big guy, too."

"Only very casually," says Mr. Stephens, like he wished I'd go away and leave him alone.

"Don't pull that on me," I comes right back. "I heard him say to the super, 'There's my old friend Ben Stephens. Let's hurry this up, because I want to get back and talk with him before my plane leaves for Washington.' "

It was a brassbound lie, but it perked Mr. Stephens up. He kept looking at his watch every once in a while and then looking down the aisle, like he was expecting somebody.

Quitting time came for our shift. Mr. Stephens pulls on his coat, all tired out and disappointed.

"That big guy'll kill himself, rushing around the country like he's doing," I says, trying to cheer him up. "Look, he didn't even get a chance to come back and have a little visit with you, like he said he wanted."

"Yes," says Mr. Stephens, "I noticed he looked very tired."

Right when Mr. Stephens was fixing to ring out his timecard, the foreman comes up and says, "Hate to ask you, Stephens, but there's a job none of the night gang can be trusted with. Can you stay over a couple of hours and help us out of a hole?"

"Lay off," I says, butting in. "Can't you see he's tired?"

"Nonsense. Nonsense," says Mr. Stephens, shucking off his coat. "I wouldn't know what to do with myself between now and six. Certainly, I'll stay." He gives me a little nod. "This is for our friend—the big guy."

Dutch is waiting outside for me, account of we take turn-about by the week driving each other to work in our cars. I feel low as a beer-joint mop from the way I been lying to Mr. Stephens. I tells Dutch about it.

"Sure, I bet the big guy would have shook hands with Mr. Stephens if that mob hadn't been hiding him, he's such a little feller," says Dutch. Then out of that four-cornered head of his pops something new for him—an idea: "You should go down and send a telegram to the big guy. He'll get it in the morning in Washington. Tell him Mr. Stephens can straighten out this monkey business, and I bet you he'll do something."

"Nuts," I says, "nobody down to Washington pays any attention to telegrams. They get slathers of 'em every day from crazy ginks all over the country, telling 'em how to run things."

Dutch takes a long breath, like he was pulling out a fingernail by the roots and says, "You write the telegram and by jiminy I'll pay for it."

Dutch said that, mind you. What could I do but drive downtown and do it?

"You are running too fast to see the pickets in the fence," I writes on the telegraph blank I was fixing to send to the big guy. "Yesterday you blew right past the best superintendent in the business. Wake up, you big cheese, and put Ben Stephens in charge of things here and give your feet and brains a rest."

I SIGNS my name to the telegram and Dutch gets out his snap purse while the bird at the counter figures up the charges.

"It will cost a little less if you cut out the three words 'you big cheese,' " says the man behind the counter.

"Okay," I says, "but leave 'em in just the same. The guy I'm sending that to knows how I talk when I mean business."

A week, maybe, and I don't get any answer. All the time production was getting no better fast around the joint. Somebody in the front office turned loose a flock of young college boys in the plant with stop watches and made time studies of every operation.

I see Mr. Stephens taking in all this try at pulling a plant up by its bootstraps and shaking his head. From that, I knew he had it all figured out just what to do. Only I didn't feel like going over and asking him.

I guess the foolishness finally got the better of him, because about two weeks after Dutch and me sent that telegram, the foreman hopped Mr. Stephens pretty stiff for turning out a wheel-fork fixture all wrong. The foreman had just had the job rammed down his throat by the big

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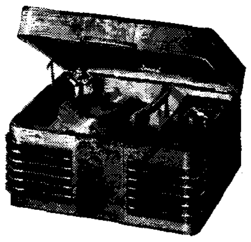
70-N6 RADIO PHONOGRAPH with Automatic RECORD CHANGER



It's tops in value! Plays twelve 10″ or ten 12″ records. No needles to change. 6 tube AC superhet radio with super Aeroscope, bass compensation, dynamic speaker.

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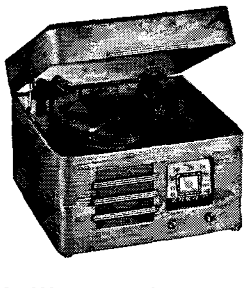

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15-D5—5 tube AC-DC superhet with built-in Aeroscope. Mahogany plastic cabinet.

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16-D5 Ivory Plastic
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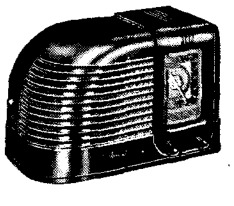

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boss himself and he laid it on thick.

"I might have made a mistake," admits Mr. Stephens mildly, but I could see he was blazing mad clear through. "Now let's go over my work with the drawing—"

Well, they put the fixture on a big surface plate and checked it from soup to nuts. . . . Finally, Mr. Stephens looked up at the foreman and said, "I fail to see a single mistake. It checks to the tenth for every close dimension. Even the fractional dimensions, where I am allowed plus or minus five thousandths leeway, check within a thousandth."

"Look at this," says the foreman, slapping down the piece the fixture was to hold. "Try and put the piece in your fixture. Just try it!"

Mr. Stephens picked up the piece and threw it in the shaving box. "Young man," he says, like pouring acid over bare skin, "if I had a head as big as yours that empty, I'd pack it with excelsior. That piece is a *left-hand* wheel fork. This fixture I made is for a right-hand part."

RIGHT while my mouth was still open, Mr. Stephens packs his tools in a nice little black leather bag that looked like a doctor's and says, "Good day, sir. I've wasted too much time already on a crowd of idiots!" and he stalks off toward the time clock.

"What you fixing to do—quit with Mr Stephens?" asks Dutch, seeing me shedding my canvas apron.

"Yep, pulling my toolbox from this madhouse," I says.

"Sure; me too," says Dutch, doing the same.

Well, we started something. When Happy sees us pulling out, off comes his apron. Hank doesn't know what it's all about, but he follows us to the clock where we're ringing out. Thirty of us old-timers, all in line and grinning like school kids let out early to see a circus parade.

"Make it snappy, boys," I says, "we still got time to make it to Superaviation and tell Blue Chip Haggerty he's hired himself a real toolroom crew, with Mr. Stephens as our boss."

I rings out first and beats it on ahead to catch up with Mr. Stephens, to take him with me in my car to front for us when we bumped Blue Chip for a job.

Up ahead of me and almost to the front gate, goes Mr. Stephens. Walking brisk and stiff like a man with his pride back. I puffs ahead faster and is almost caught up with him, when a big car comes scooting up to the gate.

The guard jumps back and waves the car on in. It comes in doing thirty, when all of a sudden the brakes go on and smokes rubber on all four wheels.

I was as close to what happened next as my foot to my nose. Out hops the big guy from Washington himself and yells: "Hey, Ben!—Ben Stephens, what do you mean by passing up an old pal?"

Then the big-shot boss of our plant climbs out of the car, too. But neither the big guy nor Mr. Stephens pays any attention to anybody but each other.

The big guy puts his arm over Mr. Stephens' shoulder and gives him a squeeze. "Ben, do you think you could get this plant out of its jam for me?" He doesn't even wait for an answer, but turns to the big-shot boss of our plant: "Here's the man I've been hunting high and low for you, all over sixteen states. . . . Hop in the car with us, Ben, we're headed down to my hotel where we can talk this over."

"Just a moment, Will," says Mr. Stephens, turning around and looking Dutch and me and all the other boys over. He shakes his head.

"This won't do, boys. Go back and ring in your cards. Starting tomorrow, we've got a big job to do here. And"—he says, looking me square in the eye—"the freeze-up is over. Understand?"

Mind you, a little man, in a shabby, black suit any one of us old-timers could have tucked under our arm, talking to us like that.

We watches the car turn around and scoot out the gate, with Mr. Stephens and the big guy from Washington in the back seat and the big-shot boss of the plant riding up front.

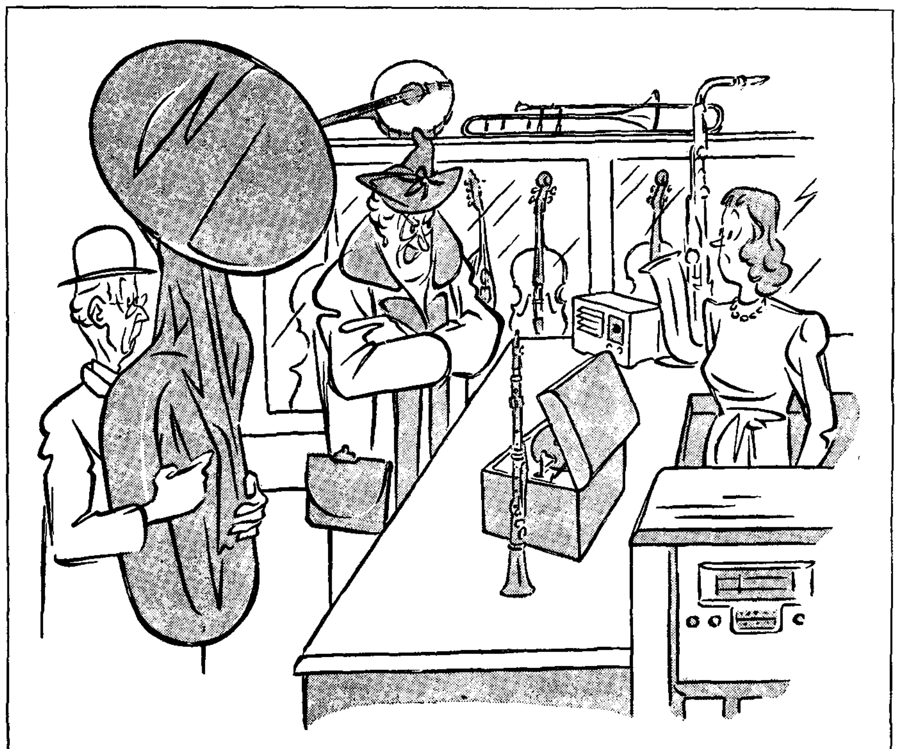
"By jiminy," says Dutch, "I ain't sorry you spent my money for that telegram. Now we got a real toolroom foreman."

"Foreman, hell," I says. "I bet he is the works manager and right next to the big-shot boss himself."

We all turn around and go back and ring in our timecards. And just before our shift goes off, the foreman comes along and hands me a city-delivery telegram.

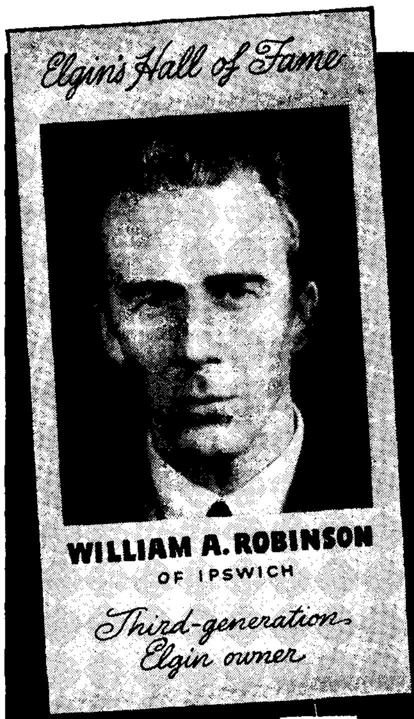
I opens it and reads: "ALL YOU OLD-TIMERS COME ON DOWN AND EAT A STEAK DINNER AND MEET YOUR NEW BOSS. COME TO PRIVATE DINING ROOM B CENTRAL HOTEL IN YOUR WORKING CLOTHES."

The blamed thing was signed: "THE BIG CHEESE."

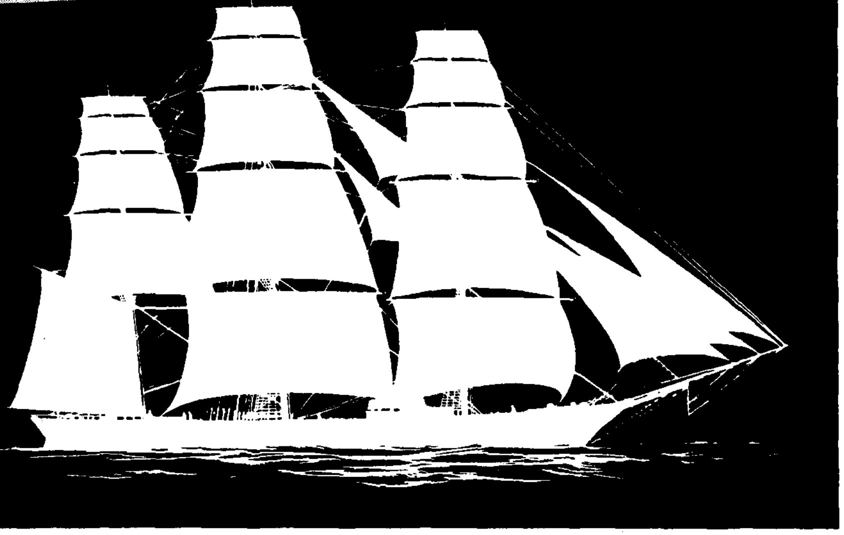


"We want our money back. It failed to break our lease!"

GEORGE PRICE



He rediscovered the secrets of the famous Clipper Ships!



"Five times around the world *I've voyaged with an Elgin," says skipper and clipper-ship builder William Albert Robinson. "And I've used it often for navigation," he adds. "Elgins have been a tradition with us since grandfather's day. My present watch—a handsome Elgin De Luxe—is the tenth Elgin in our family."*

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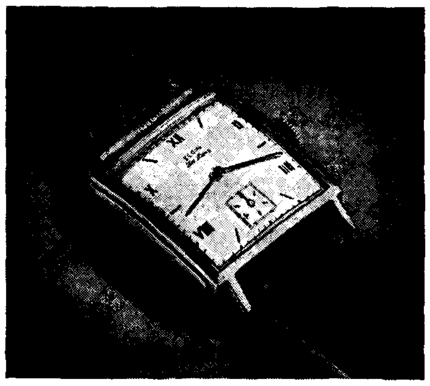
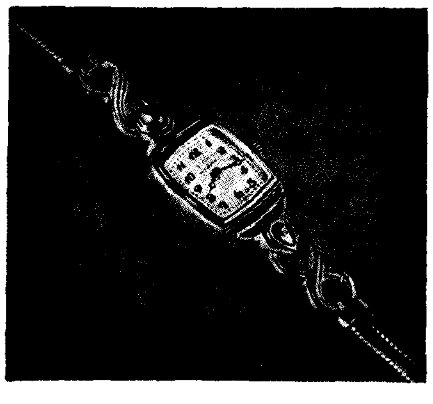


Rugged square shape. 10K natural gold-filled. 17 jewels. No. 5705G. $37.50



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Child of Winter

Continued from page 15

at all—I am the mother of this polite, unworldly girl child. So, you see, you are wrong about me." And it was true that people were often kind to her, even kind to her mother because of her. So she stayed close to her, pitying her, but knowing with a growing certainty that she could never truly help her, for her mother was set in a mold that would not change.

One day her mother bought her a hat. When Miranda tried it on before the mirror, she made up a little face.

"You don't like it?" her mother said.

"It does not suit me," Miranda said.

"Oh, you know what suits you?" her mother said.

"Yes. I think so. I should have something like this . . ." and she took a little yellow velvet scarf that lay on the bed and twisted it into a small beretlike hat.

Her mother looked at her with some surprise and more respect than she usually accorded her.

"But it *does* suit you!" she admitted.

And after that she often let Miranda make her a hat or change the neck line of a dress.

"She has a genius for clothes!" she said sometimes to an acquaintance.

THEN there came the fête. They went, quite a large group, to this little country village for the fête. And she separated from her mother and her mother's noisy friends and went alone among the stalls, rode alone on the merry-go-round. She rode on a swan, a beautiful, white, long-necked swan and André sat next to her on a white swan, too. She wore a very big black velvet beret on her long black hair. André smiled at her and she smiled back, for the instant happier than she had been in a long, long time. They danced in the street together and he said he lived in Paris and would see her again.

She did not tell her mother.

She met him in Paris and they walked along the Seine, standing on a bridge for a long hour one night, saying almost nothing at all. He was an artist.

He took her to his room, a poor room indeed, and showed her a painting he had made of her, on the white swan. He put his hands on either side of her white face and kissed her on the mouth.

She loved him terribly, more than she had loved her father. She married him. She was eighteen.

She did not tell her mother at first. She did not go to live with André. She said she would in the fall, but not yet. She was hoping her mother would marry a Mr. Devon, who was comparatively quite nice. But one night her mother dismissed Mr. Devon, in a none too pretty scene, and Miranda stood with tears in her eyes and saw the door close behind him.

"Well, that's that," her mother said. "What's the matter, Miranda?"

"I liked Mr. Devon," Miranda said.

Her mother gave a small laugh. "He is so dull, he makes me want to scream. You have no taste, except for clothes, Miranda."

"Mother, I'm married," she said. She said it baldly like that, because she saw it was no good waiting any longer, no good at all. She might as well live her own life and be done with it. But she had, right through her wildly glad longing to be in André's attic with him, living the life of an artist's wife, the sick feeling of deserting her mother.

"*Married?* Are you insane?"

"No. I am married to André Leblanc. He is an artist."

Her mother looked at her as if she had indeed taken leave of her senses. "Where did you meet him? Why have I never seen him? Miranda, you are eighteen years old."

"I know, Mother. But I feel old. You will like André."

But she knew very well that her mother would not like André. He was not of the world. The sad part was that he was.

Lenora Morrow sent for André Leblanc and in the rose-and-white drawing room she interviewed him.

"Let us not mince words, M'sieur Leblanc. I do not intend that my daughter shall waste her life on an obscure painter. You are obscure—I have made certain of that. To come to the point at once, my daughter has no money at all except as I choose to give it to her. A small settlement will be made on her when she is twenty-two, which is four years from now. I know of your affair with the daughter of the Jassands, an affair which was frustrated by the Jassands. I assume that you want a wife with money. Miranda has no money and will never have much. Please give that statement your full consideration. I think that is all, M'sieur Leblanc."

Miranda walked under the chestnut trees with André. "But, André, it doesn't matter. I don't mind being poor," she said.

"Don't you?" he said a little sadly. "Have you ever been poor?"

"No, but I wouldn't mind. There are worse things than being poor."

"What?" he asked.

"André—tell me, did you—*did* you think I was rich?"

"But naturally. You must understand, Miranda, that we do not go into marriage blindly here as in America."

"Oh." Her voice was very small. "Then you did not love me."

"But I do love you. You do not understand."

"You do not love me."

"I cannot support you,' he said.

She turned and looked at him. The chestnut leaves were turning golden and now and then one fell in the sunny street. His young, thin face was beautiful in the sunlight. His dark eyes were miserable and wise at the same time.

"I see," she said. She turned and walked away from him. He called after her, but she did not look back. She went to her mother and said, "Will you see about the annulment, Mother?" Her voice had no expression whatever.

"Sensible child!" her mother said.

THERE were some long, numb months after that, but they went, somehow. Then came the letter from her father: "Due to the present chaos in the stock market, I find my income most seriously curtailed. For the present your allowance has been reduced to one hundred dollars a month. Naturally, if times change, I will make a better arrangement. . . ."

One hundred dollars a month. Not enough to buy her mother's perfume. Not enough to buy her hats.

"It is time you married—and married well," her mother said. "Naturally, I shall protest this new arrangement, for it is ridiculous. But we must provide against any contingency."

"I could work, Mother."

Her mother laughed.

"But I do not want to marry. I could not marry someone just because he would provide for me!" she protested.

"You *are* a child! We are penniless, Miranda—penniless. And I need money at once. . . . Love is a luxury, Miranda, as you should know. It has always been

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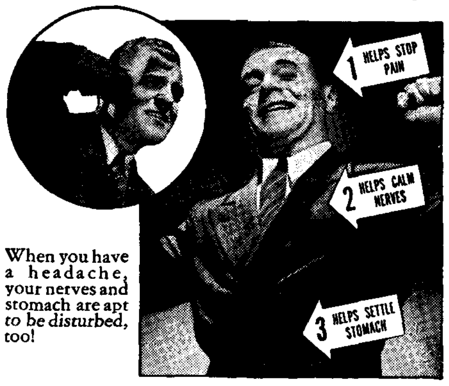

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so, for all that Americans persist in thinking otherwise. Well, we will manage, I think . . . We will go to London."

They went to London, and her mother in London had no noisy friends, no streams of men coming and going. She knew there a most respectable woman with a small title and she got herself invited to this woman's home in Scotland. And it was true that Miranda could have had her choice of several eligible young men. Only she wouldn't. Her mother was furious at her.

"I'm sorry, Mother. I can't. You'll have to wait."

"You know very well we cannot wait."

"We don't have to live like this. We could live very quietly for a while, couldn't we?"

"You talk like a fool, Miranda. . . . Put on your white dress."

She put on her white dress that made her look like a young saint and went down the wide stairs in the house in Scotland and danced with the nice English boys. But she remembered too clearly as yet André's face in the sun under the chestnut trees.

HER mother used all sorts of coercion, but Miranda simply could not do it. Why, it made her like André! She could not. And on the day when the next hundred-dollar draft came, her mother told her that she, herself, was going to marry young Eggleston.

"Oh, *no,* Mother!"

"You don't want him, do you?"

"Oh, no, but . . ."

"But what? He is fifteen years younger than I am—is that what you are trying to say? What of it? If you were willing to do what is eminently suitable, I would not be compelled to do what is unsuitable. We will talk no more about it."

And her mother married young Eggleston, who was twice as dull as Mr. Devon but also twice as rich.

At that time Miranda wrote to her father again. She was older now and thought she could express herself better. "Dear Father," she wrote, "I am sorry things have not been going so well for you lately. I suppose Mother has written you that she is going to marry Mr. Eggleston. Father, would you let me come home and look after you? I can cook pretty well and I wouldn't be any expense to you. Mother really doesn't need me here any longer and I'd like to be with you."

She didn't like that. It sounded childish and abrupt and didn't say half of what she had been storing up all these years to say to him. She waited in a sick sort of tenseness for his reply. "Dear Miranda," he said. "Thank you for your letter, but I think it would be very unwise of you to come to America just now. I am looked after reasonably well at my club and I cannot afford to keep up a house at this time. If you will remember, you chose the life you wanted to live some time ago and it is not easy to change. But thank you for your thought of me. Lovingly, Father." Reasonably kind, but not deeply, surely kind. She went out and walked in the damp Scotch heather and the tears ran down her face. She felt cold all through, and terribly alone.

But she did not go to live with her mother and Eggleston in Sussex. No, she stubbornly refused to do that. She felt all through with her mother, all through. There was nothing any more that she could do. At that time she took on the boldness that became the key to her success. She went back to Paris, went with assurance to a famous dressmakers' firm and asked for work. Naturally, they knew of her. She had bought clothes there, she and her mother, many times. But they thought it was a whim. They were polite but evasive. She said: "May I make a hat for you? To show you?" They indulged her and then M. Picard looked at her with interest and speculation. Yes, they would take her on, but only as an apprentice. "Very well," she said.

She sold all her jewelry, she used parsimoniously all the gifts sent her by her mother. She made good with Picard. She had genius, as her mother had said.

People began to ask for her at Picard's and when they had asked enough, when the time was right, when she had come at last into her small inheritance, she broke with Picard and came to New York. There was trouble over that and Picard sued her for using his models in New York. But the case made her. She had a store, a small one at first, with *Miranda Morrow* over the door. She was so arrogant, so sure of herself, that you could not doubt her right to that arrogance.

She never told anyone that she was cold and frightened inside.

She got the job of doing the dresses for The Young Girl and after that she became the vogue. She charged enormous prices and people paid them. She had no real friends, for she had given up expecting them. She drove hard bargains.

ONE day she saw her father. She went into a restaurant and he sat there alone. His dark hair had turned quite gray and his nice face was lined and harassed. She walked over and sat down across from him.

"Hello, Father," she said.

He stared at her an instant and then he said only: "Hello, Miranda."

She smiled at him faintly and he said: "You seem to be making a name for yourself."

There seemed nothing of sentiment about the meeting at all.

"Yes, I'm doing all right," she said. "I take after you."

He gave a sharp laugh. "You take after your mother," he said.

Then she folded her arms along the table and leaned a little toward him. "Father, what's the use?" she said gently. People would have been surprised at the gentleness.

"The use of what?"

"You know. Hating me so. I've never hated you. Father, I wanted to come to you. You wouldn't let me."

"You wanted to come when your mother didn't want you any more," he said flatly.

"I always wanted to come."

"Well, you never did," he said. "And that's all over. You seem to have made out all right without me."

"But, Father—I've always wanted to talk with you, to tell you how things really were. You held me off. You really did, you know."

For an instant there was a glimpse in the tired eyes of that nice father she had once loved so desperately. But then his mouth thinned and he said, "Is there any point in this, Miranda? You chose to live with your mother, and I never objected, did I? It was a different way of life. You look like your mother and you are like her . . . I dare

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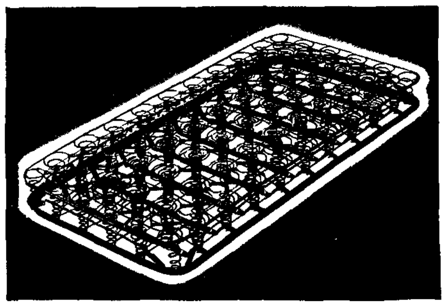

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say I ought to say we'll let bygones be bygones. As a matter of fact, you seem like a stranger to me. I'm sorry," he ended politely.

She stood up, drew on her gloves, looked at him directly. "I'm sorry, too," she said.

She walked erectly out of the restaurant, already *the* Miranda Morrow, and no one could have told that her heart was almost breaking with its sorrow.

And so she became what she is, extremely successful, sought after, the smartest woman in New York, passing for beautiful, somewhat hard and aloof. You can say what you like about not wasting pity on a person like Miranda Morrow, say that, after all, she was raised in luxury, she has attained fame, she has never known poverty. Ah, but she has known a poverty of warmth. She has stood in a cold wind all her life, except perhaps for a very few brief moments in the kitchen of the Mediterranean villa or walking across the meadow of the Beguinage with Sister Angelica or riding that once on a white swan.

Till this afternoon. This afternoon she came out of her shop, her beautiful shop with her name so plain and unadorned over the door, and she decided to walk a little of her way home. A customer of hers fell into step beside her, flattered at walking with Miranda Morrow. The customer said, "I'm stopping here. A talk about French relief. I know it may be wrong to try to help the French—it's so hard to know, isn't it? But my husband is French and I can't help it that my sympathies lie that way."

"I'll go in with you. May I?" Miranda Morrow said.

She didn't know why she said it, except that she had a sudden nostalgia for the Seine.

She saw a group of fashionable women sitting in a small room and a young man with only one arm standing before them. Or was he young? Not so very. He was speaking quietly in careful English. He wasn't saying they ought to send supplies. He was only urging them to hang onto their hope for France, their belief that she would come out with her honor intact. But Miranda Morrow scarcely heard what he said, for he was André Leblanc.

WHEN the talk was over and the women had clustered about André, she stood in the back of the room and did not go forward. The woman with whom she had come said, "May I give you a lift anywhere, Miss Morrow?"

"No. No, thank you," she said absently, almost coldly. The room began to clear out but she stood still. At last she was alone there and André glanced toward her, a tall, extremely fashionable woman, glanced away again, looking as if he were very tired of speech. She moved toward him.

"You don't know me, André," she stated quietly.

Now he looked at her. "Miranda," he said. Just her name, very softly.

"Are you busy? Could you come, perhaps to my place, for a little visit?"

"Of course."

"It isn't far. Shall we walk?"

They walked without talking, went up to her apartment, her beautiful, quiet apartment where she lived, quite alone.

"Well, André?" she said gently.

He gave the faint shrug she remembered over these ten years.

"I can see that things have been happening to you," she said.

"A few."

She could not look at the sleeve pinned across his breast. "Poor France," she said.

"Why do you say that? France will rise again."

"I know . . . I liked your speech. How did you happen to be making it?"

"I am working for de Gaulle—ever since France fell."

"Let's not be stiff, André. I'm grown up now. I got over thinking you a monster a long time ago."

"Did you, Miranda?"

"Of course. . . . Are you still painting?"

"Not much. A little."

He would not help her.

PRESENTLY she rose and went to the window, looked down on the great towering city with the lights beginning to come out like a great flower.

She turned and said gently, "André, I really am terribly glad to see you. I didn't know how glad I would be. We were a little happy once, weren't we? . . . For a long time now I've wanted to say something to you, only of course, there was no way. I've wanted to say to you that I have come to see that there can be two honest viewpoints about marriage, that I wouldn't be shocked any more at what you felt all those years ago. I've felt I owed it to you to say that. I was an American, I was idealistic, I felt that love was all-important and that it should be all-important to you in the same way it was to me. I don't know whether I'm not idealistic any more, or what. But I have a feeling that I owe you an apology. A little late, I grant you."

"You have perhaps married well?" he asked slowly.

"No, I have not married at all," she said. "I am a businesswoman."

"And very successful. One can see that."

"Yes, very successful."

"I, too, have wanted to say something to you," he said, looking away from her. Then he paused. "No, never mind," he said.

"Say it if you like."

"Well, then, it is this: I have learned something also, that there are times when one does not be sensible. It would be funny, would it not, if I should tell you that *I* have come to know that love *is* all-important? I am sorry to say it took me a long time to learn it. I learned it at Dunkirk from the English. Fighting against all odds, against all common sense for what they loved. And then, for the first time, Miranda, I knew what you meant about my not loving you. Yes, for the first time . . . And perhaps I did not love you in the way you meant. I loved you very much, very much indeed, and I have never loved anyone else, which is something of a record for one of my race, do you not think? But perhaps I did not love you enough . . . You have changed, Miranda—but you do look the same inside. Just the same . . . But you do not need to fear that I shall make love to you again. No, I have more sense than that."

"More sense?"

"Yes. It would not be appropriate."

She looked again at the city lights opening ever wider, wider. Tears stood in her eyes.

"So I look just the same—inside," she said softly.

"Yes. Do you know, I did not know you when you came to me? I would have passed you on the street and not known you. That is so. But when I looked up at your eyes, it was as if these last ten years had not been."

"How strange—how sweet," she murmured, but not aloud.

She turned and said gently, "Stay to supper with me, André."

I hope it will turn out all right for Miranda and André. I think somehow it will. One guards warmth most jealously when one has known nothing but cold. I suppose most of her acquaintances will say she is throwing herself away. Perhaps she is. Perhaps she will know cold again. But somehow I think not, I think not.

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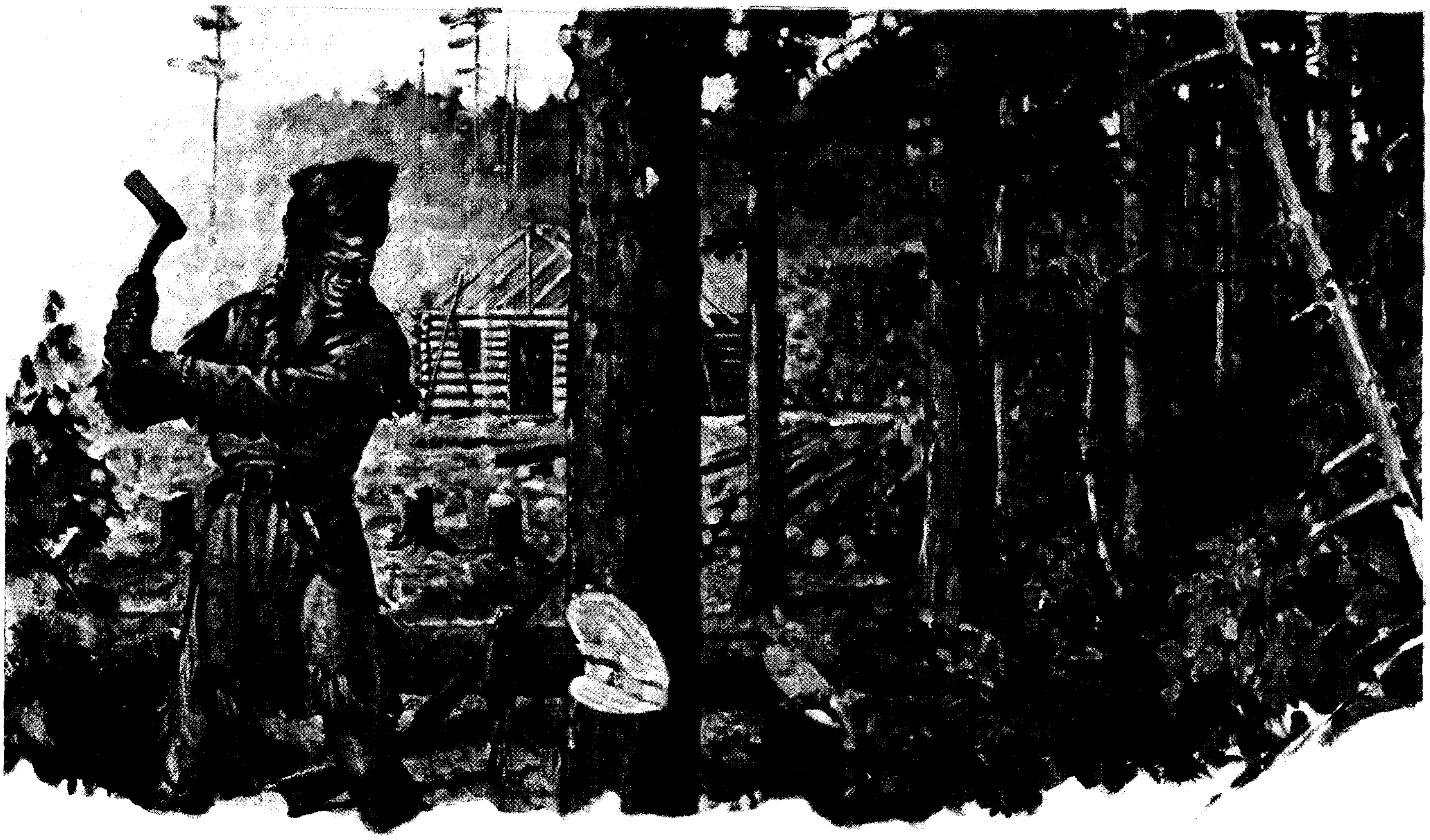

Today, you can't find a place to park

A LEAF floating lazily to earth in a sleeping forest. Brilliant patches of sunlight stealing across deep shadows. The tempo of life so patient that change is imperceptible. Solitude!

Today, on that same spot, throbbing crowds, eager and determined faces, impatient traffic. You can't find a place to park. The pioneer has built a city!

His achievements sprang of ambition. His goal was worth the hard work with crude tools, against merciless odds.

* * * *

Now a *new* goal is on the horizon. Industry is being challenged to reach it. The challenge is being accepted.

America is stepping faster — better ideas, more raw materials, more finished products. Science is doing its share, laboratories are discovering new methods — all in a spirit of determination that will fill the world with wonder. Have we not always been a nation of workmen, with a confidence in our ability to surmount obstacles that only strong men would tackle?

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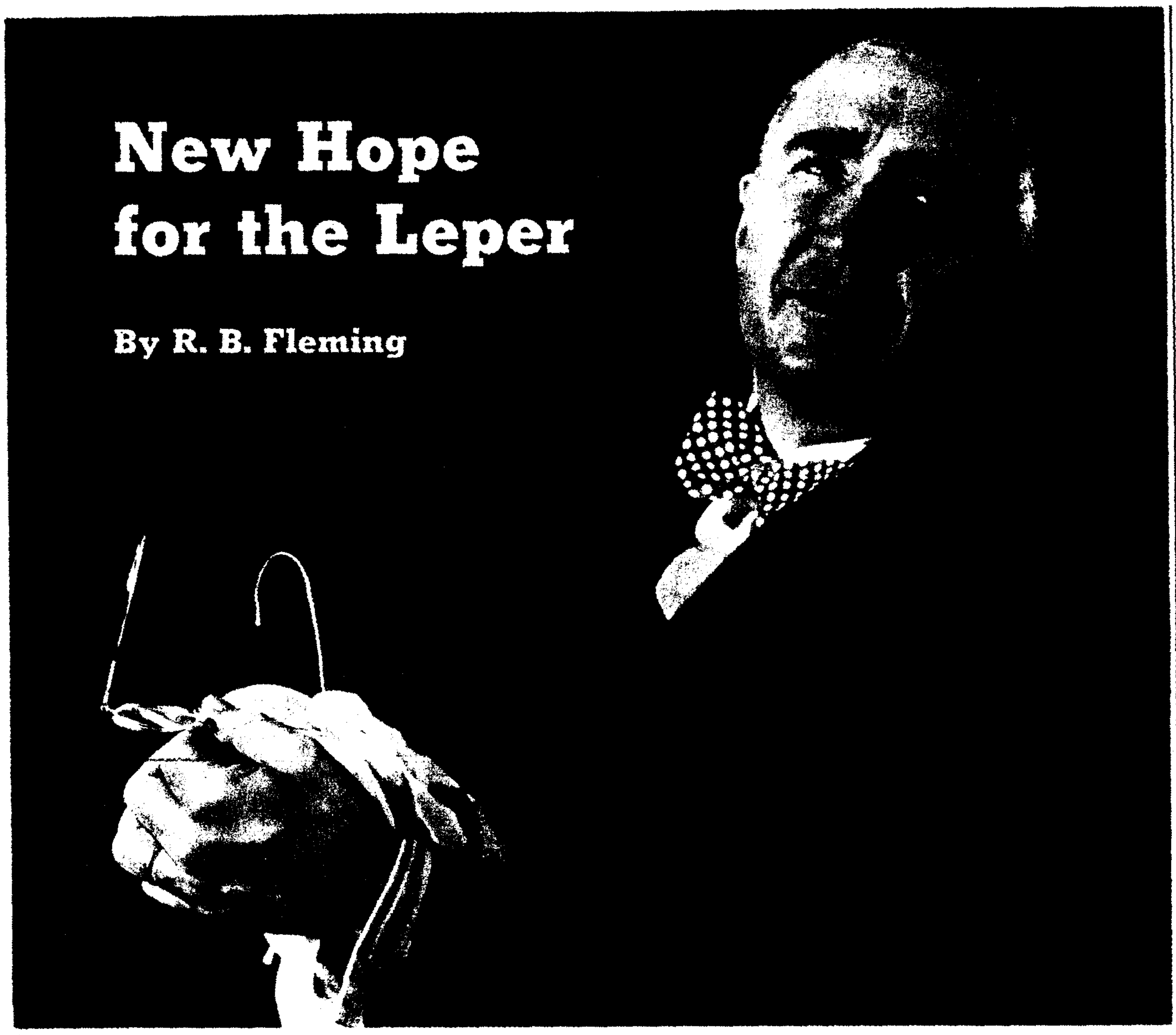
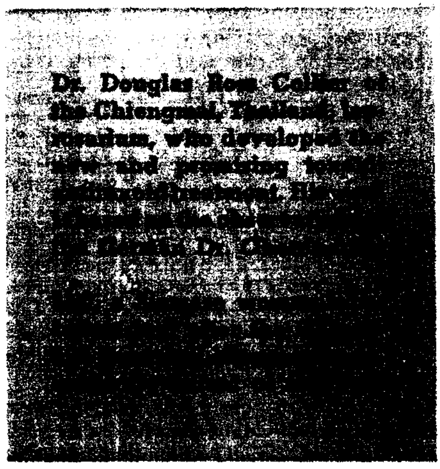


New Hope for the Leper

By R. B. Fleming

IFOR THOMAS



Dr. Douglas Ross Collier of the Chiengmai, Thailand, leprosarium, who developed the new and promising [illegible]

Because a tribe of natives in Nigeria had a taboo against eating caladium roots the world has a new quick treatment for leprosy. For the first time in history there's a chance of wiping out the disease

A NEW light of hope shines for the leper—for those millions of human beings whose kind for centuries have been outcasts, doomed to die a miserable, lingering death. The light comes halfway around the planet, from Thailand—formerly Siam.

Treatments "substantially as simple as typhoid vaccination" and centering basically around a few injections, as worked out and applied at the Chiengmai Leper Asylum, Thailand, during the past two years have returned to a normal life more than half the treated patients who were in the earlier stages of leprosy—and this in an institution where the overall rate of discharge had been slightly more than one patient per year out of each 100. The same treatments have improved the condition of 95 out of each 100 patients treated, many even among the most advanced and hopeless cases.

The most startling results were accomplished simply by injecting diphtheria antitoxin and toxoid.

Leprosy is one of those diseases for which there is no specific remedy, and the body must handle the disease itself, strengthened for the battle by such aid as science can give. Ordinarily, the body sets up no defenses, or very weak ones, when it is attacked by leprosy. This explains the traditionally inexorable march of the disease, and the inevitable doom of its victims.

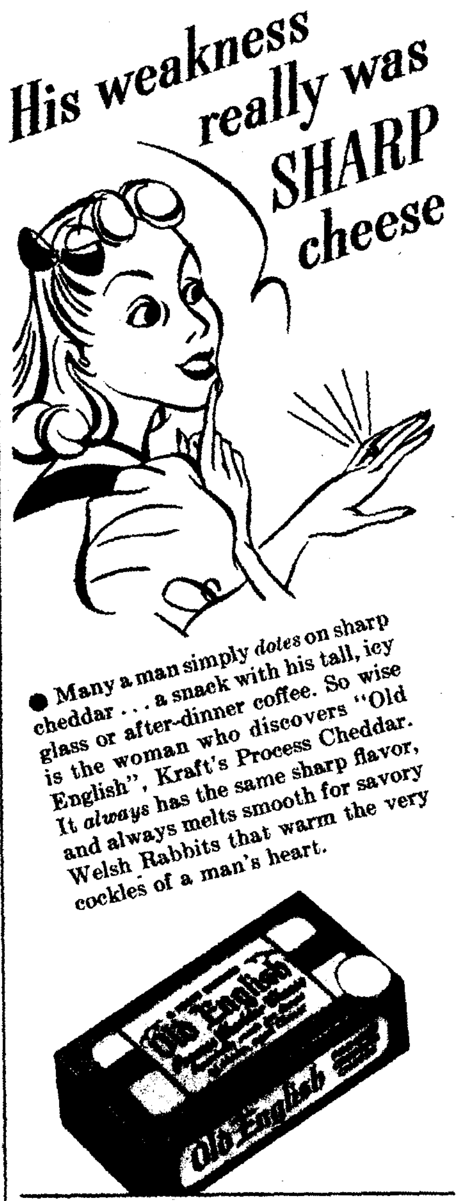
As these words are being read, the Chiengmai type of treatment has been begun at many of the Eastern world's great leprosariums.

The story is now being told in the United States before medical bodies and in U. S. medical journals, by a man who has been present at every step of the process. He is Douglas Ross Collier, M.D., a fellow of the American College of Surgeons, who is here for a year's leave, the third in 16 years at Chiengmai.

Dr. Collier is the son of Robert Collier, leading Denver attorney. Dr. Collier is a youthful, compact man of forty-four, whose alert energy betrays no effect of sixteen years spent in a near-tropical climate, laboring to relieve sufferers from the most dreaded of all human afflictions. His face is round and ruddy, and his gray eyes twinkle a trifle nearsightedly, behind glasses. He talks rapidly, in a soft and high-pitched voice that hesitates just a trifle at times.

He attended Beloit College, in Wisconsin, for three years, and then returned to the University of Colorado to take his M.D. in 1923. In the 1924 class was pretty, capable Mary Marr, daughter of a Denver family, and when she also received her M.D. the two were married, and sailed across half the world to become medical missionaries of the Presbyterian Mission in Thailand.

Chiengmai Leper Asylum, founded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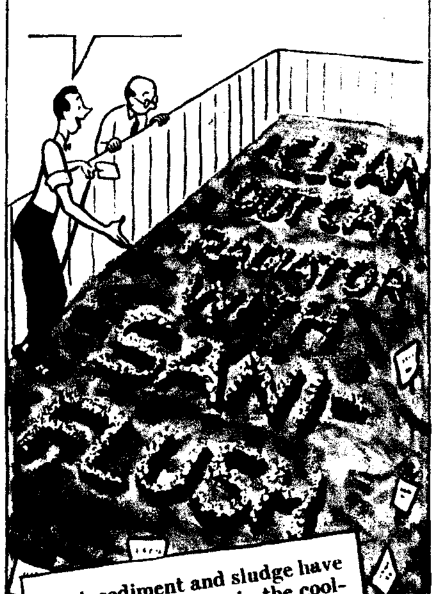

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The old reliable—kills rats, mice, other pests. Succeeds where others fail. Sure, safe to handle and easy to use. All drug stores; 25c, 50c.

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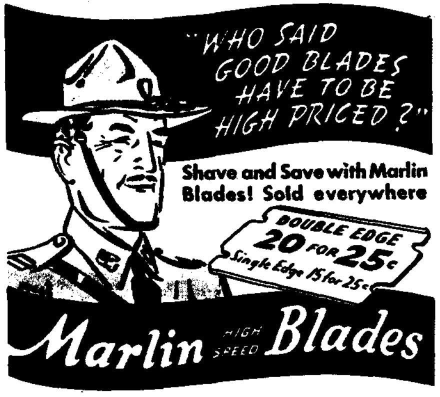

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by Dr. W. J. McKean of the Presbyterian Mission, now headed by his son, J. H. McKean, and supported in part by the American Mission to Lepers, and in part by the Thailand government, is a large and modern institution which has for years pursued and investigated all the modern leper therapies, including the chaulmoogra oil treatments.

It is a pleasant place—a village of 200 houses shaded by tall casuarina trees, where the inhabitants move about gardening and doing all the other village tasks, chatting cheerily and seeming normal—unless you look too closely. There are 450 people of all ages there, from babes in arms to septuagenarians. But 450 is a drop in the bucket beside the 50,000 lepers in Thailand—the government now contemplates eight new hospitals. Of these 450, leprosy was arrested yearly in only about five to seven patients sufficiently for them to return to normal life.

The Mystery of the Niger

One day in 1937, a blond, decisive young German walked in. His name is Mannfred J. Oberdoerffer, and he is a graduate in medicine of the University of Hamburg. In 1934, he had had to face trial on a charge that his blood was not wholly Aryan. He was acquitted, but sought a career far away from Germany. The British Leprosy Relief Association—this was in the good old days a half decade ago—sent him to Africa to study leprosy.

He spent three years there, methodically examining case after case, until he had studied about 50,000 in all. And he observed a queer thing—on one side of the Niger River there was much leprosy; on the other side virtually none.

Searching about for a possible cause, he found that on the leprous side of the Niger the people ate colocasia, or taro; on the healthy side they believed that it reduced the strength and endurance of warriors in battle and it had there been taboo for generations.

Dr. Oberdoerffer methodically surveyed the world, and he found that where taro, or colocasia, formed a part of the people's diet there was leprosy, and that leprosy infestation runs as high as twenty times heavier in the regions where taro is eaten most. And he mapped the world, tracing the spread of leprosy and the spread of the use of taro as a food plant, and he found that in every instance the wider use of taro was a forerunner of the disease.

Then he widened the field still more. Taro and its relatives, and corn cockle and decaying fish, all contain sapotoxin, a complex organic compound that is a deadly poison in the pure form. And an earlier investigator had pointed out the prevalence of leprosy among certain fish-eating peoples. And still another African investigator, a Dr. Clark, had studied the effects of Xanthosoma, one of taro's plant relatives that contains sapotoxin, and had found that it caused a degeneration of the adrenal glands.

Oberdoerffer's feat in linking taro with leprosy, and his further deduction in laying the blame upon sapotoxin, and the harm it does to the adrenal glands, are the first and second on the road to the Chiengmai treatments.

Oberdoerffer had about reached this point in his thinking when he came to Chiengmai.

Dr. Collier became interested at once in the young German's theory. Now taro traditionally is almost as staple a food in Thailand as potatoes are in America. It comes to Bangkok in boatloads from the country. You have seen it, perhaps without knowing it. It is commonly grown in this country as a floral plant and is known as elephant's ear or caladium. The roots, the edible part, look like sugar beets.

The first experiment the two men tried was on animals. A great barrier to effective research in leprosy has been that scientists have never been able to produce the clinical forms of the disease in animals, so as to study it there by laboratory methods. Dr. Collier and Dr. Oberdoerffer put monkeys and pigs on a diet of taro—slightly boiled because they wouldn't eat it raw—and some weeks later inoculated the animals with leprosy bacilli. The results were positive. Some monkeys—mostly females—and the pigs, became ill. Leprosy bacilli were recovered from the nasal secretions and from the ear lobes. Fresh evidence, here, of the taro-leprosy connection, and very valuable evidence. Later, pure sapotoxin was injected into monkeys and pigs, and results were even quicker and more decisive.

Dr. Collier summarizes:

"Monkeys fed on colocasia or injected with sapotoxin, but not inoculated with leprosy, showed no changes.

"Monkeys inoculated, but not fed on colocasia, showed no signs of leprosy.

"In every instance where we have fed an animal with colocasia and inoculated it with leprous material, we have found some symptom of the disease.

"Though leprosy is one of the oldest diseases known to man, and though many skilled scientists have worked on it all their lives, many of its factors are still unknown. We do not know the method of infection, the point of entry into the body, the exact incubation time, the factors that allow some individuals to contract leprosy while most people seem to be immune.

"We hope that with the experimental infection of animals, many questions can be settled; also that we can investigate various methods of treatment, drugs and procedures. We are now working to determine whether, with the new treatments developed at Chiengmai, we can immunize animals. If so, this may be a path to immunization of humans, which in time may eliminate leprosy from the earth."

Then came the next step or milestone—the resort to diphtheria antitoxin and toxoid. According to Dr. Collier, they reasoned as follows: "In searching for methods of stimulating the adrenals, the experimenters thought of diphtheria antitoxin, since in diphtheria there is occasionally a degeneration of these glands as a result of the disease, and antitoxin tends to prevent such damage.

"As controls, tetanus antitoxin and antivenom were employed, but no appreciable changes were noted in this case.

"Dr. Oberdoerffer and I wondered if there might not be even more than an analogy between this attempt of the body to form antibodies against diphtheria, and the absence of such in leprosy. We did not expect that antitoxin would cure leprosy, but thought it might neutralize the toxic element in the leprosy reaction."

The Historic Experiment

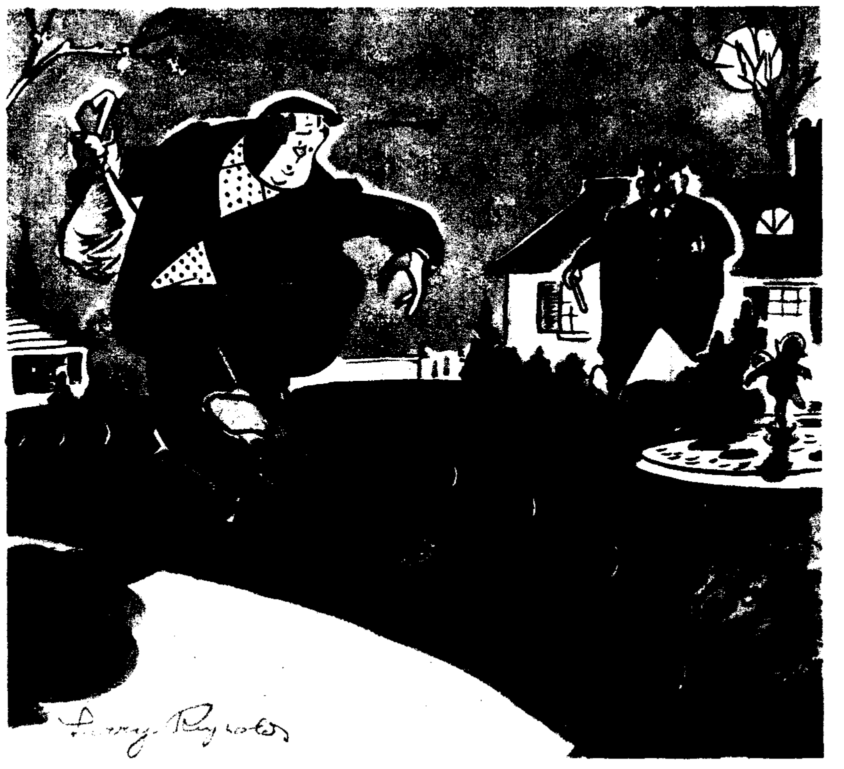
Leprosy is an intermittent disease. It lies passive, sometimes for long periods, and then suddenly the patient's skin may break out in bright red nodules, as in hives; he will have a slight fever, will "ache all over," and will generally feel like the victim of influenza. This is the leprosy reaction.

When this attack ends, he is weakened, and the inexorable disease has advanced another step. It was the hope of lightening these attacks, rather than of smashing the disease head on, which led to the use of diphtheria antitoxin. If antitoxin would be of value, it seemed to them that toxoid should be of greater value and would be of greater duration. Therefore, a request for toxoid was sent to America, the nearest point where it could be obtained. The Lederle Laboratories, Inc., of New York, and the Eli Lilly Co., of Indianapolis, each sent a generous free supply. Effects of the toxoid, in diphtheria, last longer than those of the antitoxin, and protect even for life. Perhaps, Collier and Oberdoerffer reasoned, they could get this lasting effect here.

However, by the time the toxoid arrived, Oberdoerffer had gone. He had to go back to Germany, partly on account of ill-health, possibly for other reasons also. He held a reserve commission in the German navy, and is now on active duty, although he has found time to carry on further leprosy studies of which Dr. Collier has had fragmentary news.

So it was Collier who, on October 26, 1938, surrounded by patients and native

BUTCH **By Larry Reynolds**



"Oops—sorry!"

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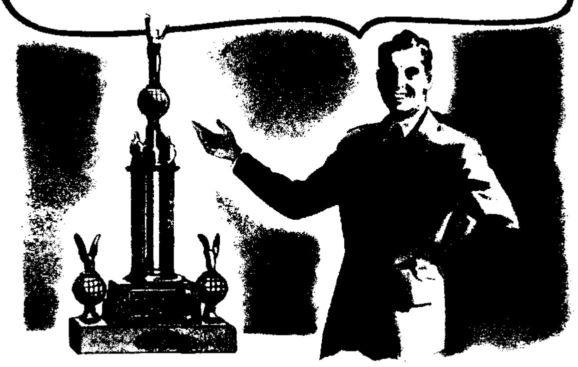

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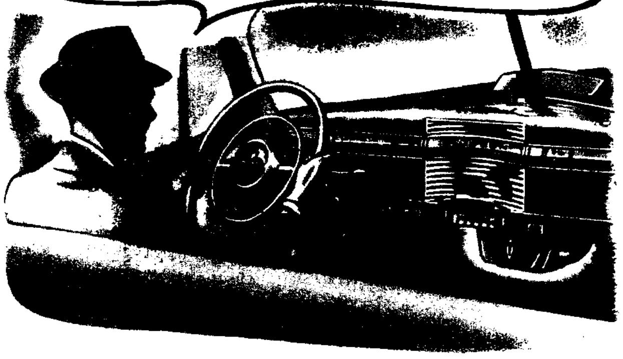

The salesman told me Hudson uses the finest and costliest combination of husky coil springs in front and long leaf ones in back, so I said: "Show me." One ride did! Smoothest thing on four wheels! All kinds of room inside, too . . . and I'd never be without that Hudson Weather-Master. Winter or summer . . . no drafts, no fume-laden air, no fogged windows!

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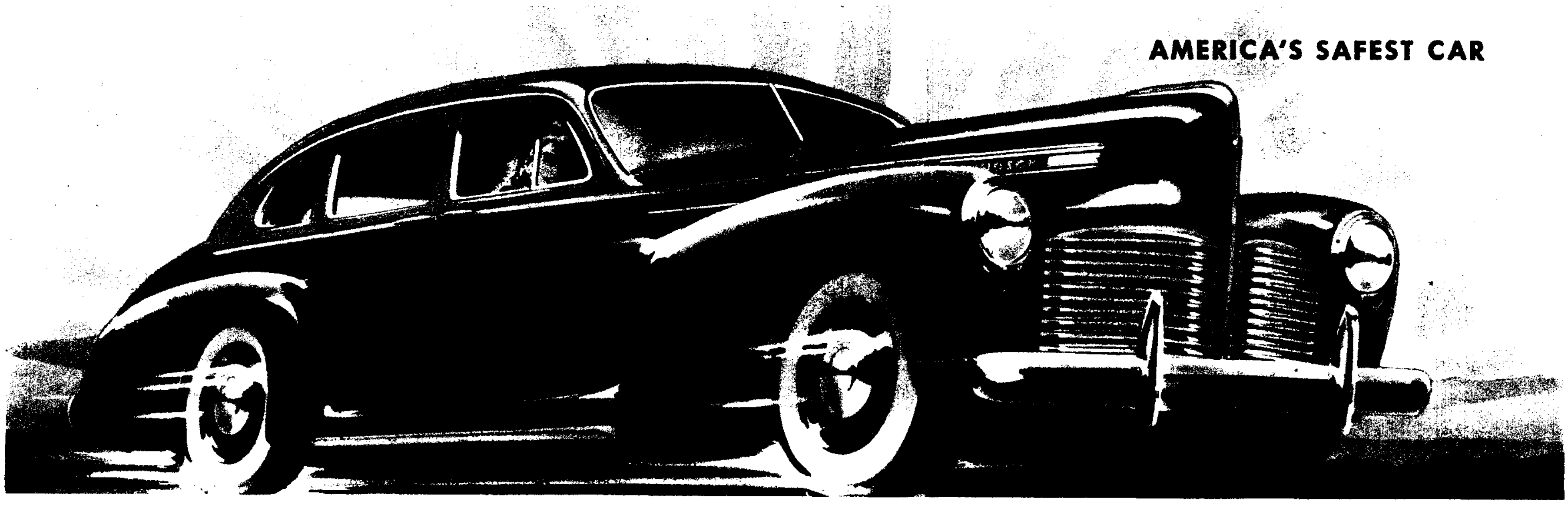

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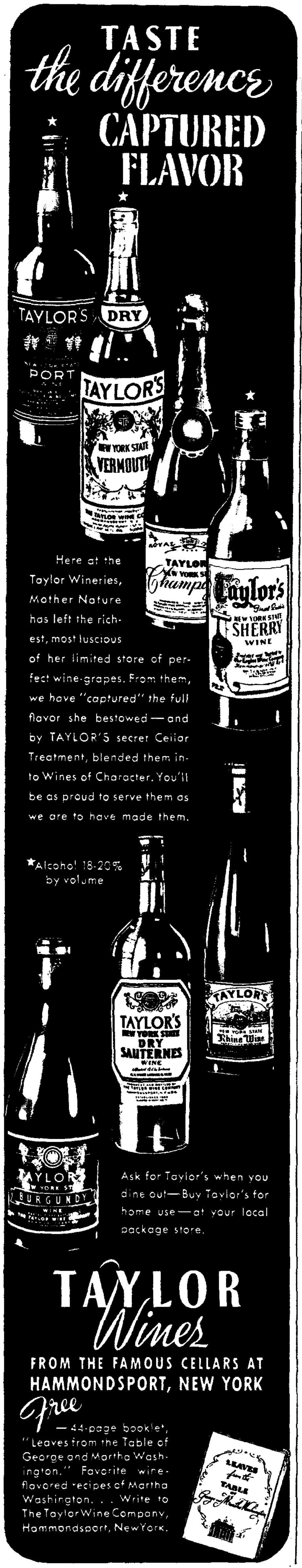
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assistants in an open-air clinic on the asylum grounds, put the first needleful of toxoid into a patient's arm. The first to be treated were chosen from among those who were having the most severe reactions. They included both early and late cases, of both the major types of leprosy—skin, and the nerve type that causes the dreadful degeneration of flesh and bone that typifies leprosy's horrors.

Injections were small—they ran from one up to three cubic centimeters, and were given two weeks apart. Maximum benefit seems to be received after about the fifth or sixth injection.

The experimenters did not have to wait long. In fact, Mrs. Collier says the most joyful Christmas gift of her life, more welcome than a fur coat or a square-cut diamond, was the sight, after sixty days' absence, of the results already achieved in the patients. Blotched and pustulated skins had cleared up and smoothed over; huge ulcers healed; useless, swollen nerves, corded like ropes under the skin, had subsided to normal size and function; paralyzed muscles came back into use. Most patients, after a slight illness caused by the first treatment, felt rapidly and continuously better. No bad effects of any kind have ever been observed in any patient.

The Bacilli Can't Take It

One man told Dr. Collier that he could feel again over large areas of his body that had been insensitive. Dr. Collier blindfolded these patients, and tried touch tests. It was true! Areas of skin that had been as insensible as wood had returned to sensitivity.

The experimenters took smears, and looked at them under the microscope. The bacilli were changed—first thickened at the ends, and then broken up into fragments. Some of the slides looked as if they had been thickly sprinkled with red pepper. So rapid was the destruction of the bacilli that in some cases secondary abscesses developed under the skin. When opened, these proved to be filled with fragments of leprosy bacilli. The same thing happened in certain of the major glands.

The breaking down of bacilli had been seen before, but only rarely, and never as completely as these were broken down. And it had been seen only in those few patients who had overcome the disease and were recovering naturally—in whom it had "burned out," as the leper specialists say.

They found that the nerve type of leprosy reacted most quickly and completely. The underlying reason for the crippling absorption of bone seems to be that the swollen nerves and paralyzed muscles interfere with the blood supply to the bone, which then begins to be absorbed. In such cases, nerves returned to normal and the shrinkage of fingers and toes ceased.

Formerly, the only method of relief for the nerve torture caused by this disease was to lay bare the swollen nerve and slit the capsule at many points. Out of the 600 patients that have now been treated not one has had to have this operation.

And, best of all, the resistance to infection among the children of lepers, and their other intimate associates, seems to be increased.

A Possible End to Leprosy

This, Dr. Collier feels, is the most hopeful sign of all. He summarizes, with scientific caution:

"Just what the final results will be, I cannot say. In a disease such as leprosy, where there is a long incubation period, and which is characterized normally by long periods of improvement and regression, considerably more time must elapse before results can be adjudged with certainty.

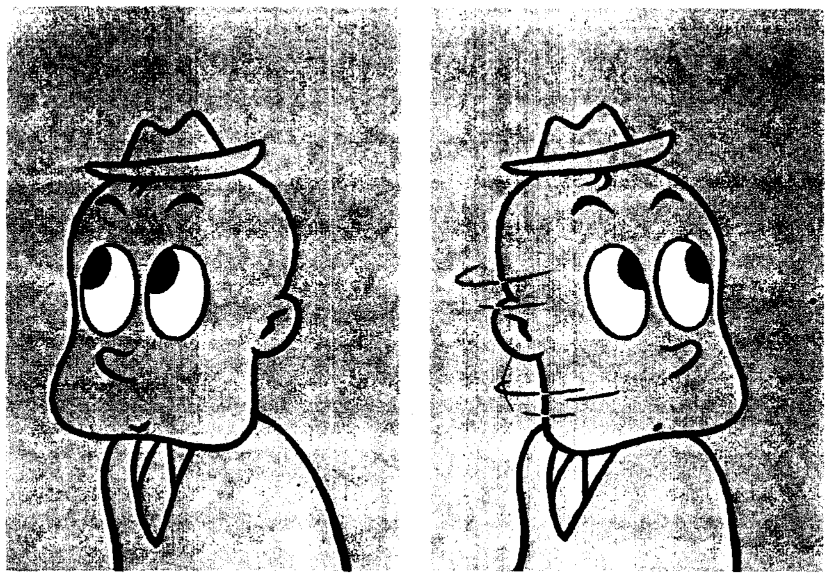
"It would appear, however, that in the use of toxoid and antitoxin, we have a treatment which far surpasses any other method yet known. Results are obtained in a few weeks that formerly were seen only after months or years of treatment. While the earlier cases seem to return to normal much faster, all types seem to receive positive and definite benefit. This leads us to hope that the results in many cases will be permanent.

"Looking into the future, we cannot escape the thought that we may have opened the way to a possible means to protect the intimate associates of lepers and the general population.

"We know that, in diphtheria, toxoid protects for life. If such is the case in leprosy, then it is conceivable that the terrible scourge will eventually be eliminated from the earth. Such a means of protection is no more difficult than vaccination against typhoid, and probably more lasting in its results. Large supplies of the necessary antitoxins and toxoids are, of course, already available.

"With adequate funds—now lacking—to carry on the treatments and the animal-experimentation work at Chiengmai on a larger scale, we shall have the means for wider and possibly more effective research work.

"At last there are rays of hope shining down the dark and lonely road of that miserable, forlorn creature—the leper! Relief is in sight!"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Funny Man

Continued from page 18

and then, as he reached for milady's lily white hand—fell flat on his face. Milady danced gracefully away, whispering out of the corner of her mouth, "Wait for the laughs, Danny! Wait for the laughs!"

Lying prostrate on the floor, Danny began his career as a comedian. "I'm afraid I'll have to," he hissed loudly. "I've split my trousers!"

The audience loved it; the accident became part of the routine, and Danny received billing, choosing the name Danny Kaye. The act moved west and climaxed its run at the Colonial Theater in Detroit.

After his second performance there, Danny found the only comfortable chair in his dressing room full of a short, dark man who nodded hello, and held out a printed contract. "Could it be," he asked Danny in rich Hester Street, "you iss vanting to go to Tchina and the Far Yeast?"

Danny found the accent irresistible, as he does any dialect, and answered in kind. "Vy not?" he shrugged.

The Darling of the Far East

Before they had time to consider the import of this conversation, Danny and the other two Terpsichoreans found themselves en route to the Orient as part of the A. B. Marcus show, "La Vie Paree." This traveling variety unit is an annual event, like the rainy season, in such cities as Peking, Tokyo, Penang and Singapore, where the English sahibs have happily dubbed it "The Carcass Show."

Danny was soon appearing in sixteen of the twenty-one numbers, and considered himself a pretty able entertainer—until they hit Tokyo. There the first audience was composed mainly of the military who looked, according to Danny, "like so many Junior G-Men." Danny tried every comedy trick he knew and a few he made up on the spot, but there wasn't so much as a chuckle from the auditorium. He tried another approach and sang a sad ballad called "Molly Malone," but not a tear was shed and no hands were clapped.

Danny left the stage ready to adopt the ways of the country and commit hara-kiri. However, he was dissuaded by the theater manager who explained that the Japanese were too polite to interrupt the lovely entertainment with noisy laughter or applause. Danny remained dubious and very unhappy—when things go bad at any performance he thinks longingly of the relative security of automobile appraising—until Marcus hired a bilingual Japanese to rewrite the sketches and instruct the customers when to laugh, when to giggle and when to cry softly.

One of the new skits which was always preceded by the command for belly laughter, went as follows:

Danny (In English): If you ring this bell someone will follow you all around the stage.

The Japanese (In Japanese): You mean that if I ring this bell someone will follow me all around the stage?

Danny (In English): Yes.

The Japanese (In Japanese, ringing bell): Who?

Danny (In English, following him around the stage): Me.

Audiences liked this almost as well as another improvised skit in which Danny coughed crackers at the other members of the company, and he became a matinee idol in the copra ports.

Danny loved the East and considered staying another full year. A Dutch impresario—a rival of Marcus'—met Danny in his hotel room in Osaka, Japan, to discuss the deal. As the rest of the company was sailing for the States the following day, Danny couldn't decide whether to accept the tempting offer or stay with his friends.

In the midst of the conference, the Japanese hurricane of 1936 arrived unannounced, and Danny and the manager rushed to the window. On the street below them they saw a little Japanese on a bicycle trying to work his way against the sudden violent wind. Gently he was lifted, machine and all, a good twenty feet above the ground, and, as he flew higher and higher in the air, pedaled harder and harder. Danny shrieked with laughter and leaned far out the window to see better.

Still chuckling, Danny regained consciousness on the ship back to America, his skull slightly warped where a hurricane-borne brick had struck it. A. B. Marcus was sitting placidly by his bedside. "Good mornink," he said. "You iss shanghaied on account you iss too waluable for American tshow business to losing. Also A. B. Marcus needs you."

Marcus kept him a while longer for a tour of the West, and then Danny decided he was ready for Broadway. He wasn't, really, he confesses now, for he had yet to meet Sylvia Fine.

This event, which was equivalent to Charlie McCarthy's introduction to Edgar Bergen, occurred in the summer of 1939 when Danny was hired by Max Liebman to entertain at Camp Tamiment in Pennsylvania. Sylvia Fine was the camp author, and she knew how to write for Danny.

They have the same kind of a sense of humor, and they share a craftsmanlike dread of the dull and the trite. Together they worked out some sketches for Danny, and, when the Shuberts combined the Tamiment shows into a New York production called The Straw Hat Revue, Danny's Broadway career was launched.

Too Many Coincidences

The reviewers unanimously spotted Danny, and the New York Sun announced: "We saw some of the customers laughing so hard at Danny Kaye that the tears were streaming from their eyes." Robert Coleman of the Mirror gave Sylvia's writing a plug, "Kaye's material is always sure-fire."

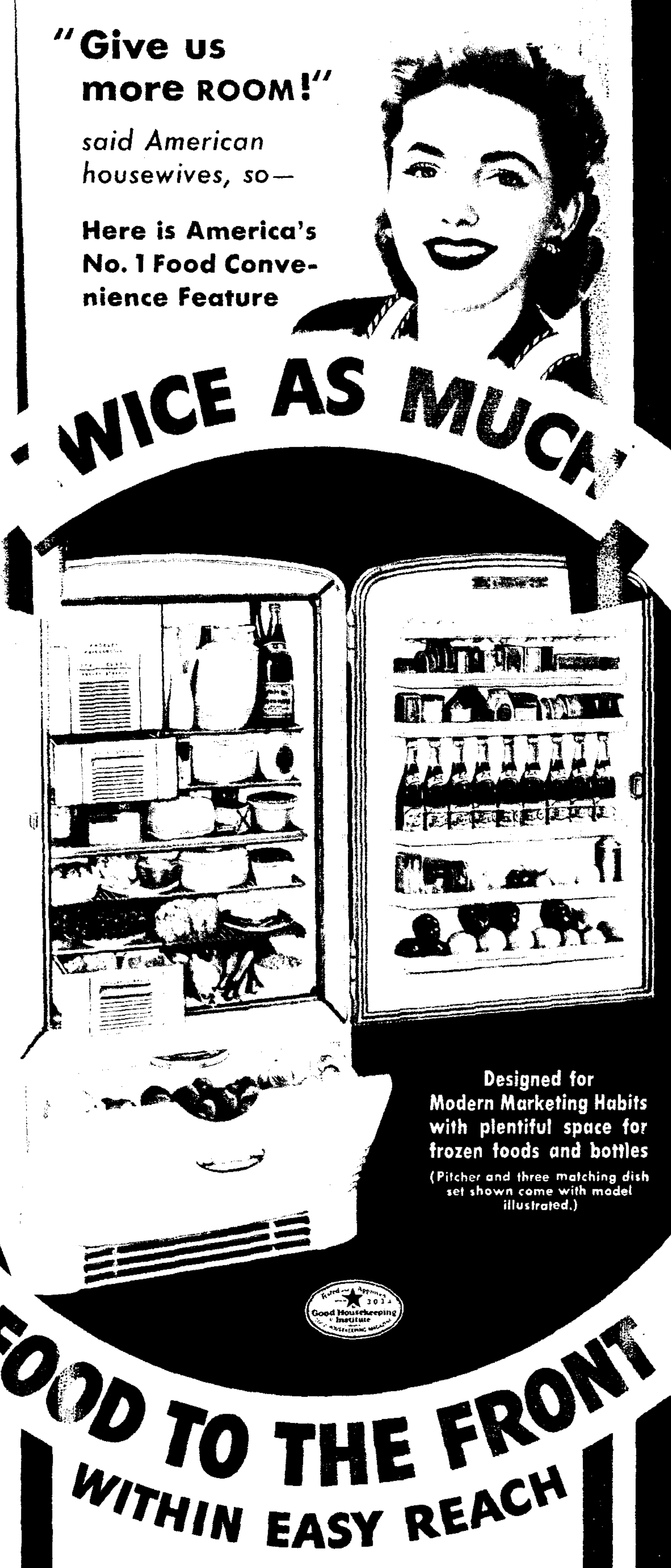
After the revue ended its successful five months' run, Sylvia and Danny discovered that they shared not only the same professional opinions, but also the same background. It seemed unbelievable that they hadn't met as kids living on the same block and attending Thomas Jefferson High School together—and even more incredible that they hadn't met when Danny spent the summer of his thirteenth year running errands for Sylvia's father.

Overcome by coincidences, Sylvia and Danny eloped to Florida. After the honeymoon Sylvia set to work on new material for her spouse—material that helped brighten his successful nightclub and vaudeville engagements last spring and summer. Some of their merriest collaboration went into spending the money they were earning together—Sylvia chose the penthouse, and Danny, from a wealth of experience, their new car.

Now Sylvia is at work on a musical comedy with a starring part for a young comedian. "We're a going concern," Sylvia says proudly. "I do the worrying, and Danny does the work."

"Give us more ROOM!" said American housewives, so—

Here is America's No. 1 Food Convenience Feature



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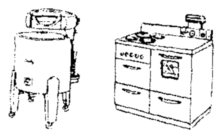

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The 200th Year

Continued from page 21

a paying basis. So it is today, and it is not merely a botanical garden or a museum either. Middleton Place is a functioning Southern plantation and a home as well. Mr. Smith has been experimenting with a form of "upland rice" which may enjoy a wide market in due course. He is raising hogs. Nearly all of the food used on the plantation is produced there. A further source of revenue will lie in cuttings from the azaleas, which will be sold to nurseries.

But that Mr. Smith could do any of this was gravely doubted by the people of Charleston when Middleton Place became his in 1914. Pringle Smith had no money. And the sad fact is—for this is a brutally truthful record—that he was considered something of a ne'er-do-well by the best people of the city. After graduating from the University of South Carolina, he had traveled too much instead of settling down to the practice of law. Finally taking up practice, he had scandalized the best people further by devoting himself to criminal law. Clearly, Pringle Smith was no good. But Middleton Place wasn't much good either. It would be a white elephant to anybody except a millionaire.

The recorded history of Middleton Place and its owners goes back to 1683, when two sons of a London merchant, Edward and Henry Middleton, arrived in Charleston from the Barbados. The estate was handed down successively to Arthur, the oldest son of Henry Middleton, and then to Henry, the oldest son of Arthur, who was governor of South Carolina. Governor Henry Middleton had the first camellias in America planted in the gardens and three of the bushes survive to this day. He secured these from André Michaux, famous French botanist, before 1785. The final Middleton to own the estate in its prewar magnificence was the governor's son, Williams Middleton, who saw it crumble into ruins after the flames started by Union troops.

All of which has left J. J. Pringle Smith, the restorer and present owner, merely practicing his frowned-upon criminal law in Charleston. Nothing can have seemed more remote than inheriting Middleton Place. But the laws of inheritance play strange tricks. Williams Middleton, the Civil War owner, had married a Susan Smith who was the daughter of Robert Pringle Smith and a sister of J. J. Pringle Smith, the first. Elizabeth Middleton, a daughter of the marriage, attempted to live at Middleton Place and did so from time to time. She was married to Julius Hayward of Charleston and on the death of her father became the owner of the estate. It passed in 1914 to her brother's descendant, J. J. Pringle Smith, the second, who is the hero of our story.

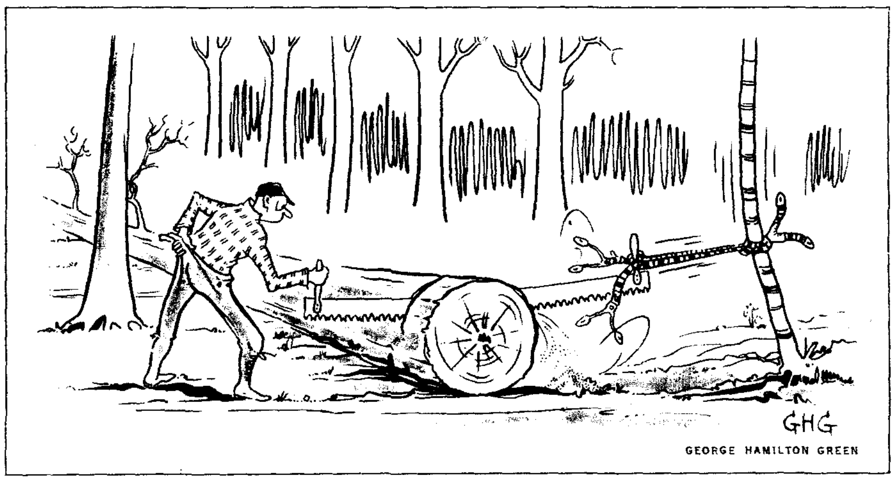
Order Out of Chaos

Mr. Smith went out from time to time to look at Middleton Place and the sight must have been discouraging. A roof had been put on the remaining wing of the house. Otherwise, the scene was one of desolation when Pringle Smith viewed his inheritance. Barbed-wire fences had been erected across the lawns and terraces. Hardly a vestige remained of the camellias and the azaleas upon which a fortune in planting and care had been spent during the past 150 years.

Mr. Smith did nothing for a time. I am inclined to think he might have hesitated far longer had he not been married, not long before his inheritance, to a Virginia girl whose charm is matched only by her determination. Her name was Heningham Ellet, and she was from Richmond.

Middleton Place looked perfectly hopeless in 1914, but seven years later the restoration began in earnest. In 1921 Mrs. Smith decided that she wanted to live on the estate and they moved there from town for most of the year. Neither had any appreciable experience with horticulture or gardening. Mr. Smith had been fond of flowers and had worked in his father's Charleston garden. Mrs. Smith had a similar amateur's background. So great was their eagerness to restore the gardens of Middleton Place, however, that her husband decided to abandon his law practice for two years or so. He has never gone back to an office.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith had no funds with which to begin the restoration. But they had the energy and the ignorance of youth; the first provided the will and the second blinded them to the difficulties ahead. Their work was that of archaeologists. They had to tear aside the overgrowth. They had to uncover the paths which had once threatened the gardens. They worked wholly blind, without charts or diagrams, for all records had been lost when the house had been burned in 1865.



GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

Little by little order developed out of chaos, inside the house as well as outside. So great had been the ravages of the passing years that the rugs had to be pried off the floors with shovels.

A small inheritance came to Mr. Smith on the death of his father in 1923 and gave him a degree of working capital. It was far from enough. The world-famous terraces had to be repaired. Many of the live oaks needed immediate attention and tree surgeons had to be engaged. The hardest work was in the gardens. With a few Negroes to help them, Mr. and Mrs. Smith would cut out the overgrowth and discover, perhaps, a few bricks which indicated that a path was nearby. After fifteen years of unceasing labor the gardens are now as the Middletons planned them back in 1741.

The more the gardens emerged, however, the heavier became the drain upon their slender resources. Word spread in Charleston and the countryside that Middleton Place was being restored. Tourists who visited Magnolia Gardens, nearer Charleston and open to the public for many years, began to knock at the gates and ask whether they might wander through the camellias and see the terraced vistas, the incredible azaleas and the mirrored beauties of the cypress lake. Mr. and Mrs. Smith allowed them to do so, without charge at first. Friends then urged them to fix an entrance fee so that the visitors who enjoyed the beauty could provide still additional beauty for the years ahead. They agreed, and last year almost 15,000 visitors went there between January and April.

So time has not after all been too harsh with Middleton Place and the last two decades, as the two hundredth anniversary is reached, have been kind indeed. The money which the visitors leave has, in fact, been turned back into the gardens and the house. Although almost $35,000 was taken in last year the expenses were heavy. Mr. Smith has invested about $200,000 in restoration and repairs. But in a war-torn world peace dwells in the gardens of Middleton Place. Even its ghost, "the little old lady in gray," sleeps quietly now and walks the night shadows no longer.

Where the Tourists Behave

Last year, when the gardens were in their full beauty, a visitor asked one of the Negro gardeners about this kindly shade. Had she actually ever been seen? The man said he couldn't rightly say *he* had seen her. But he knew other darkies who *said* they had. And when was the old lady most likely to walk?

"She never walks no more, Ma'am," said the Negro softly. "She happy now, you see. She don' have to worry about the gardens no more. She happy now."

Who shall say there never was an old lady? Who will insist that she was but a floating mass of Spanish moss shining against the dark green of a live oak when a quarter moon sent its rays slanting through the gardens? Whatever the truth, the spirits of Middleton Place are happy now. In a way, it is not at all incongruous that hundreds of people should wander through the gardens. Visitors swarmed there in those remote days before the war. They came singing on barges up the river from Charleston. Their laughter rang through the live oaks.

And insofar as Middleton Place is concerned the American tourist conducts himself like a gentleman. One day Mrs. Smith unthinkingly went into the gardens while a number of tourists were there and cut some camellias. As she started back to the house she overheard an indignant remark.

"Can you imagine any tourist cutting the flowers in these beautiful gardens!" a visitor remarked to his companion. "That's one of the most outrageous things I have ever seen. She should be arrested!"

Mrs. Smith now realizes that she should have explained who she was and have told the man that it was "one of the nicest things I have ever overheard." Instead, she fled to the house in a panic. Never, she confesses, had she felt more guilty.

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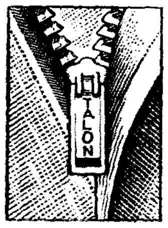

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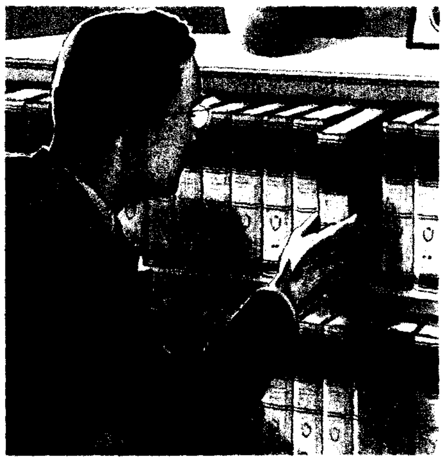

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How Blue the Sussex Sk

By Clare Sheridan

ILLUSTRATED BY HARDIE GRAMATKY

Miss Sheridan, famous sculptress, cousin of Winston Churchill and interviewer of Mussolini and Stalin, joins her Sussex neighbors, those brave and stubborn people who refuse to leave their homes either for the bombs of the Germans or the orders of their own government

PROBABLY there are people in America who look upon us in England as I looked upon Spain not so very long ago. I thought then the most terrible fate that could happen to any people was that of indiscriminate bombing.

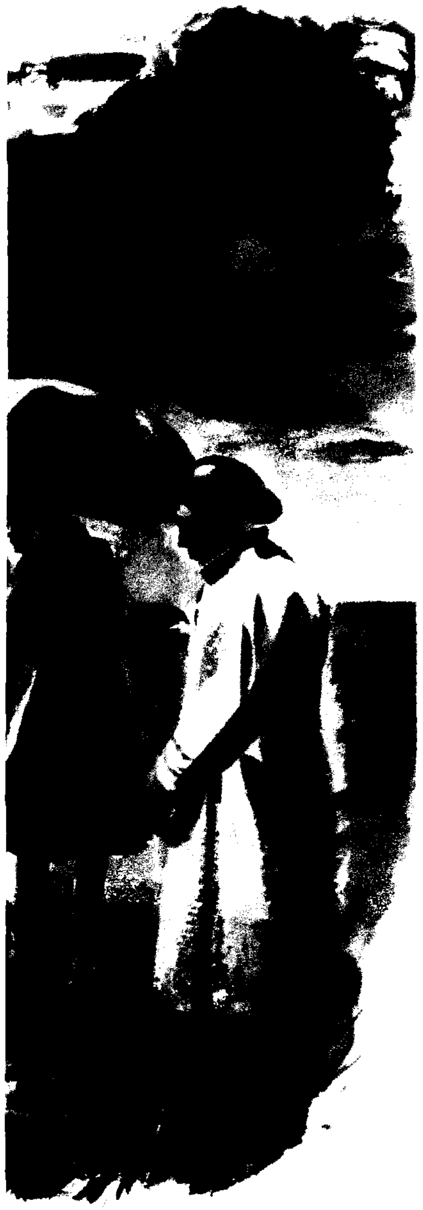
I marveled at the women of Barcelona who, so we heard, stuck to their places in the bread queue even when the bombs were falling in their street. The Calvary of the Spanish people caused me sleepless nights, but now we, actually *we*, are for it!

As a widow of the last war I decid
at the very outset that this war belong
to another generation, to a generati
that had so often told me: "We do
want to hear about your old war." A
so when Margaret, my daughter, proud
announced, "*This* is *my* war," I felt ju
tified in leaving her to it. I would li
my life as if there were no war. I wou
carry on as usual, on the land of my a
cestors in what used to be known
Sleepy Sussex (and how sleepy!). B
it happens that Sleepy Sussex, and esp
cially that part within sight of the s
in which I have my home, has becon
automatically front line. It is know
now as "the restricted area" or "defen
zone." People are free to leave it but n
free to enter it.

During the expected invasion peri
before the autumn storms set in, Ma
garet was refused permission to visit h
home.

A neighbor's son who came to see h
father arrived at Hastings station fro
London and was sent back on the ne
train.

Fear of invasion caused most of n
neighbors to evacuate. I felt pretty is
lated until the army requisitioned n
old home, but as I live in a little cotta
in the park it matters little to n
whether a strange family rents the b
house or whether it is occupied by 2



He looked at the girl—theoretically one of his victims—as if she were a vision. "You are an angel from heaven," he half whispered to her. "I shall look for you after this war"

ldiers. Only I made my appeal that ey should respect its antiquity and not rve their names on the stone mullions hammer nails in the Jacobean panelg.

The sergeant, speaking for the men, romised to have a care (which promise ey have kept), but they were accomanied by heavy-caliber guns that eighed ten tons, and the lorries that ragged them weighed twenty. The mile f park road that had been remade last ear at a cost of a thousand pounds gave ay like jelly beneath the chariot heels.

My protests were in vain. Every orning they ground their way across, nd up and down, doing their bit toward inning the war. The guns had to be exercised, the gunners had to learn their job. They had another form of exercise, too, that of attaching the twenty-ton lorry to a tree and then winding it backward by a winch. Few trees, even big ones, would stand the treatment. Great stems snapped like matches.

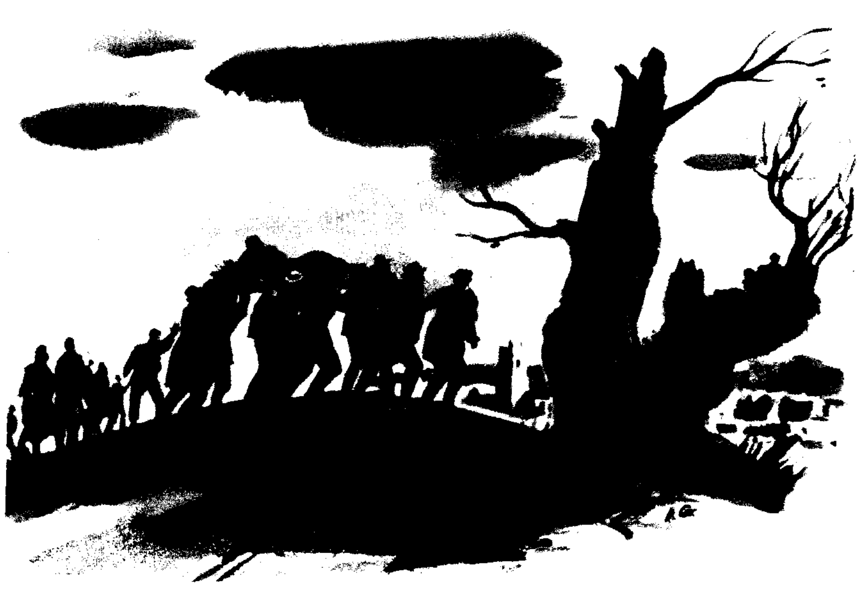
How glad I was when that lot departed to be replaced by infantrymen who harmlessly practiced bayonet exercises, or crawled about the thickets like Indians. Wherever I went I found crouching soldiers, training! Impossible to ignore the war: it faced me at every point.

SINCE those halcyon days the war has come in earnest to Sussex. Perched on a hill, my cottage receives the full blast. I am terrified when my cottage shakes and the locked outer door bursts wide open. The gamekeeper's wife sleeps in my spare room. People are very kind and the villagers are of the opinion that I should not sleep alone in my house. I am thankful for her companionship. I have a little dugout in the garden, 6 feet deep and roofed over with tree trunks and a layer of peat. There is just room for two sitting side by side. Here a few nights ago we crouched from 8 in the evening until 4 the next morning, and although there was a raging storm of wind and rain the bombers never let up. I tried to sleep but every crashing bump awoke me. We seemed to be part of the earth that trembled and shook.

Besides our local raid, the sky vibrated with the throb of great masses of powerful machines bound for London. Death riding through the air. I reviewed in my mind all those I love whose war duties confine them to London—especially Margaret, who is driving an ambulance under fire. I found myself praying and sobbing, a breakdown of nerves. . . .

Finally in a lull, at four o'clock, we crept forth, cramped, cold and exhausted. My companion, aged seventy, looked like a wraith. I flung myself full length on my bed and relaxed. The keeper's wife went to her room upstairs. Then they began again. They circled around, they dropped more bombs, the little house creaked and shuddered, I cowered beneath my buffalo robe (brought from the West and a most

(Continued on page 89)



The hero was carried in triumphal procession to the village

HEY! THE JOB'S ONLY
HALF DONE
IT'S A
FOR INFORMATION - CALL

and costly Oil Pumping can't be cured by a HALF DONE job
ALWAYS CHECK ENGINE BEARINGS!

DON'T blame piston rings for motor-fouling, power-stealing oil pumping caused by worn connecting rod bearings. They throw excessive oil up into the pistons, fouling the pistons, rings and spark plugs, causing engine sluggishness, poor pick-up, and nauseating, smoky exhaust.

So if your car pumps oil, don't do a HALF job—replace the worn bearings to correct the trouble where it starts! Have your service man check the bearings with a Federal-Mogul Oil Leak Detector test. It is a scientifically accurate check-up made quickly, and you can see for yourself why worn bearings waste oil, steal power and cause high operating costs.

When you find worn bearings, replace with Federal-Mogul Oil-Control Bearings to restore power, pep and economy!

FEDERAL-MOGUL CORP., DETROIT, MICH.

WORN ENGINE BEARINGS CAUSE OIL PUMPING

AUTHORIZED FEDERAL Mogul ENGINE BEARING SERVICE

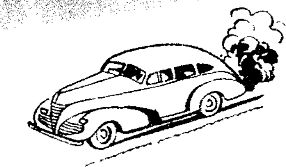
QUICK CHECK-UP AT THIS SIGN

Look for this sign of Expert Engine Bearing Service, for a scientific diagnosis of engine condition with the Federal-Mogul Oil Leak Detector while you wait! Good Service Shops display it!

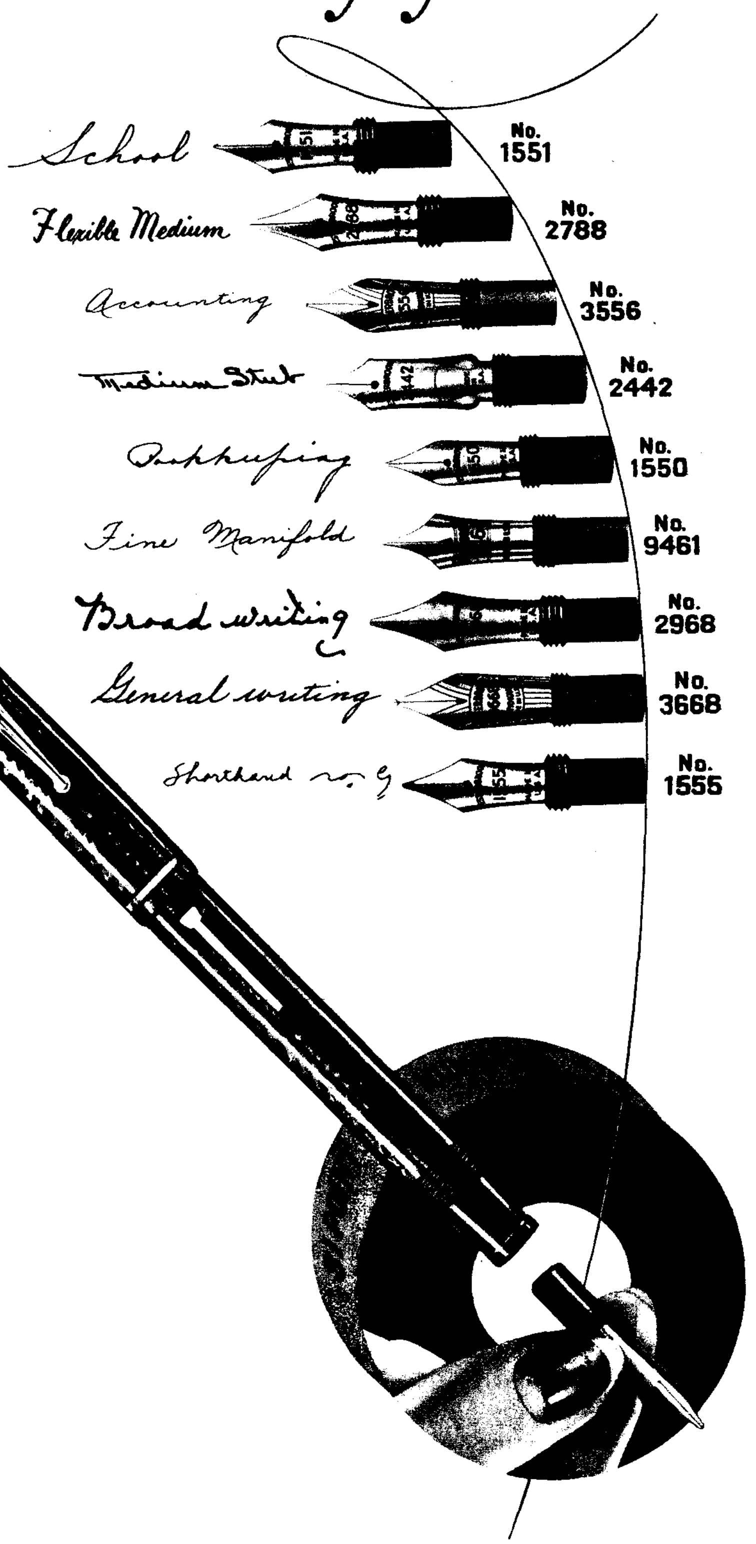
REPLACE WITH GENUINE

FEDERAL Mogul

OIL-CONTROL BEARINGS



For the way you write!



WE'VE GOT YOUR NUMBER!

31 point numbers—31 point styles from which to choose! For example there's No. 2442, the biggest-selling stub point in the Esterbrook fountain-pen line. Or No. 3556, especially popular with accountants. Or No. 1555, bearing the blessing of the Gregg Shorthand System. Not just fine, medium, and broad, but 31 points covering the entire range of writing style and writing demand. These points are renewable, too, at 25c and up. Some are cushioned with smooth, long-wearing osmiridium. The Esterbrook fountain pen is a dollar and up, in black or colors... the pen that renews its youth after months or years of service. We've got your number... the right point for the way you write. Repeater pencils to match your pen. The Esterbrook Pen Co., Camden, N. J.

WORLD'S LEADING PEN MAKERS... ...SINCE 1858
Esterbrook
RENEW-POINT
FOUNTAIN PEN

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CHOOSE YOUR NUMBER FROM THE POINT CHART AT YOUR STATIONER'S OR PEN DEALER'S

OUR NEW ARM

LOWRY FIELD, COLORADO. New slang is coming out of this fast-growing home of the bombardment, photographic and clerical schools of the Army Air Corps at Denver. Sample dialogue: "Where ya goin' in your swanks?" "Skirt patrol; wanna go?" "Can't. I'm no bog-pocket but Uncle Sam's party ain't till tomorrow. Besides, I'm bubble-dancin' today." Translated: "Swanks" are best clothes; "skirt patrol" is a hunt for female companionship; "bog-pocket" is a tightwad; "Uncle Sam's party" is payday; "bubble-dancing" is dishwashing. Drinks are "serum." When a soldier downs enough serum he "starts to spoil" until he becomes "swamped" or "draped." If he behaves himself he "keeps dainty." When something pleases him it's "side meat" or "strictly cut plug." If it pleases him mightily it's "hydraulic" or "with onion"—even if it's a girl.

CAMP BLANDING, FLORIDA. Headquarters Company, 116th Field Artillery, hasn't applied for a patent on its invention (which may not be new) so the trick is offered to men in other camps, officers willing. The boys promoted some lumber and double-decked their beds, thus doubling the free floor area in each tent. Works out fine except in cold weather, when the Sibley heater hits on all six and rapidly melts away the guys in the uppers. What they do is trade places with the lads in the lowers until lights are out and the fire dies down.

SO FAR as the Army is concerned, the draftee who can pound a typewriter can do almost anything he wants short of saying "Hi-ya, Bud?" to the division commander. Typists among the yearlings in the South are scarce as oysters in August, and the Vocational Education Division of the Florida State Board of Education is planning, with Army co-operation, establishment of a school to train them. The situation has been a lifesaver for Southern newspapermen blown into Blanding by the draft; nearly all of them are pounding typewriters—with roofs over their heads when it rains and plenty of heat when the mercury drops. If conditions elsewhere are similar, the prospective draftee would be doing all right by himself if he practiced punching the keys. But if he does list typing as one of his accomplishments he'd better be good. Paper work is no pipe.

FORTY-FOUR Alabama draftees at Blanding are sore as boiled owls. When they arrived they were assigned to Company F, 156th Infantry, from Breaux Bridge, Louisiana. With great gusto they fell upon Dorsey Broussard's

French cooking only to be transf
the next week to an Alabama c
Now they're griping about the grul
though the groceries are the same
what the Pelican State boys do i
line of cooking that makes the d
ence. Hardly a night passes wi
one of the Alabama boys showing u
Company F's street to ask Mess
geant John Hebert if it will b
right to crash the Louisianians' Su
dinner. Sgt. Hebert poked out the l
string and the Alabamians have
tically worn it to a frazzle.

Broussard is from St. Martins
his right-hand men are cousins,
and Sidney Cromier of Breaux Br
What the trio can do with commis
issue might be an eye-opener for M
Sergeant Thos. L. Delvecchio, who
the boys at Fort Slocum's Army S
for Bakers and Cooks how to perf
Take frankfurters. The Alab
Florida and Mississippi cooks boil,
or otherwise ruin them, but the
from the Evangeline country turn t
into a dish that would sell for a b
à la carte. Company F had t
chopped into inch lengths, cooke
deep pans, with tomatoes, onions
the assorted seasoning only a Louis
chef can concoct; and the resultant
ture was baked to give it additi
oomph. "*C'est ça!*" A New Eng
Division officer from Connecticut pi
up the delectable aroma the other
smiled, rolled his eyes heavenward
fainted. When the boys revived hi
couldn't believe enlisted men were
ing fed such food until he went to
kitchen and found out for himself.
for two franks he'd resign his com
sion and enlist as a buck private i
Company.

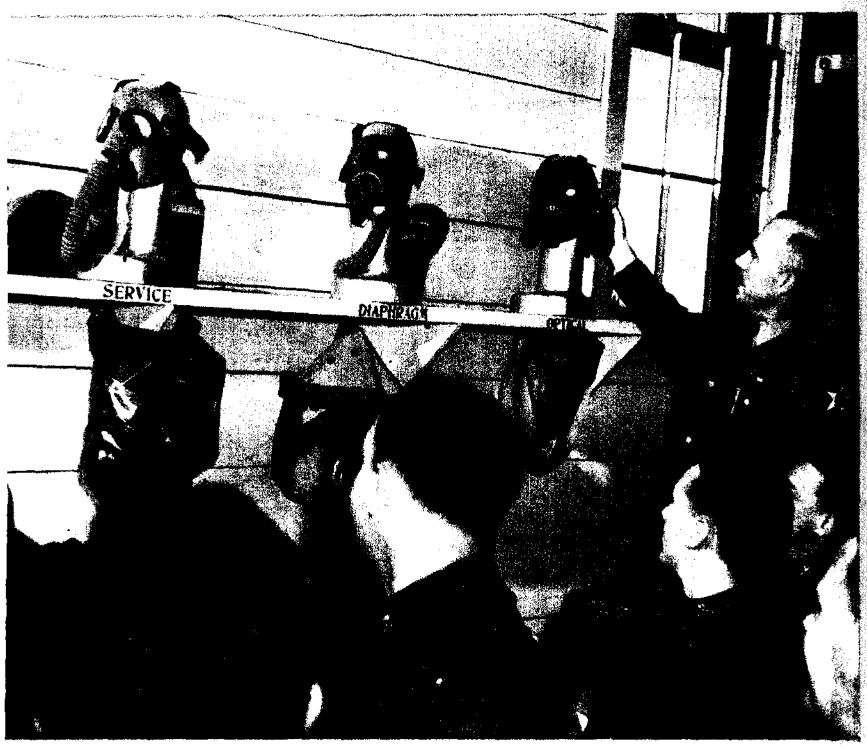
FORT LEWIS, WASHINGTON.
ficials have discovered two sure c
for potential mischief. One is to
tract the boys' attention. The oth
poverty. Poverty and immorality d
mix; and the $21-a-month base
doesn't leave much dough for night
financing. To start with, there's $
a month for laundry; another $2.50
cleaning. The boys spend one to se
bucks each at the Post Exchange,
magazines, candy bars, pop, toba
films; and sometimes for a P-X n
as a change from regular mess. A ro
trip to Tacoma costs thirty-five ce
as does the bimonthly haircut. Sh
cost twenty cents. Razor blades, s
... it all adds up. Many trainees re
the favored gents who get additi
money from home. They tell of one
spent $180 before he drew his first
Army check.

Planned recreation short-circuit
lot of mischief. Besides camp sh
there are seventy basketball game

CHEMICAL WARFARE INSTRUCTION

**At Fort Sam Houston, Texas, Major Thomas A. Doxey, Jr., conducts a three-w
chemical warfare class for potential gas officers. One from each regim
and battalion takes the thirty-hour course, including one day of field w
then returns to his own outfit as instructor. In top photo on opposite p
Second Lieut. G. A. Gabarron, 9th Infantry, 3d Battalion gas officer, pla
a smoke pot to form a screen. Smoke pots contain special matches for lig
ing, are sometimes electrically connected for multiple firing. In ce
picture student officers hurl tear gas bombs. As the result of old foot
injury, Major Doxey threw his arm out of joint demonstrating this phase
instruction. He is shown at right, pointing out various types of Army ma**

HARRY PENNINGTON



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PARIS MEANS

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And style-minded gentlemen everywhere choose Paris for its craftsmanship, enduring quality, real value too. Illustrated: Paris "Free-Swing" Suspenders—"Can't skid off your shoulders"—¾ inch elastic with matching color leather ends and backs—$1. Other new Spring styles in a host of colors and patterns—$1 and up. Paris Garters—"No metal can touch you." Non-binding, non-slipping. Extra comfort; extra wear—50c. A wide variety at 50c and $1. Your dealer has also a complete selection of the new Paris Belts at $1 and up. You'll like them, too.

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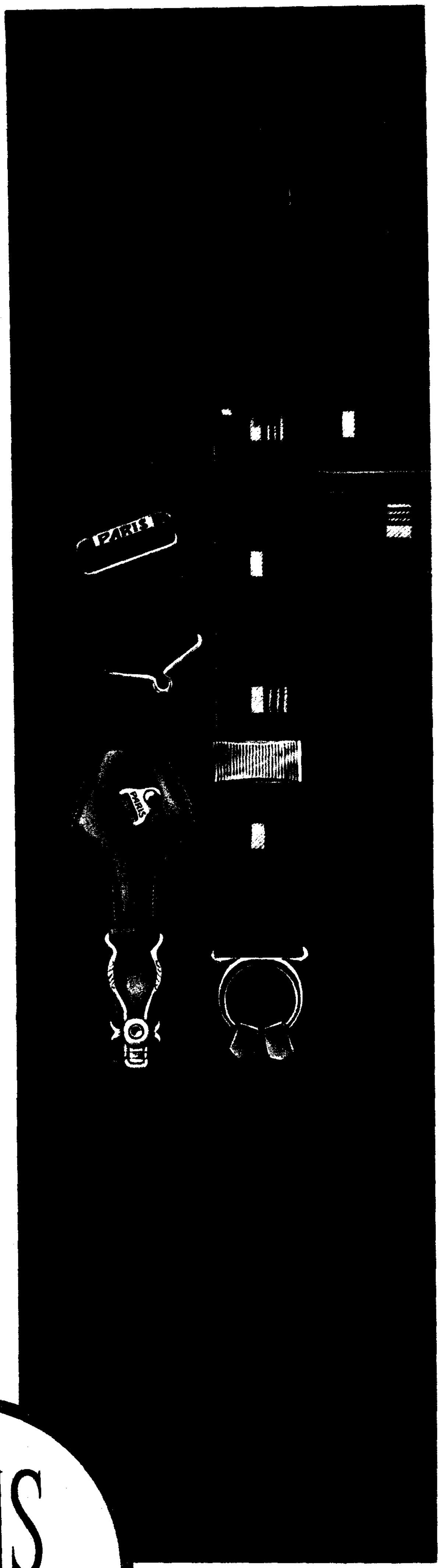

PARIS
MADE IN AMERICA
FREE-SWING SUSPENDERS
GARTERS • BELTS

THE BIG NEWS IN AUTO RADIO IS 3-DIMENSION VITA·TONE
EXTRA
EXTRA
EXT

Now, for the first time you can have a radio with the speaker specially matched to the acoustics of your car. This gives you finest radio reception of voice and music—everything that's broadcast with sparkling definition and clarity of tone . . . with startling Depth . . . Brilliance . . . Perspective.

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Is The Only Auto Radio *with* VITA·TONE

Now as low as $24.95

Here is another Motorola "First". The most brilliant and spectacular achievement in a long succession of "Firsts" which have made Motorola America's Finest Auto Radio for 11 straight years.

MATCHES THE DASH PANEL of Your Car Regardless of Make or Model

With More than 200 *complete* Control Heads Motorola gives you a Custom-Tailored, perfectly matched Instrument Panel Installation. *Don't wait . . .*

SEE A MOTOROLA DEALER TODAY!

Motorola Radio
AMERICA'S FINEST
FOR CAR AND HOME

week at Fort Lewis; and it's no job at all to recruit eighteen baseball teams from a regiment. In the 161st Infantry alone there are ninety competing boxers. Throw in skiing, volleyball, billiards, ping-pong and a glee club, and you've got a pretty well-occupied Army.

The 41st Division has another "escape valve," organized by Division Chaplain Major M. M. Van Patten, who used to be superintendent of Emmett, Idaho, schools. The major arranged to take over Clover Park School, four miles away, for night classes. Teachers were paid to handle courses in English, chemistry, mathematics, language, typing and other high-school subjects; the Washington and Oregon state boards of education were persuaded to urge local school districts to accept the military classes toward high-school degrees. Twenty-one hundred soldiers signed up for four evenings a week. They like typing and English best.

Washington State's no-hard-liquor-by-the-drink law helps, too. That and the fact that newly drafted men aren't at first permitted to leave the reservation contribute much toward keeping the venereal disease rate exceptionally low—about a third of one per cent.

THOUGH most trainees hope to do their year's stint near home, many a Western boy reporting at the Fort Lewis reception center soon finds himself on a train heading for Fort Benning, Georgia, or Fort Monmouth, New Jersey. For those who are naturally footloose that's okay, but others squawk when they get a distant assignment. It isn't that some Eastern spot needs a specially trained man that only the West can supply, either; many of the lads sent great distances are "basics"—with no particular skills valuable to the Army. It's just one of those mysteries. Anyhow, one such unfortunate was Tom Alvers, of Seattle, who left Fort Lewis recently to become a basic in a new Fort Knox, Kentucky, armored division. "I don't know why they singled me out," said he ruefully. "Still, I told them I played a saxophone. Maybe they just wanted to send me as far away as possible."

* * *

FORT SAM HOUSTON, TEXAS. Some reserve officers, just called to active duty with the Second Division, have been keeping in touch with the Army only through correspondence courses, and know nothing about the new-style drill. Best way for them to learn, say the regulars, is to get out there in the ranks and drill. So—the R.O.'s are tramping around these days under the weight of a rifle and field pack. Taking a course designed for noncoms, they go through a two-week training period at the Fort's reception center before being assigned to regular units. The veteran sergeants and corporals who have spent years playing nursemaid to a rifle find some relish in remarking that some of the officers, unaccustomed to tossing a rifle around, are about as clumsy as a recruit's salute.

WITH new soldiers from Meade, Dix and other Eastern camps marching over Texas drill grounds, some Lone Star soldiers are calling it the Yankee Invasion. While they're trying to get the hang of the Easterners' close-clipped words the Yankees are tuning their ears to the Texas lingo. Many are getting their first taste of chili, tamales, tacos and other Mexican-style dishes served at the reception center once a week. Tasting it for the first time, some wonder how Mexicans and tourists contrive to stomach the stuff; others like it so well they make nocturnal visits to downtown Mexican restaurants or shell out nickels to the chili queens who serve on the city's open-air market plaza. One Pittsburgh selectee ate a tamale with the shuck still on. He says don't do it.

* * *

CAMP BOWIE, TEXAS. For a soldier unused to wholesale correspondence it's no cinch to answer all those newsy notes from mother, dad, the girl friend, Tom, Dick, Harry and the finance company that's trying to collect the last two bucks for that watch. But Staff Sgt. John M. ("Senator") Stafford, chief of the Headquarters Company records and mailing section, has licked the problem. "I hadn't been here long," he says, "before I owed a letter to everybody I knew, and I couldn't possibly catch up. Only one thing to do. I composed a single letter, with everything in it but the kitchen sink . . . and oiled up the camp mimeograph machine. I call my letters War Communiqués, and number each one. Number three's on the way to a half-dozen people."

CAMP WOLTERS, TEXAS. The shades of Jesse James and other gentry of the Texas cattle range must have stirred a bit when they noticed how some of the plumbers and other skilled workmen imported from the East to complete this Infantry Replacement Center took to cowboy duds. When the plumbers arrived they wanted the kind of boots real cowboys wear. One of the sanitary engineers appeared on the streets of Mineral Wells one Saturday night wearing a pair of fifty-dollar shop-made boots that would have gladdened the heart of any old puncher. That was all right. But this guy was wearing a pair of dove-colored spats, too.

* * *

FORT ORD, CALIFORNIA. In less than six months several thousand acres have been transformed from sandy hills into a fully equipped cantonment of more than 12,000 buildings. Now the construction tempo has been shifted from super high to lumbering low. The buildings are being painted, and the painters' union isn't going to let its members be blitzkrieged out of any work by motorized units. Its contract stipulates that paint sprays may be used only around foundations and eaves. The entire job will require 157,000 gallons of paint, most of which will be applied by hand with brushes not more than three inches wide.

BOMBING planes and heavy artillery have University of California archaeologists and anthropologists tearing their hair. They are quietly but vigorously laying a barrage of protests against the establishment of a bombing and big-gun range in the historic Drake's Bay area, twenty miles north of San Francisco, where University exploring parties have made important archaeological finds. The professors want to do more digging and think the Army ought to stop churning up the country with high explosive. The Army says it's more interested in what may happen in the future than what has happened in the past. Bombs are falling faster than ever. So are the professors' chins.

* * *

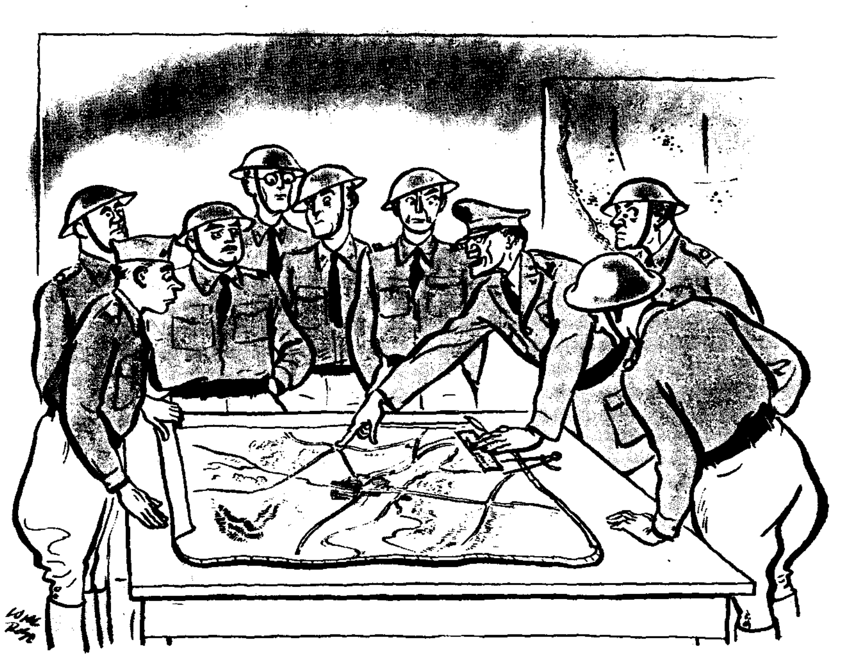
GENERAL. One sure sign that military service is coming back into its own as a desirable occupation is the number of applications received from "DD's"—men who previously have been dishonorably discharged. They have a tough time getting back in now.

TRAINEES already in service have one bit of advice for men yet to be drafted: Don't bring anything along with you except an extra shirt, socks, underwear, soap, a towel, a small sewing kit, some writing paper and a few bucks to fill the gap between paydays. Anything else has to be lugged around every time you're transferred from reception center, to replacement camp, to permanent post. When you finally get assigned, write home for that bass fiddle or butterfly collection.

COMMUNIQUÉS. "In reference to a Collier's item concerning a Fort Snelling recruit who wears a size 3EE shoe," writes Lloyd G. Mitchell, of Fort Custer's Company B, R. R. C. "Well, there is at this reception center a man who ought to cop the prize for the Army's No. 1 foot headache. He wears a size 2B. I know. I'm him."

YOU win.

G. W.



"I want you men to be particularly wary when you reach this junction. Intelligence reports it to be a tavern with a rather good floor show"

CARL ROSE

More for your money—Inside and Out!

FRIGIDAIRE FOR '41

Fresh, Thrilling Beauty! Created for each 1941 Frigidaire by a world-famous designer.

New Usefulness! Up to 74% more frozen storage room. Bigger food compartments. Adjustable shelves. Exclusive Quickube Ice Trays in all models.

Cost Less to Use! 1941 Frigidaire Sixes have 22 per cent more power to keep food and freeze ice, yet *use less current* than any previous comparable models.

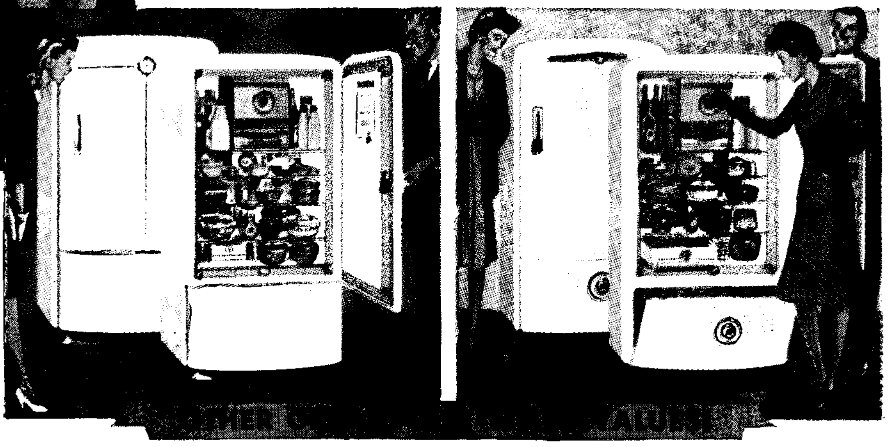
Sensational New Values! Choose from more than a dozen brilliant models—each a bargain priced value. See your Frigidaire dealer for local low prices and easy terms.

See the Frigidaire Cold-Wall—Tomorrow's Refrigerator Today!

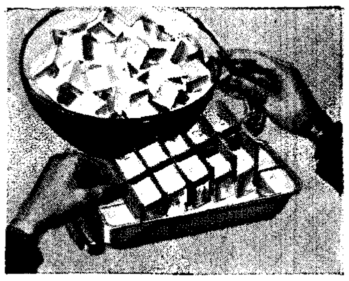
Here is Frigidaire's great contribution to modern food preservation. It's the Cold-Wall Refrigerator with chilling coils in the walls. *Only Frigidaire has it,* and this year prices are down—more than $40 in some models.

Air circulation—which wilts and dries foods—is minimized in the amazing Cold-Wall, because of the chilling coils in the walls. You don't even have to cover foods, yet they keep their fresh nourishing wholesomeness and vitamins for days longer.

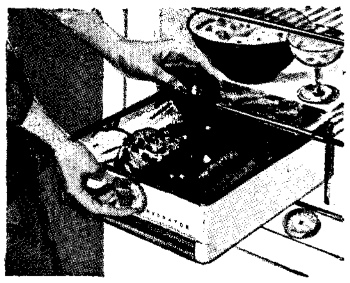
Star feature of Cold-Wall De Luxe models is the Super-Freezer Chest. It has an extra-large section for frozen food, and for making ice and desserts—*plus* a scientific Meat Tender Compartment.



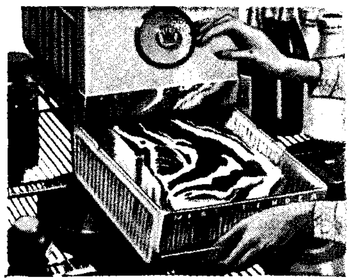
Typical of more than a dozen 1941 Frigidaire bargain values are these Fully-Fitted Standard models — with giant 6 9/10 cu. ft. capacity, Glass-Topped Sliding Hydrators, Quickube Trays, Extra Frozen Storage Space and ALL-Porcelain Interiors. Exteriors may be either durable Dulux or ALL-Porcelain. Every 1941 Frigidaire gives you more for your money—*inside and out!*



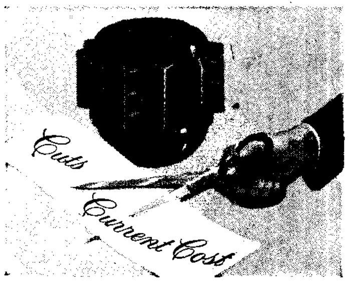
Exclusive Quickube Trays! Try them and you will agree that Quickube Trays are best. *Built-in* handles release *both* the trays and the cubes. No separate pry-bars or other gadgets to lose or misplace. Ice, at a touch, the instant you want it.



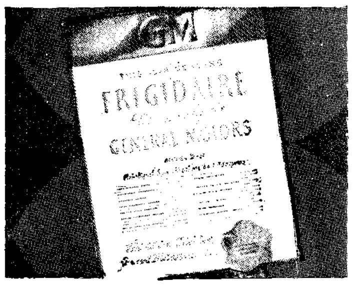
Sliding Hydrators! All fully-fitted 1941 Frigidaires have convenient sliding Hydrators—with glass tops in most models. They provide the *moist* cold that is needed to keep fruits, vegetables and other perishables dewy fresh and appetizing.



Extra Roomy Meat Tender! You can save money and have better-tasting meals by buying meat specials and keeping them in a Frigidaire Meat Tender until you wish to use them. Typical easy-sliding, drawer-type Meat Tender is shown above.



Exclusive Meter-Miser! Nothing else like it! Simplest refrigerating mechanism ever built insures permanent quietness and current savings. Super-powered. Sealed in steel. Never needs oiling. Refrigerates with Frigidaire's exclusive, safe F-114.



You Know What You Get! To help you choose, each 1941 Frigidaire carries a new Facts Label. It gives the information you want about the model's construction, capacity, features and performance. You know what you get before you buy.

Buy the favorite—buy Frigidaire

... over 6 million built and sold

FRIGIDAIRE ELECTRIC REFRIGERATORS
RANGES AND WATER HEATERS

CAUTION: *Some stores may call other makes of refrigerators "Frigidaires" and thus confuse the public. Unless a refrigerator bears the Frigidaire nameplate it is not a Frigidaire.*

FRIGIDAIRE DIVISION
General Motors Sales Corporation • Dayton, Ohio
Canadian Factory at Toronto

AC
OIL FILTERS
Look at the ... of Your Oil
Dirty Oil Costs You Money
AC OIL FILTERS Keep Oil Clean

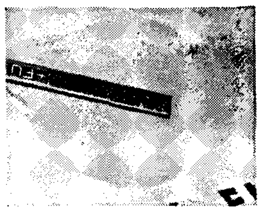
SEE THAT IT'S CLEAN, TOO!

—When Your Oil is CHECKED

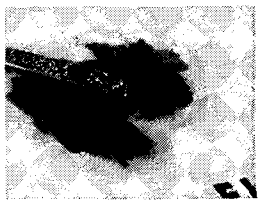
NOW—at official AC Oil Filter Service Stations everywhere—you can get this *modern* kind of oil check, at no cost to you.

You can **See for Yourself** how clean your oil is. Ask for this service.

HERE'S HOW YOU TELL



OIL THAT LOOKS LIKE THIS
On the AC Oil Test Pad—
is clean oil. It will not clog piston rings and oil passages.



OIL THAT LOOKS LIKE THIS
Means one of three things—

1 Your oil needs changing.
2 Your oil filter element should be replaced.
3 You need an oil filter.

OIL FILTER AC SERVICE

Wherever You See THIS SIGN

You'll get expert, reliable advice on what to do. This sign identifies AC Oil Filter Service Stations everywhere.

NOTE: *Many kinds and grades of oil are in use today. You will be sure of the best results if you have your oil checked periodically, and follow the recommendation of your service man as to when oil should be changed.*

AC OIL FILTERS

Get the Dirt

AC
OIL FILTERS
AC
OIL FILTERS

Sludge and dirt accumulate in engine oil in a few thousand miles of driving. If not removed, they clog the all-important oil slots in piston rings. This causes loss of engine compression. Then,—*up* go oil and gas consumption and carbon formation, and *down* go car performance and economy.

AC Oil Filters remove sludge, dirt, dust, and discoloration from the oil. In a short time, they pay for themselves.

A Size for Every Engine

There's an AC Oil Filter for YOUR engine,—right size, right price. Your neighborhood AC Oil Filter Service Station can install any size and model in a few minutes.

AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION • *General Motors Corporation* • FLINT, MICHIGAN

***Install an AC OIL FILTER—Today!* SAVE ENGINE WEAR—SAVE MONEY**

These are some of the vehicles, power plants, and machines on which AC Oil Filters are used for equipment

BUICK, OLDSMOBILE*, PONTIAC* Motor Cars • GMC TRUCKS • GREYHOUND and FLXIBLE Buses • ALLIS-CHALMERS, EAGLE, GRAVELY, READY POWER Tractors ATLAS IMPERIAL and GM DIESELS • CONTINENTAL and GRAY MARINE Motors MARION SHOVELS • KOEHRING ROAD MACHINERY • BROWN AND SHARPE MACHINERY

*Optional

How Blue the Sussex Sky

Continued from page 83

cherished possession). Crash! "Come down!" I shouted, and the woman from upstairs stumbled into my room and lay face-down on my bed. Crash again —and again thud, crash and a lull, a silence as of death. Back upstairs she went, but before long she was back again. I thought I'd go mad, that I could not bear one more "thud"—(it takes time to evolve the spirit of the women of Barcelona).

At last dawn broke. The rain stopped, the wind fell, a gray shadow loomed up. It was the gamekeeper, come to see how we had fared. How glad I was to see another fellow human! We made tea and drank it with brandy. The keeper cannot bear a house in a raid; he roams about mostly in woods and coverts. He feels freer and safer— "Nothing can fall on you," he says.

AT SIX o'clock the "all clear" reverberated from the coast upon a tired, battered world. The relief—it was like the end of labor when a babe is born and you have found peace after pain.

I walked a few hundred yards to view an immense crater made by a 500-pound bomb. No wonder the house had rocked. The village policeman was already on the spot planting a placard: "Danger, unexploded bomb." This second one went off sixteen hours later.

Up in the village an Elizabethan farmhouse was completely wrecked.

I hope in time to emulate the women of Barcelona. There is nothing in this world, however terrible, to which a human being cannot grow accustomed, so I am told.

"CAN you tell me the way to the Messerschmitt?"

I looked up from the flower bed I was weeding, and beheld a Home Guard (i.e., a gentleman with a steel helmet and a firearm).

"What Messerschmitt?"

"Why, the one that came down just now—"

"I thought I heard something come down—"

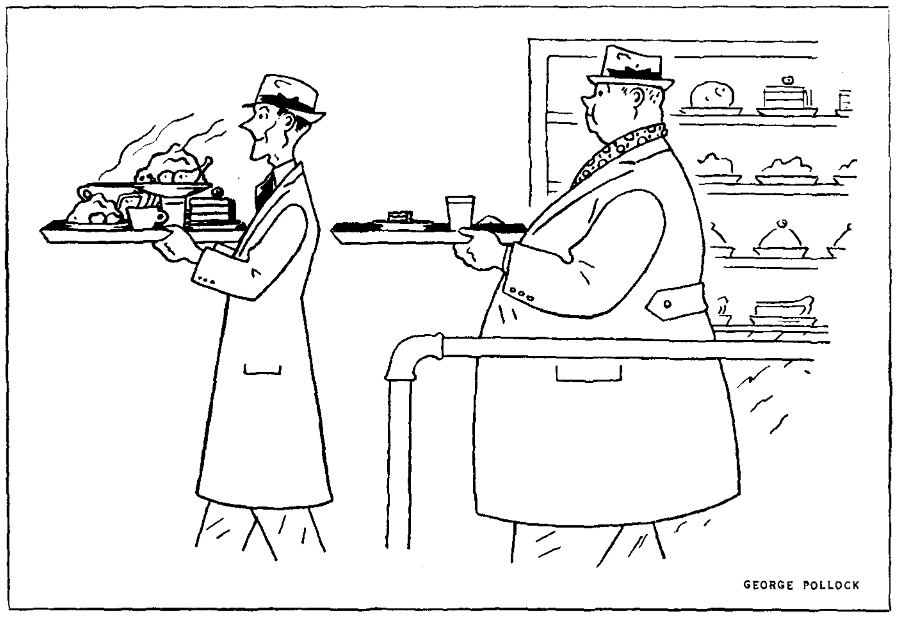
The fact is that one doesn't always look at the sky when there's "something on." It happens too often, and generally so high up that it ceases to be spectacular. Already my nerves are better, I no longer take any notice of dogfights; they seldom drop bombs. It is only the bombers I dislike, not the fighters. However, there are occasional red-letter days when more than usually entertaining things happen, as for instance yesterday morning after breakfast when the sky was so full of "bits" I didn't know where to run to. A couple of our Spitfires had collided in a cloud (I learned afterward). They were hurtling in various directions, wings and spare parts dropping over a wide area. My phlegmatic old gardener told me afterward that he lay in a ditch not knowing what might hit him on the head! Everything seems close until you start toward a fallen bit. This I discovered when I started running toward the nearest of the swaying parachutists. I thought he was coming down in the garden and almost waited for him until I saw two farm laborers leave their plow and sprint as hard as they could toward a hop field half a mile away.

Already a crowd surrounded the fallen man, who was "one of ours," bleeding at the nose and with a big, deep gash in his thigh. He made light of it, sat up and gave instructions: Would someone go at once to the nearest telephone and inform his air base that he was safe?

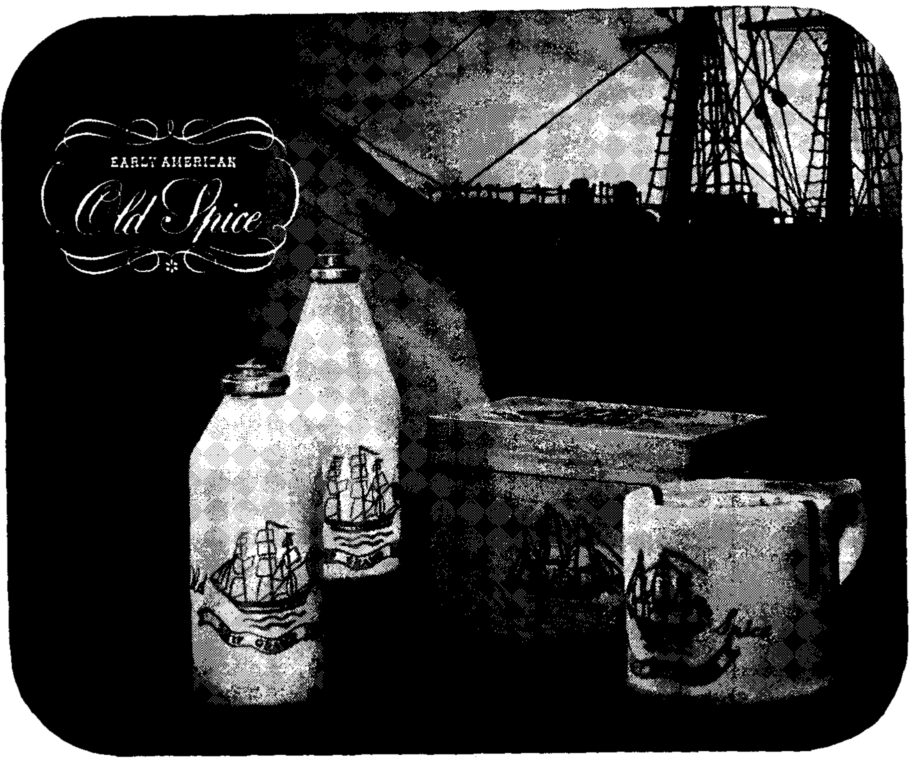
The village parson took command, and in spite of rain kept his hat off in token of respect. There was a wonderful display of appreciation and hero worship on the part of the crowd. The king could not have been treated with more deference. Only the parson offended the V.A.D. (incidentally the prettiest girl in the village) who had been waiting, dreaming, longing for this opportunity of proving her prowess, by telling her: "You're new at the job—keep off!" So the hero was laid on a gate with hay under him and carried in a kind of triumphal procession to the village. His wound was not dressed until he was installed in an open army lorry. The V.A.D. wept with disappointment and rage. I tried to comfort her: "You'll have other opportunities."

HER chance came that very afternoon and she took it. A plane fell in flames in the marshes near my house. I happened to be standing in the doorway and saw it fall. It was more spectacular than any movie and buried itself with a terrific explosion. The pilot was swaying from his parachute and how I ran! He fell in a remote spot and lay groaning. He was a German, and his face was swollen and terribly discolored; it seemed as if the outer skin had been burned away. His hair was burned in patches and he apparently had a broken leg.

There was nothing I could do except collect his soft silk parachute and stuff it under his head. He was shivering and calling for a doctor. I put my coat over



REFINEMENTS TO THE ART OF SHAVING



A superlative shave soap, compounded for swift, free-lathering action. An after-shave lotion that leaves the face tingling and refreshed. A talcum that soothes and cools the skin. These are the three Old Spice shave requisites that *make good shaves perfect!* All bracingly scented with Old Spice and packaged in pottery containers decorated with authentic reproductions of historic trading ships. Early American Old Spice Shave Requisites may be purchased singly or in combination sets up to $5.00

Old Spice Shave Soap (in pottery mug)	*$1.00*
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SMILE

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Keeps Plates Like New—No Brushing

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A dark film collects on plates and bridges, that soaks up odors and impurities! It gets in crevices where brushing can't even reach! Almost always it results in "denture breath"—probably the most offensive breath odor. You won't know if you have it *but others will!* Yet Polident quickly dissolves all film—leaves plates absolutely odor-free and sweet. Millions call Polident a blessing!

Are you letting dingy false teeth destroy your smile . . . perhaps your whole charm? Does the very thought of unattractive plates make you self-conscious when you should be well-poised? The thing to do is —get Polident—a powder that magically dissolves away tarnish, stain, food-deposits from plates, removable bridges—*without brushing*, acid or danger! What a difference in the way your plate looks and feels! Polident purifies your plate—leaves it *clean*—attractive! Gums look more "alive" too! Leading dentists recommend POLIDENT. Only 30c, any drug store; *money back if not delighted.*

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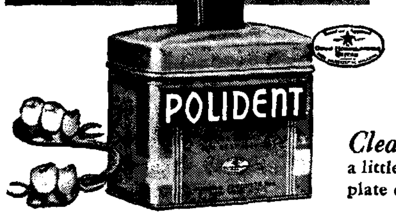

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For men in responsible positions—doctors, lawyers, businessmen and others who must shave *every day*—Glider is invaluable. It eliminates the dangers frequent shaving may have for the tender face and leaves your skin smoother, cleaner. Glider has been developed by The J. B. Williams Co., who have been making fine shaving preparations for over 100 years.

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Everett B. Hurlbut
PRESIDENT

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him and told him in my rusty German that he must be patient and lie still.

News travels fast, and when it reached the village that it was a German the parson said he wouldn't bother and that the V.A.D. could do her worst!

The ambulance was slow to come; it had difficulty in crossing the river. I called for volunteers who would lend their coats; five women and one man responded. A man in a tin hat at my side growled: "If I'd been first on the spot I'd have kicked his brains out—"

Someone pushed through the crowd—it was the lovely V.A.D., bag in hand. She got to work on her knees, and gave instructions to those who offered to assist her. She had in her little store of medicaments a certain vaseline that relieves burns. She applied it with deft, gentle fingers and then cut a mask of lint and covered his face while a first-aid man tied his leg to a splint.

I watched the German airman's eyes; he looked at the girl, (theoretically one of his victims) as if she were a vision, and then slowly in a half whisper which I translated: "You are an angel from heaven, Fräulein. I shall look for you after the war."

They took him away on a stretcher with six men carrying it across a dike up to their waists in water.

I ventured a word of appreciation to the chief of the ambulance, a stern-faced little man. He answered simply: "We make no difference—"

THE woman was running. She was an old woman carrying a parcel and a basket. I jammed on my brakes and offered her a lift. She looked at me with relief and gratitude as if I had saved her from wolves! I asked: "Are you in a hurry?"

Her answer: "There's a raid on."

"Is that why you were running?"

"Well—I wanted to get to my friends at—" and she named the next village, a couple of miles away. Of course she couldn't run two miles, most of it uphill too. This old woman illustrates a certain reaction of war nerves. To her, the lonely road was a torture; she meant to get to her friends, or join other humans. That was why, having joined me, she no longer cared how soon she reached the village; she felt safe simply because she had someone to talk to. It may seem absurd but it's true. Alone I may crouch in a ditch; with companionship I'll stand and stare up at the sky and follow the course of the fight. The important thing these days is to be able to hear—nothing is more exasperating than wind blowing in your ears. Extremely unpleasant is an unexpected explosion. If you can hear the planes overhead, then you are prepared for the shock.

Needless to say, you cannot hear a raider above the sound of a motor, but you can know quickly enough if something is going on by the people on the road. If they look skyward it's as good as a siren. If a woman is walking along leisurely or children are playing, then all is clear. If there's a raid you use your own discretion as to what to do. It is only in a town where there are guns that it is unpleasant, like London in a barrage, when you have only a canvas hood between your head and falling shrapnel.

My home happens to be four miles from Rye, six miles from Hastings and five from Battle. When the wind is in my direction I hear one siren after the other as they wail from east to west. These places have no military value. Rye is a little old-world town that lives by tourist traffic. Henry James lived there for many years. The 18th-century room in which he wrote so many of his novels and which was precious to us as a memorial to his memory is completely shattered.

Hastings is a summer resort. It has no airfield, no factories, harbors or soldiers.

Battle's only distinction is its Abbey, built in 1066. Why these towns should attract German attention remains a mystery. An explanation that receives wide credence is that they may serve as practice targets for young Nazi airmen.

AS LONDON is no longer practicable as a shopping center for country folks, the provincial towns have become a necessity. Shopping, however, is an adventure. The French coast being only six or seven minutes away by fast plane, bombers arrive before the warning can be given, and often twice or three times a day. On each of these occasions the shops close and either you are enclosed with them or you are locked out.

The best air-raid shelter is an underground car park, but as it has a wide opening the wardens have to keep the people as far back as possible. This is not easy, for the crowd likes to watch what is happening in the sky, furtively, like rabbits that are ready to dart back into their burrows. The young especially are adventurous.

A few days ago I was caught in a Hastings raid. There was a grand fight just overhead, and people got tremendously excited.

"There he is—that's him—that's Jerry," and a shout of satisfaction: "Those are ours—they're Spitfires all right! God bless 'em!" Even the girl with the perambulator lost all sense of prudence.

"He's down—down—" came from a chorus of voices, and then something happened that warmed the hearts of the Hastings people. Fifty British planes in battle formation swept across the sky. The people were as nearly delirious as phlegmatic Sussex folks can be. They don't care how much they are bombed, I heard them say, as long as "our chaps" arrive and show themselves.

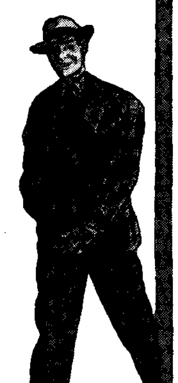
That day's raider came down in the sea and for the first time the lifeboat crew went on strike and refused to put out to pick him up.

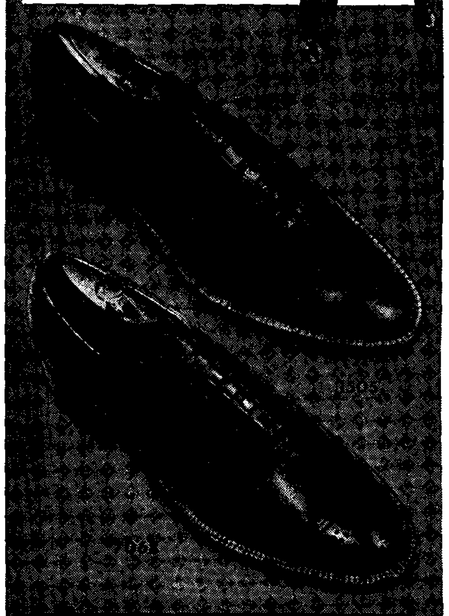
"Let him swim for it," they said. A crowd collected on the promenade, and soldiers and police waited on the beach below. The swimming figure was a distant dot, which came nearer slowly and more slowly. As he approached the shore we could see he was exhausted. Then men waded out to help him in.

IT IS much less entertaining to be trapped inside a shop and have to go down to the basement until the "all clear." This happened to me in a little provision store, and after three quarters of an hour of idle waiting I insisted on leaving.

"At your own risk," said the manager, and let me out.

The shop I wanted to get into was closed. I shook the handle impatiently, and an air-raid warden politely informed me it was locked. I said rather ill-humoredly that I realized it was locked but I'd motored in from the country, and it was getting late and I couldn't come in again because I'd used up my month's petrol ration (gas, you call it). Fortunately, at that moment the "all clear" sounded. The warden removed his battle hat, his armlet, and ushered me into the store and led me to the department I required. He was transformed in a second from an authoritative warden into an obsequious shopwalker! Whenever I have tried to shop, it has always been a pay-and-grab experience. One enters the town with apprehension, buys hurriedly, not daring to waste time choosing or making up one's mind. One hops nervously from one foot to another while the parcel is being made up, then snatches it and runs. If one is lucky, bombs sound in the distance as one steps on the gas!





WISE FATHERS pass the word along about Smith shoes

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No Excuse for Ace

Continued from page 25

Except Ace, who said, "Why bother, they're all alike!" He picked one from the heap. "Look. Guaranteed jobs! Wyant School! That's the one for me!" But Jerry was dubious. "Stands to reason nobody can guarantee you a job in somebody else's factory," he said. He had another idea: he would write to the Chamber of Commerce and inquire about the standing of the various trade schools.

"By the time you get ready, they'll have the fifty thousand planes all built!" Ace declared, and Claire had to laugh.

Then Jerry decided to check up on those ads about the salaries a man would earn after six, twelve weeks of training. A dollar an hour and up, the ads said. But Jerry secured a table of wage statistics, on aircraft workers, from the government. "It's only fifty, sixty cents an hour, leastwise at the start," he reported.

By that time, Ace was losing interest in the whole business. "Nuts," he said. "I make better money with Kramer."

"When he's got work for you," Erilla reminded him.

It looked like it was all off. Claire was downhearted.

Erilla said, "Well, you kids can go, even if we don't." But the prospect of the city, without being a little gang, without Ace, was not so alluring. It was even a little frightening.

Now Jerry, having got his mind set, wouldn't let go. "Look," he insisted to Ace, "I've got the whole thing figured out as a business proposition. We can amortize our investment in a couple of years."

"Amortize?" Ace said.

"That means, how long it takes to pay for the original investment in the plant, in a business."

"I ain't a plant. I want my pay right away. And no chicken feed."

Sure, Jerry explained. But you had to figure on increased earning capacity. He had a sheet covered with equations. A hundred bucks tuition. That was investment.

"And what about the wages you lose while you're going to that school?" Ace said.

Jerry had that down, too. Also, he told them, he had figured double living expenses, leaving the wife at home, while taking the training course in the city—

"We girls have to stay here?" Claire was dismayed.

"It'd only be ten, twelve weeks." Jerry figured the total investment at five hundred bucks. "Now, if I earn say only five a week extra, it pays out in two years. Besides, I'll have a real trade, with prospects of earning enough to raise a family, some day—"

"And what about when this war boom stops?" Ace said.

Claire reflected on that. A job in the market was always okay, people would always have to eat. But they wouldn't always have to have airplanes.

Her husband had thought of that, too. Jerry showed them a whole string of figures on commercial aviation. "I figure the airplane is here to stay," was his conclusion. Claire had to admire the way he had thought of everything. But it was no use, with Ace. He hated to plan on anything as far as two years ahead. If he couldn't make any money right away, why bother?

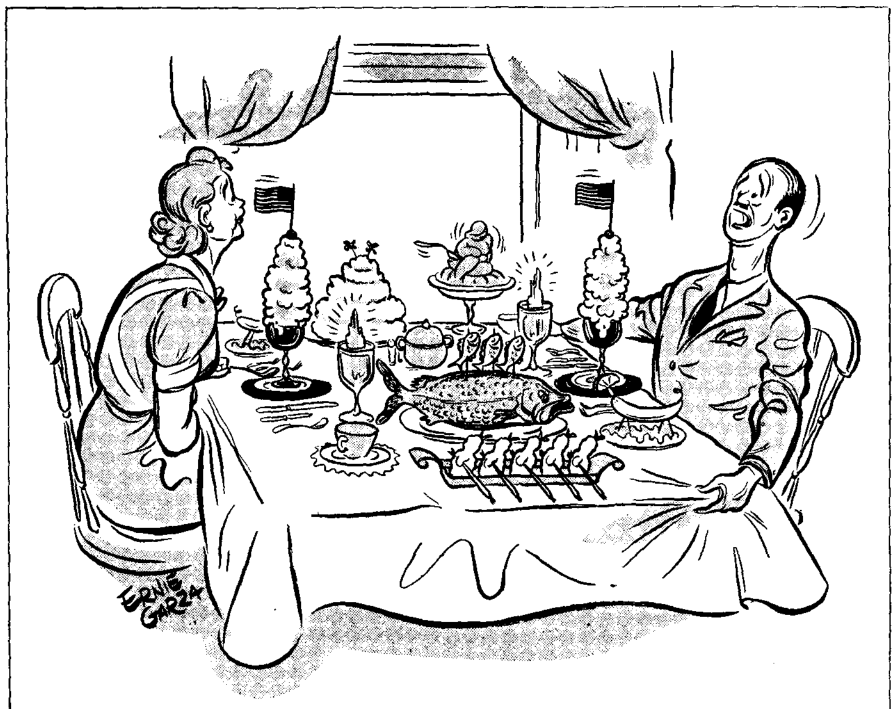
SO IT looked as if their foursome was finished. Claire was desolate at the idea of Jerry going off to the city all alone, to take that course. And Erilla was blue, at the idea of Ace and herself staying behind.

"I'm not giving up," Rilla said. "You know how Ace is, hot and cold." Claire had to give Rilla credit. She never had thought that girl had it in her. Erilla had always been the least demanding member of the crowd, content to go along, take things as they came. But now she was after Ace day and night. What future would there be for him, stuck in Plainfield?

The last day, he came over, watching Jerry pack. "How you going, by bus?" he asked. Pretty soon he figured out the price of the bus ticket would just about pay for gas if they went in his car. "Heck, I'll drive you there. Might as well take a whirl at that course!"

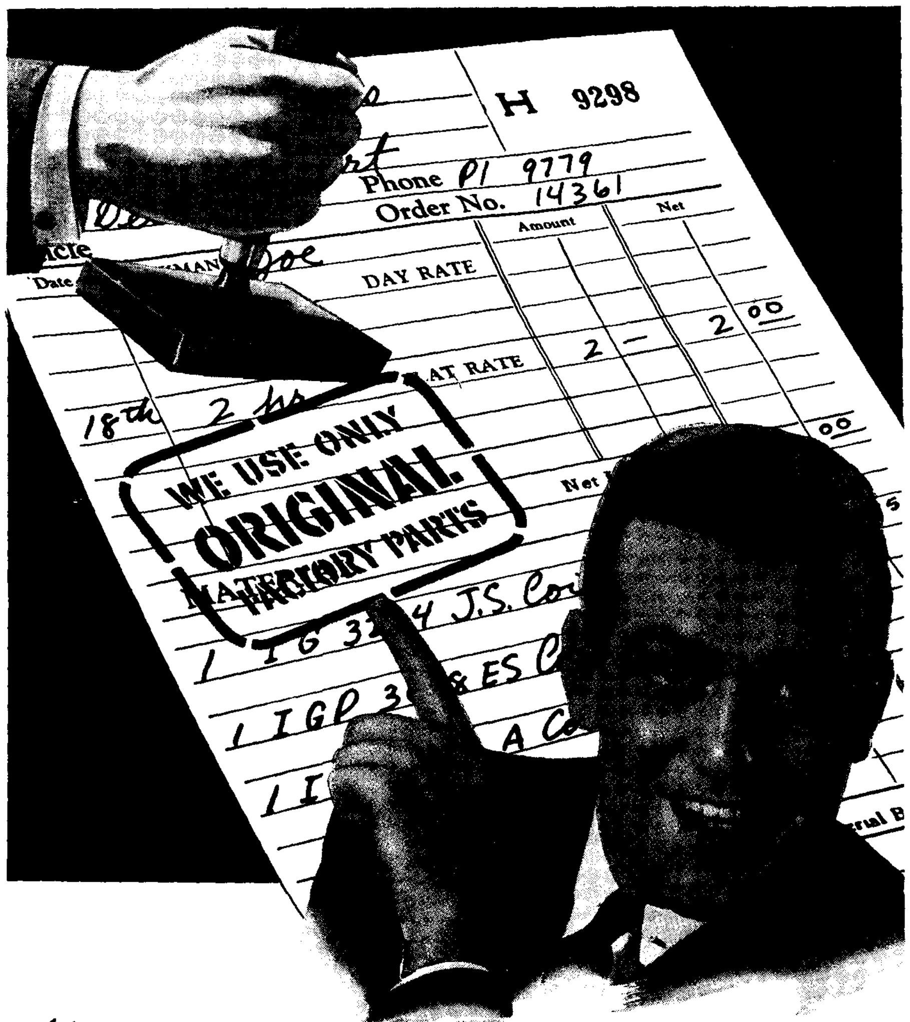
That was how Ace decided things. Claire reflected that she wouldn't like to live that way. Yet it was exciting. . . .

The girls went back to stay with their



"Can't I ever have a meal like other fellows? Must we always have surprises?"

ERNIE GARZA



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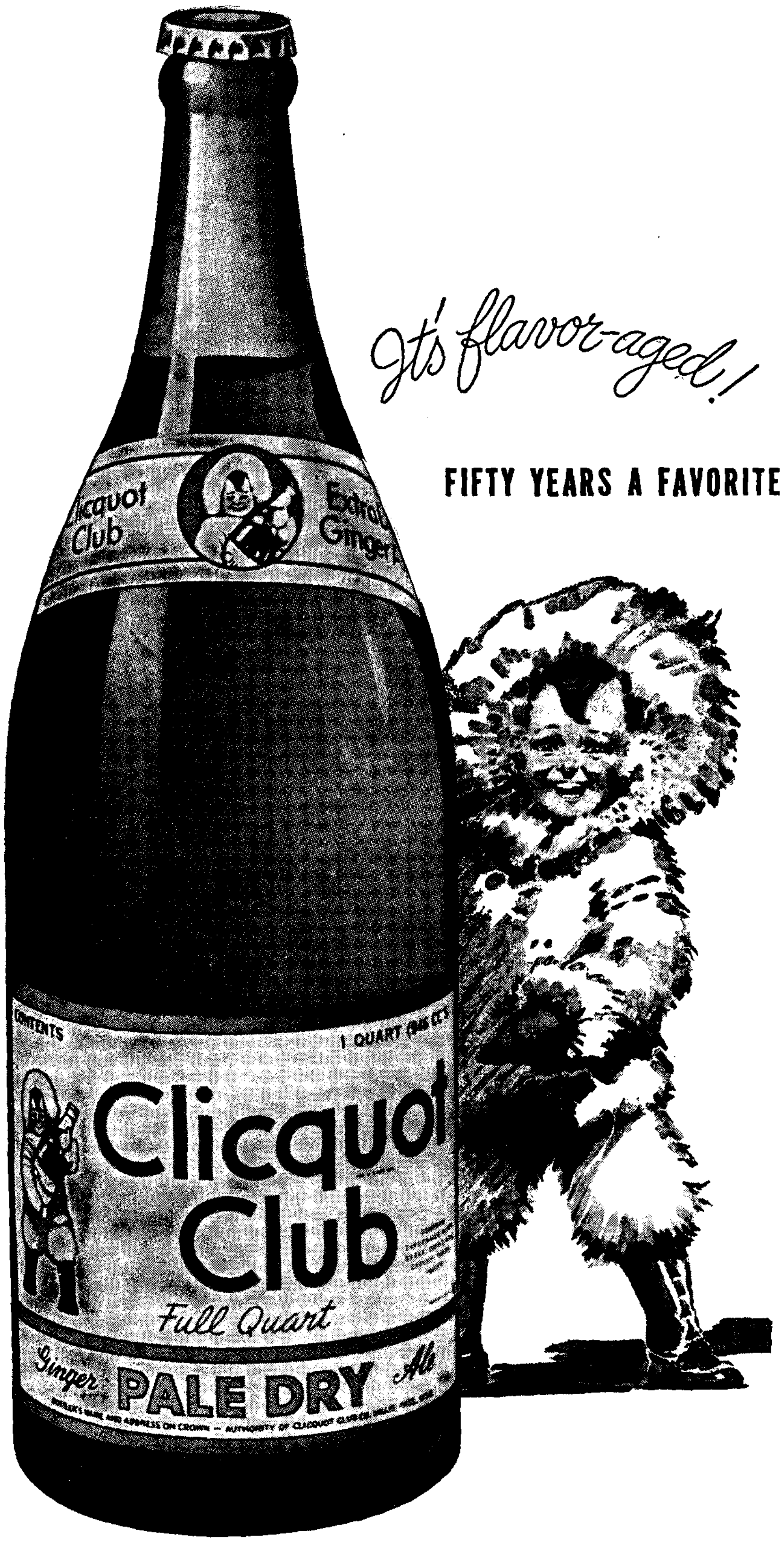

FIFTY YEARS A FAVORITE

PALE DRY GINGER ALE ★ GOLDEN GINGER ALE ★ SPARKLING WATER (SODA)

In full, 32-ounce quarts and smaller sizes

folks, while Jerry and Ace headed for Los Angeles in the '33 car. It was the first time either couple had been separated since marriage. Claire and Erilla kidded about the dates they would have with other boys, now that their hubbies were out of the way. But as soon as that car chugged out of sight, they felt like a couple of old maids.

And in the ensuing evenings, either Claire was at Erilla's, or Erilla was at Claire's, or they went to the movies together. It certainly was dead, without the boys around, especially without Ace.

ACTUALLY the boys didn't start off exactly even, because Jerry had a hundred and fifty dollars, leaving him twenty-five dollars after the trip and tuition came out. Ace borrowed two hundred before he left; and he had the car.

They rented a place in a bungalow court near the school, for six dollars a week, together; and they were lonely.

The quickest way to get past the loneliness, Jerry figured, was by buckling down and slamming through the training course. Twelve weeks was not such a long time. Then, the minute he got a job in an airplane factory, he could send for the wife. They would set up house.

In the school, Ace and Jerry were working as a team, one bucking the rivets while the other held the gun; they were the fastest team on the floor, right off. Because they knew each other so well, Jerry figured.

Before the first week was over, though, there was one evening when Jerry, studying wing construction, heard Ace slam his book. "I just got to get out of this room!" Ace said. Jerry didn't feel like going along. Couldn't afford the time. Neither could Ace, he knew.

When Jerry went to bed, his pal hadn't yet returned.

The next morning, Ace was too weary to wake. "Check me in at the school, will you?" he said. "I'll be a couple of hours late."

That day, Jerry was teamed with an Italian fellow from Seattle. They were not so fast as the Ace-Jerry combination. But they stayed a team.

Jerry had registered at the employment bureau for a part-time household job, in exchange for room and board. The second week, a call came through. He felt rotten lugging his stuff out, leaving Ace in that dump alone. Had a hunch Ace would duck out and get tight, the moment he was gone. But Jerry was beginning to get sour on his pal. He was no nursemaid!

Ace wasn't at the training shop the next day.

He missed out a couple of days running. One morning Jerry stopped at the bungalow court to see what the guy was up to. The place sure was a mess. Half a can of sardines on the sink ledge. Empty beer cans. Cracker crumbs on the floor. He woke Ace, dragged him to school. The guy was broke, had got a loan on the car, gone on a tear, spent it all.

"Boy, oh, boy, oh, boy, is this a town!" Ace said.

Jerry wanted to swat him, because he himself was so hungry for his wife. And he knew how Ace figured him: a boy scout. He got one consolation: the big aircraft plants were so short of help they were taking men at nine weeks instead of twelve, if the school gave them top rating. "It won't be long now," Jerry wrote home.

Claire showed the letter to Erilla. "What does Ace write?"

"He doesn't know when he'll be ready for a job," Erilla said. She didn't mention his asking for money, again.

Jerry had found a little apartment, and the place was all set when Claire arrived. It was wonderful and beautiful to have a man like that, who took a plan and carried it through, sound and straight. Ten weeks after leaving Plainfield, Jerry had his job, and he wasn't even starting at the minimum, he was starting at fifty-five cents an hour, and even in the second week on the job he was earning overtime. Also, he was taking courses on Tuesday and Thursday evenings, so he could specialize and rate a higher-paying job.

They had scarcely finished talking out these exciting things when Claire said, "Where's Ace? What's happened to him?"

"He's just going to pieces," Jerry told her. "The damn' fool."

"Maybe he ought to give up and go home," Claire suggested. "His folks can't send him any more money; and if he can't get the knack of this work why persist?"

"Persist!" Jerry laughed. And he explained that Ace was quicker and smarter than himself, at the work. "But he just won't get down to it. He's been running wild. What he needs is someone to tie him to a post. He's no good by himself."

Claire hadn't finished arranging her things on the dresser. But she made Jerry take her right over, to see Ace.

Ace wasn't home. The place was unlocked. They went inside. The bed was unmade, the linen dirty; newspapers littered the floor. Filthy towels, tin cans, gutted cigarettes, dropped clothes everywhere.

"Poor man," Claire said. Disgustedly, she began picking things up. In half an hour she had the place somehow livable. "Now maybe when he comes home he won't feel like rushing right out," she said. They left a note for Ace.

THE next morning, after Jerry had gone to work, Claire found it impossible to keep from worrying about Ace. She wanted to write to Erilla, but she couldn't decide what to say.

There was no telephone where he lived. It was ten-thirty when she went by there, just to see. Ace was in the process of getting up. Unshaven, comically bleary, puttering around trying to make some coffee.

He gave her such a big welcome she couldn't be sore with him. "Honest kid, when I walked into this place last night I thought I was in the wrong dump. Then I thought, aha, a good fairy is come to visit! So I looked under the bed. But you weren't there."

She took over the coffee making.

"Thanks, Claire. I was coming to your place, first thing; but I rolled in kind of late last night—" he gave her a boyish, guilty look and she laughed.

"I'm not your wife," she said. "You don't have to explain it to me, Ace."

"Have some coffee, lady?" The handle was broken from the cup.

Claire took a long breath, looked the other way, so his cute, blinking eyes wouldn't affect her, and sailed into him. Wasn't he ashamed, going to pieces like this? What was so difficult, about taking those courses? "If Jerry could do it, I don't see why you can't!"

"Nope," Ace agreed. "No reason why I can't. Guess I just ain't got what it takes."

"Oh, shut up! Jerry says you're much better at it than he is. All you need is a little self-discipline."

"Yah." He gulped the coffee. Looking at him, Claire wondered just what sort of man this was, who went to pieces without his wife? Had to have her with him, or he was no good at all. Though they had known each other for such a long time, she was startled at the sense of first beginning to understand Ace. All this time, even though she was certain she loved her husband, she had carried an edge of uncertainty in regard to Ace, the lively boy. She had speculated, as a woman speculates, on how it would have been, with this other man. Now she knew. "You just have to have someone standing over you, don't you?"

The schoolboy look of guilt returned to his eyes. She said, "Why don't you have Rilla come?"

The eyes darkened; Ace shook his head. "I can't! I just can't admit it to her!"

"Then come live with us," Claire said. "We'll put a day bed in the dining room."

SURE, Ace was a friend, and Jerry didn't mind helping him over the hump. That part was all right. And Jerry was kind of pleased at the hungry look Ace had, lamping the big identification button that he wore on his shirt, marking him as an aircraft employee. Jerry got a kick out of telling little incidents that happened at the factory. How clumsy the green hands were, not knowing the routine of getting tools and supplies, for he was practically an old-timer, after three weeks, with new batches entering the factory every day.

But living three in the little house wasn't easy. A man couldn't feel free, have the easy intimacy he wanted with his wife. With Ace hanging around hungry, how could he go giving her the quick hug, or the chummy pinch.

And finally he got to thinking that hungry look might not be so much due to Erilla's absence as to Claire's presence.

Jerry held all this down, figuring it wouldn't be long. Toward the end of the five weeks, though, he was about ready to burst. He came home with news of a hint at promotion, and Claire scarcely listened, because it was the evening before Ace's employment interview at the factory, and she was all wrapped up in the guy's excitement. She wanted Jerry to coach Ace again, tell him about the intelligence tests, the screwy questions they asked. It would have gone on all evening, except, luckily, Jerry had a class that night. He was glad to get away, and leave the two of them.

When he got home, they were out.

CLAIRE, with her shoes off, tiptoed to bed at one A. M. Jerry was lying awake, ready for her. He had everything set to say: "Where were you? Has he got you doing it now? The night before his interview, and he's got to get stewed!"

"He didn't get stewed," she said, calm to his fury. "We were dancing."

"Dancing!"

"He always does something like that before an examination, or a crisis. He says it relaxes him."

Jerry bit into his cheeks. It was coming any second, but he wanted to hold in the hot words as long as he could, he wanted to think, to be sure of what he was saying. "If Rilla were here," Claire went on, "that's what they'd have done. So I figured the least I could do was substitute."

"Substitute!" He leaped up, ready to go out and break that guy's neck. Whose wife are you, anyway? Mine or his? That's what I want to know. Let's have it over with!"

"Darling!" She caught his arm. Beneath her concern at his excitement, there was a joy in her. There was a realization growing, about Jerry, that was much greater than anything she had known of him, till now. "It was just to help the poor guy through," she said. "Darling, you ought to know whose wife I am."

In the dark, they saw, felt the intense shine in each other's eyes. Slowly, his eyes changed from anger to a kind of embarrassed admission that this need of her that he had let show, in his outburst, was a true need.

THE next day, Claire went with Ace to send the triumphant wire to Rilla: "Come on honey I made it, Ace." And when the four of them were together again, and Ace pulled some wisecracks about the relief the chiefs of the air force felt, now that he was on the job making planes, and they laughed a lot, at nothing in particular, at the way they were assembled, in the city, doing what they had set out to do, there was a moment when Rilla caught Claire's eyes. They were women now, and each really knew what kind of man the other had.

Rilla and Ace went to their little apartment, next door. Claire leaned against Jerry. She knew in her heart, surely now, that she wouldn't trade a man like Jerry for a fellow like Ace if a car and a twelve-room house were thrown in. Jerry was the kind of man who went on his own power. He could go through a brick wall, once he'd made up his mind to do a thing. And yet, watching Ace go was, in a way, like giving up a child.

She would be envying Erilla, if it had not been for that night when Jerry had waited up so angrily. If a man was stronger, she knew now, it was an even greater need that he held, under his strength.

Jerry said, complacently, putting his arm around her, "I'm gonna get Ace for a partner, at the shop. I thought he let himself go there, for a while, but he certainly did a swell job of pulling himself together!"

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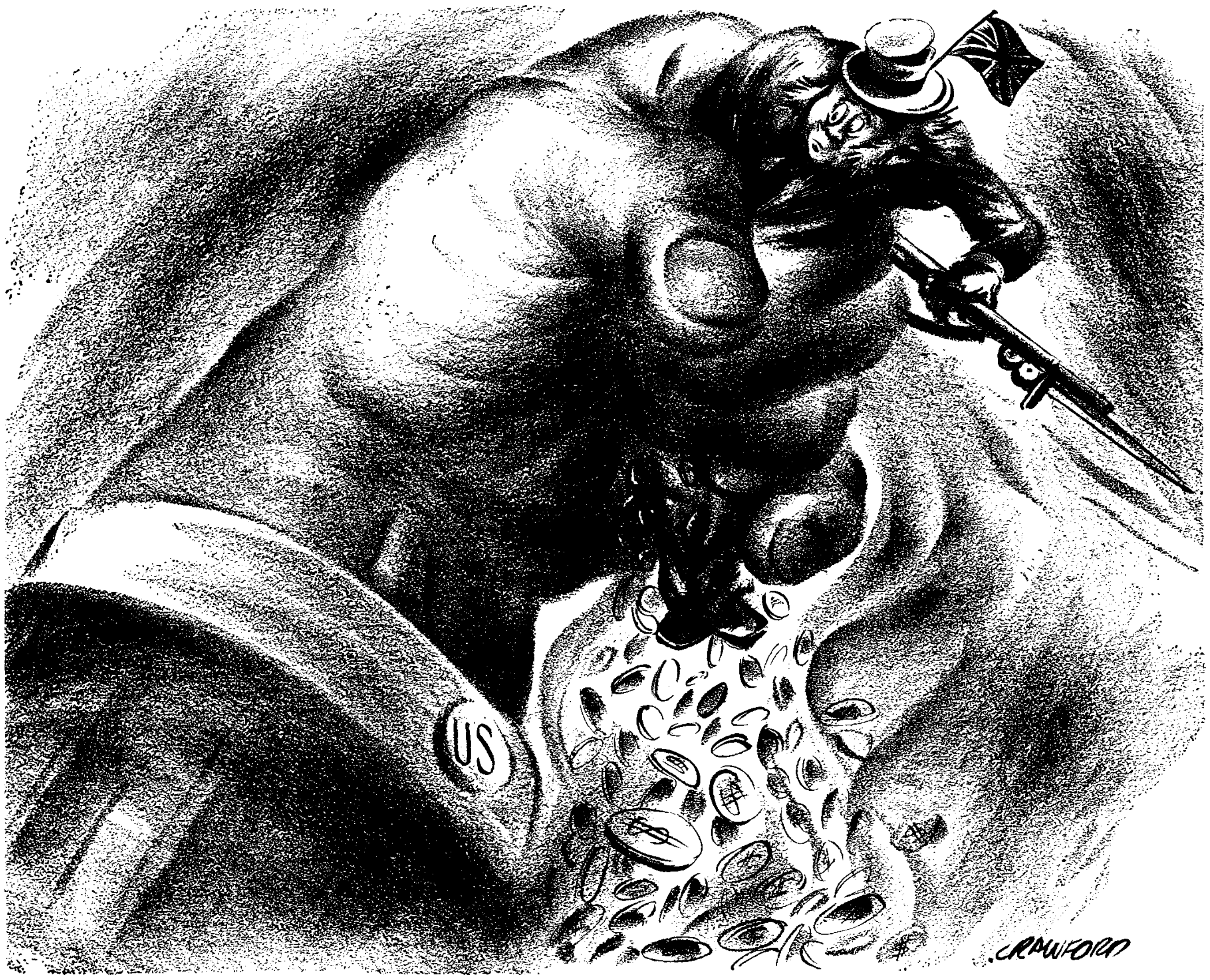


Take John Bull's Shirt?

IT'S true that the British have large investment holdings outside both the United States and the United Kingdom, and that the bulk of these holdings could be turned over to us in payment for war materials. Some observers place the amount as high as 15½ billions, or enough to finance Britain's war effort for quite a while.

And we can understand the feelings of Americans who want to see the British forced to disgorge as much of this negotiable stuff as may be—all of it, if the war goes long enough. Some Americans who feel that way pride themselves on being shrewd Yankee horse traders. Others were born hating all things British, and will die feeling the same way. Others have other reasons.

All of them, though, as we see it, are shortsighted.

It was a similar attitude (and a lot of the same people, we shouldn't wonder) that helped to gum things up between the last war and this one. The last war turned the United States from a debtor nation into a big creditor nation. Our economic isolationists shut their eyes to the meaning of this change, and insisted that our debtors be kept, by high tariffs and other trade barriers, from paying us via exchanges of goods. The results were a creeping paralysis of our foreign trade and the piling up of a fantastic gold hoard in this country.

What good can it do us to bankrupt Great Britain as our "payment" for helping her in this war? That will only mean a busted Britain, even after the hoped-for British victory, plus a British empire with its financial and commercial setups all awry. This in turn will mean that neither Britain nor the empire can trade smoothly with us or any other part of the world until after some hideously costly and difficult adjustment is made. Such an adjustment may well breed further wars.

If we're to help the British in this war, let's help them generously, decently, and, above all, with an eye to the future. Let's not give them our shirts. Let's take enough collateral to assure us of being able to swing all the weight we may want to swing at the peace conference. But let's also leave John Bull one or more shirts in which to do business respectably after the war.

We can see neither sentimentality nor softheadedness in this proposal. It's only common sense and world-old experience that purblind selfishness always kicks back somehow at the blindly selfish person—or nation.

Aluminum vs. Ename

THE President, by way of breaking the ne that we may not be able to have ample bu ter along with ample guns for a while, remark recently that you can boil an egg as well in enamel pan as in an aluminum one. (Assumin of course, that you are one of those talente persons who can boil an egg at all.)

What it means is that the old Americ knack for making one thing serve in place something else is most likely due for a reviv at the urging of the Priorities Board.

We hope no manufacturers will suffer cri pling deprivations of aluminum, steel, coppe tungsten, tinfoil, etc.; that the priorities peopl will disrupt consumer-goods production as littl as they can.

But we also hope the old American inventiveness will step up to this challenge boldly an cheerfully—and that the consuming public wi be equally cheerful about trying out any *ersat* offered.

Ersatz has been made a sneer word by propagandists; but the sneers are not all justifie Steel, when first discovered, was *ersatz* iron, bu proved stronger than iron. Iron itself, indee was *ersatz* bronze to some of our remoter ancestors. Gasoline engines in their infancy wer *ersatz* steam engines. And so on. Looking fo a substitute for some staple, people have ofte run into something better than the original.

Some plastics, for example, are better fo certain purposes than the metals they are replacing. Concentrated vitamin tablets are a least easier to take than a bushel of spinach.

If we go into this era of substitutes an make-do's in a constructive spirit, we're mor than likely to make old Mrs. Nature cough u a lot of better-than-the-original substances an devices.

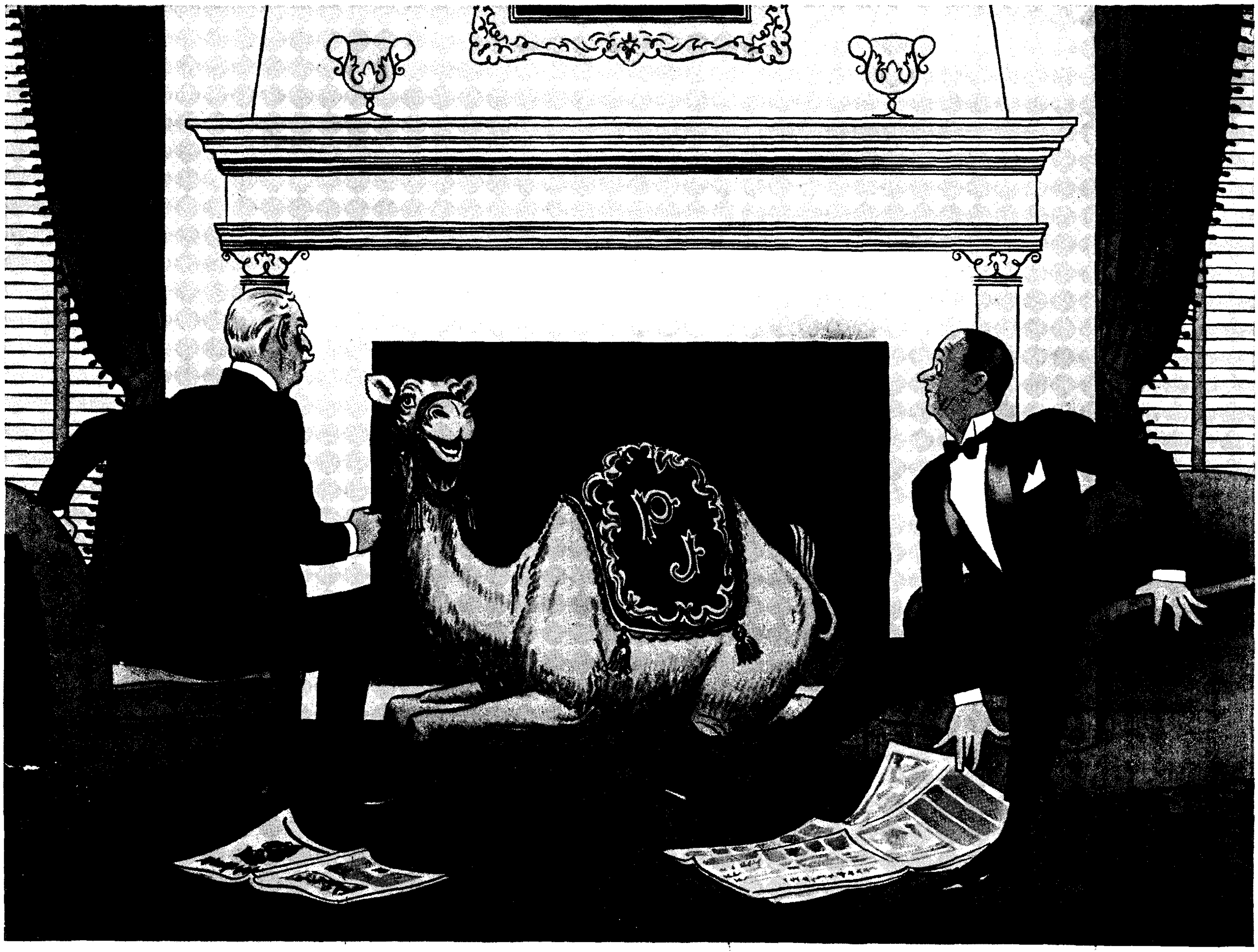
Is Your Library Alive?

ROBERT MOSES, famed New York builder of parks, playgrounds, bridges, highways, etc., etc., says a lot of his home town's museums, libraries and zoos ought to come alive. Too many of these hotbeds of culture, Mr. Moses charges, have gone cold and lifeless because of trustees who think such institutions "discharge their function if a comparatively few really cultivated people understand and visit them."

From what we hear, many an American city or town can well afford to ponder Mr. Moses' remarks as regards its own local library.

How, for example, is your local library doing? Has it gone to seed under the guidance of trustees who lost touch with the times about the year 1918? Or does it, with what money it has, keep its stock as alive and stimulating and up to date as can reasonably be expected?

If it doesn't, why doesn't it? And if it doesn't, do you do anything about it, or try to; or do you limit your helpfulness to an occasional beef, strictly in private?



"*Who asked you in, anyway?*"

BOB: Now see here, you fugitive from a zoo! This is a gentlemen's club. How did you get in, anyway?

CAMEL: Peace, little brother. I come to advise, not to quibble. As I passed by your window, I heard you quarrelling about whiskies. I am here to settle your dispute. Speak!

DICK: What do you know about whiskies, my hilly friend?

CAMEL: Much, effendi. I am, in fact, a living reminder of one of whiskey's greatest qualities.

BOB: Yeah? What's that?

CAMEL: *Dryness*—that precious quality which some call lack of sweetness. Dryness—which permits the full, rich whiskey flavor to reach your palate unchanged and undistorted. Dryness, effendi, is a virtue which whiskey experts demand.

DICK: Sure, sure. But that costs big money. I don't want to spend a fortune for whiskey.

CAMEL: Then, oh my friend, choose Paul Jones. It is a rare and priceless pearl among whiskies, of great mellowness. Its *dryness* brings out its superb flavor. And because it offers so much for a moderate price, it is known among the wise ones as *a buy*. This, my friends, is why its popularity has increased five times in two years.

BOB: Say, thanks for the tip! That Paul Jones sounds so good I believe I'll try some right now. Won't you join us?

CAMEL: By the beard of the prophet, I don't mind if I do!

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is the whiskey that's dry

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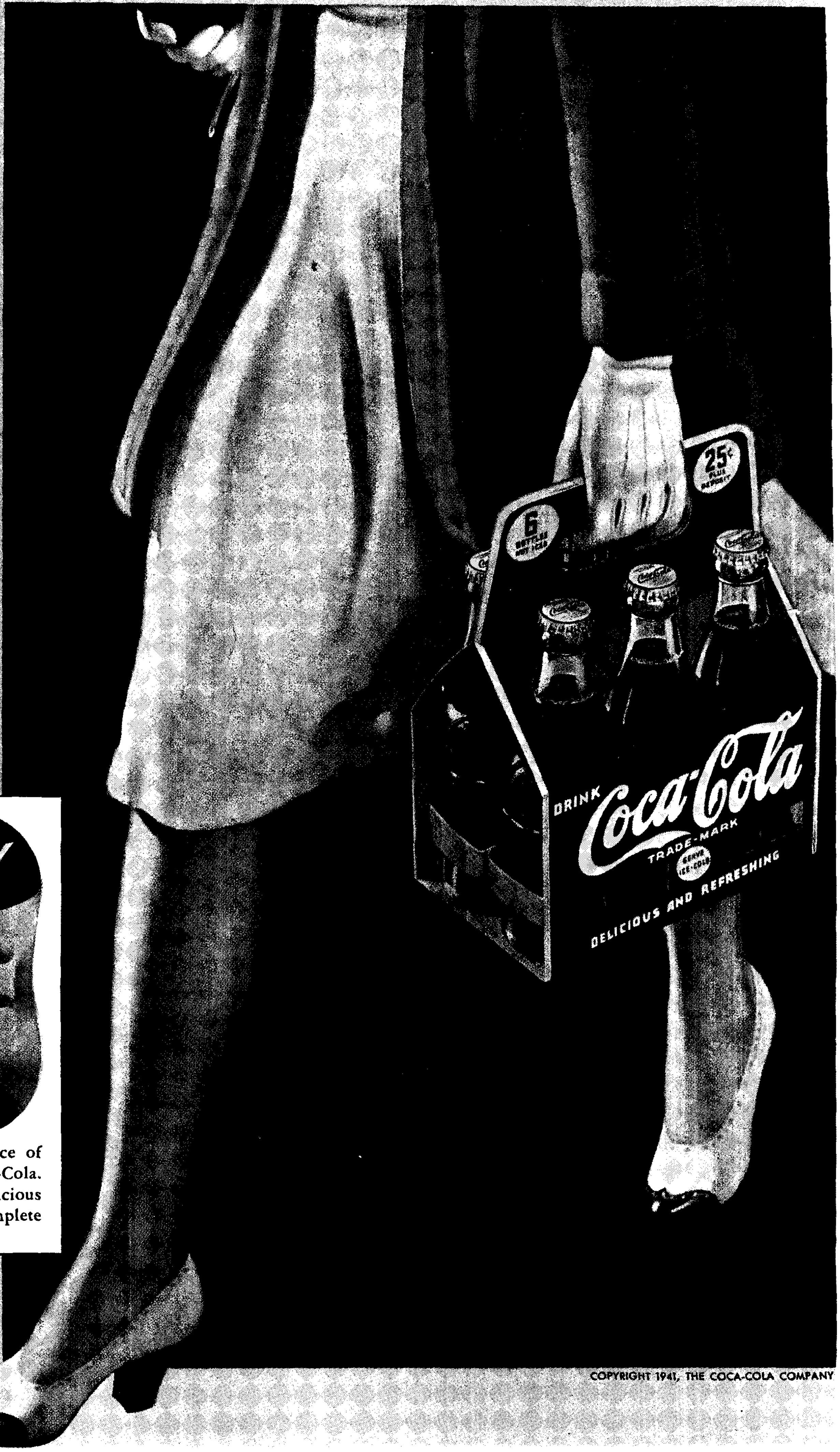
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